

Officially Beta'ed!

Fueled Anger

Chapter 1: Breaking Ties

When Harry had finished destroying the objects in the Headmaster's office in a fit of rage...Dumbledore had laid yet another bomb on his 'weapon'. "I'm sorry that it has come to this my boy, but the prophecy has been written. I would never ask for someone to carry this burden like you have...but only you can destroy Voldemort. Please forgive an old man such as myself, but I have to tell you that you will be returning to the Dursley's for the blood wards to remain intact."

The fifth year Gryffindor was always an intelligent student, but he always did poorer than everyone else to remain average. Something wasn't right with him about why he had to return to the prison he resided in for the past fourteen years. He felt something like a prick at the back of his head while the Headmaster was looking at him with his unusual twinkle in the old man's eyes. "How long will I be there?" He said with a little edge in his voice.

"I will ask Arthur and Molly if you could visit the Burrow in the late summer. With Lord Voldemort and his Death Eaters out among the wizard folk again you will have to remain indoors. I also have to ask you that you do not send out your owl Hedwig with any letters to your friends. She could easily be intercepted. Now off you go breakfast my boy." The manipulative Headmaster said with his twinkle back in full force.

Harry didn't even give the old man a second look as he walked out of the office and stepped onto the spiraling staircase. When he finally reached the bottom of the staircase, his head started pound with every step he took. 'I better hurry to the common room and lay down. Why of all times would I suddenly develop a migraine?'

As he trekked on to Gryffindor tower, he passed several students that he didn't want to speak to, but two fifth year Hufflepuff's stopped him. Hanna Abbot gently grabbed his forearms to stop him. "Harry, are you ok? You're looking kind of pale?"

He smiled weakly at her as another short burst of pain behind his right eye made him wince. "Thanks, but I'll be fine after I go lie down."

"You look like you're about to pass out Harry. We should help you get to the hospital wing." Susan Bones said with a little concern.

"I think I've already set the record for being in there so far, but seriously I'll be fine. I have to pack my trunk anyway. Don't let me keep you from breakfast." He gently got out of their grasp and continued his journey to his temporary bed.

Susan and Hanna watched as he trekked up the staircase and snuck behind one of the portraits to use a secret passage up to his common room. "Do you think we should get Madame Pomfrey?"

"No, he'll be fine Hanna. He's been through much worse, but honestly I've never seen him that pale before. We better get to the feast before Umbridge comes through the doors ranting and raving about breaking Ministry 'educational decrees'." Susan said as she walked with her friend into the Great Hall. The two of them walked to their designated house table.

Hanna looked over at the Gryffindor table and saw that Ron wasn't present at the table, but Hermione was sitting next to three of the six students who left the school late the night before. A few of the other Hufflepuff's and Ravenclaw's that were in the DA were suspicious to why their 'leader' wasn't there.

As they started speculating, the owls descended down from the rafters and headed to the students to drop off the Daily Prophets. Dumbledore looked over at Minerva's copy and saw that the battle at

the Ministry was published. 'Where is that child at? I told him to come down to breakfast...'

Meanwhile up in the fifth year Gryffindor dorms, Harry was putting his things into his trunk while dealing with the throbbing pain in his head. He saw the shattered two-way mirror at the bottom of his trunk, and quickly covered it up with his clothes. After he shut the lid closed and locked it before he collapsed on his bed.

Harry was actually having a good dream until it was ruined by someone shaking him. Very slowly he opened his eyes and put on his glasses. "Neville...?"

"Did you enjoy your sleep? You've been out since yesterday morning, and hopefully you packed your trunk because we leave for the train in twenty minutes."

"Yeah I did that already, but did you just say that I've been asleep since yesterday morning?" He asked as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes.

The Longbottom heir put another book on Herbology into his trunk. "Yeah you were out of it. A few of us tried to wake you, but you didn't even twitch once. Have you seen my dress shoes? Oh never mind I found them."

'I can't believe I slept that long.' He thought to himself as he got out of bed. Quickly he grabbed a change of clothes from his packed trunk and ran into the shower. 'Heaven forbid if I show up to the Dursley's prison smelling like garbage.'

When he came out of the shower ten minutes later...he saw Neville closing the lid of his trunk. "Are you ready Harry?"

"Neville, can you answer a question for me? Do you blame me for getting you injured at the Ministry?" He asked as he put his dirty

laundry into his trunk.

"No I don't blame you at all. You were the one that helped me find courage to go into battle against Death Eaters and to help myself. I should be thanking you because I never once had confidence in myself." The Longbottom heir said as he clapped his fellow Gryffindor on his shoulder.

He smiled at him and used a levitation spell on his trunk. "I guess we better get down there before McGonagall storms in here breathing fire and clawing us for being late."

Neville couldn't help but grin at the sarcastic comment. 'There's no denying it...she would do that in a heartbeat.'

Both of them traveled down the way to the carriages in moderate silence until Luna appeared out of nowhere to join them. "Hello Harry and Neville. The Nargles around you two seem quite content."

"Nice to see you too Luna." He said to her as someone ran into him.

"Watch it Potter! I would certainly hate it if Dumbledore's lapdog adds yet another scar to his forehead!" Malfoy sneered as the group of Slytherin cronies laughed behind him.

Harry's emerald colored eyes became a much darker green and the glare he sent at the self proclaimed 'Slytherin Prince' could've melted glaciers. He was dragged by his Gryffindor and Ravenclaw into one of the carriages before he would've lost it. Neville put his hand on his shoulder. "Just ignore him Harry, he never has anything good to say since his 'father was thrown into Azkaban'."

Unfortunately he didn't say one word as other friends joined them in the carriage. "Listen mate, he's dead and not coming back." Ron said without a shred of tact in his head. Hermione looked outraged and his sister didn't have the slightest bit of concern on her face.

Harry turned his eyes from the scenery and narrowed his eyes at his friend before staring back out the window in complete silence. 'Why did he become my friend in the first place? He's too much of a controlling moron and gets angry when other people don't agree with his prejudice views.'

It took the students of Hogwarts nearly 3 hours to return to King's Cross. For Harry it didn't come too soon enough, but that was only the first part of his troubles when he saw Tonks, Remus, and Moody speaking to his Uncle. 'Gee thanks for the nice little speech I'm going to get on the ride home. Why can't they butt out of my life?'

Tonks walked over to him and gently squeezed his shoulder. She couldn't find any words to say to help him with the loss over her favorite cousin. He gently smiled up at her and suddenly his face became like stone when he looked over at his uncle who should've been admitted into the hospital for high blood pressure. "We don't have all day boy!"

He turned around long enough to say goodbye to his friends before walking off to put his luggage into the Dursley's new car. 'Gee with all the new cars they keep getting...it makes me jealous that they barely allow me to live with the little scraps they let me digest. Bloody tossers.'

Throughout the entire ride home he ignored his uncle's babbling on about how much he hated magic with his Aunt agreeing with him, but his fat whale of a cousin was looking nervous. "DID YOU UNDERSTAND ME FREAK!" His uncle bellowed at him as he was driving.

"Sorry did you say something?" He said without thinking.

Vernon slammed on the breaks in the middle of the highway and nearly caused one hell of a car crash when his wife yelled for him to

keep driving or pull over. Luckily for the young Gryffindor his uncle couldn't turn around to physically assault him...until they pulled into the driveway into the 'Dursley Prison'. 'Gee all they need are the barbed wires, light towers, and armed guards walking around to make it reality.' He thought as he took his things from the car and brought them inside the house.

Once the door was closed all the air was driven from his lungs when his uncle's meaty fist was driven into his stomach. "YOU CAN THINK AGAIN IF YOU'RE FREAKY PEOPLE CAN THREATEN ME BOY!? ANSWER ME!" His uncle bellowed and backhanded his nephew across his face. "GET THIS TRASH OUT OF HERE AND NO MEALS FOR A WEEK!"

Dudley couldn't help but get in a lucky shot by kicking his cousin in the ribs and smashing his fist into his nose. "That's for sending that Dem-what's it after me earlier this year!" He yelled at him as he shattered his glasses by stomping his fat foot on them.

After that the two fat and winded beached whales walked off to sit in front of the television. Harry wiped the blood from his nose with the back of his hand as his aunt walked up to him. She handed him a new pair of glasses. "I don't want you ruining my rose bushes since your blind without a pair, and go up to your room. Put some tissue in your nose and pinch the bridge of your nose to help stop the bleeding."

He looked at her strangely because she never helped him before, but then again he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth. He took the glasses and took his things up to his 'cell' before having to go out and perform the normal slave labor as usual.

For the next couple of weeks the same routine happened. He would work without a break and if he complained once or didn't do the chore correctly he would receive even more chores to do and

deprived of food for punishment. Harry was suffering from the heat and collapsed onto the makeshift bed. Later that night, his uncle came home heavily smelling of alcohol and decided to take his frustrations out on the freak because he was fired from his job for sexual harassment.

After his uncle left his room he was nursing his wounds, but he was sick and tired of putting up with this. His Aunt came into his room with some antiseptic and some fresh bandages. "Why are you suddenly helping me when you haven't considered it in fourteen years?"

"Because I don't want your headmaster coming here again that's why." She remarked with cold distain in her voice as she walked out of the room.

'What did she mean by Dumbledore being here before?' He thought before he started to piece some things together. Loosing Sirius...found out that he was to be killed or to kill by some prophecy that Dumbledore hid from him for so long...and how he felt so weak. He hated Voldemort so much that he wanted to kill him right then and there in the Ministry of Magic, but he was being held back somehow.

'I hate this world...I hate Dumbledore...I hate Riddle...I hate everyone and everything about the Wizarding world. If they wanted a savior then why have they turned their back on me by saying that I'm some 'insane child who's so hell-bent on getting attention that I'll go to any length to seek it?' How would all of those bastards feel if their so-called 'savior' committed suicide? Also let's see, Bellatrix also taught me how to perform an unforgivable by saying that I need to feel the emotion to do it.'

He walked over to his trunk, kicked it open, and took out his wand. "Find a new tool Dumbledore! AVADA..."

Outside 4 Privet Drive, Tonks was on patrol that night. She was listening into his room with an extendible ear when she heard his

statement. Her instincts said that he was bluffing, but her mind was screaming that he wasn't. 'I couldn't give a damn if Dumbledore gave me orders not to get involved or gets upset...I'm going in there to stop him.'

She broke her way into the house and rushed to his bedroom. Quickly, she unlocked the padlocks on his room. "KED..."

"EXPELLIAMUS!" His wand left his hand and flew into her hand. She walked straight up to him, and came very close to slapping him. "WHAT THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?"

"About to kill myself no thanks to you." He spat right back at her.

Vernon woke up because of the shouting, and he was going to beat his nephew until he understood not to bother anyone at 2 am. "BOY! HOW DARE YOU WAKE ME UP AT THIS UNGODLY HOUR! WHAT ARE YOUR FREAKS DOING IN MY HOME! I WON'T STAND FOR IT I TELL YOU! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE THIS INSTANT!"

"Go ahead dear uncle...beat me like you always do. See if this time your fat arse can kill me for waking your sorry drunk ass up." Harry spat back.

Consumed by drunken rage, Vernon stomped over to his nephew without paying any more attention to Tonks and punched him in the face. "I WON'T BE TALKED TO LIKE THAT FREAK!"

She was horrified to see his uncle taking it out on him. "Get off of him!"

He wasn't listening and he backhanded her across the face when she interfered. Harry's face was bruising, swelling, and bleeding in certain spots from where the wounds reopened. "HAD ENOUGH YET?"

Tonks got up to her feet and kicked Vernon hard in the ribs. "Don't you ever touch me again you fat blob! I don't give a damn what Dumbledore thinks, you are not staying here. Hurry up and get packed."

Harry got to his feet with her help, and started kicking his uncle in the same spot until he heard bones breaking, and then he spat blood onto his uncle. "You're lucky I went easy on you dearest uncle. I hope you die slowly because you don't deserve a quick death." He packed his trunk, and grabbed Hedwig's cage. She put his hand on an old newspaper and they portkeyed away to the Headquarters. What he didn't see was his Aunt walk into her nephew's room and throw her wedding ring at her husband before walking out with a suitcase.

When the swirling colors stopped clouding his vision, he saw that they were inside the drawing room without alerting anyone. "Harry, I want you to go put your things up in Sirius's bedroom. I'll come up to get you in a few minutes so we can take care of your injuries."

"Fine." He growled out while trying to regain his bearings.

'Hang in there kiddo. Dumbledore is going to get it.' She stormed into the Order meeting that was taking place.

"I have called this emergency meeting of the Order because Harry has gone missing from his family's home. Nymphadora what happened to your face?" Dumbledore asked.

"He has not gone missing. I brought him here because he tried to use the killing curse on himself, and I received this due to his fat abusive uncle. Harry has it much worse than I do. How could you leave him in the hands of those filthy muggles! THEY ABUSED HIM EVERY DAY OF HIS LIFE AND I WON'T BRING HIM BACK THERE!"

He sighed heavily at the outcry of his Order and put his hands up to silence them. "This is very unfortunate, but I'm sorry Miss Tonks he

will go back there for the blood wards to remain intact. After all his birthday is not for another two weeks, after that I will see if he could stay with the Weasley's again."

Before anyone could say anything the door was opened with authority. Every member of the Order except Tonks finally saw his face. "Forget the blood wards old man. Did you not remember that Voldemort took my blood so your pathetic wards have been nullified? Or has your brain gone to shite over the past 150 years of your life!"

"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO HIM LIKE THAT HARRY!" Molly shouted at him.

"YOU ARE NOT MY MOTHER! YOU NEVER WILL NOR WILL YOU EVER BE SO STOP ACTING LIKE IT! I DON'T NEED YOUR PITY NOR DO I NEED YOU TO MOTHER ME! SIT DOWN AND SHUT UP!" He roared at her.

Snape on the other hand smirked at Potter's words. 'It's about time someone put her in her place.'

"Harry! I think you should respect your elders." Dumbledore spoke to him in his grandfather voice.

"There are only four people I trust and respect. One of them is Tonks, one is Remus, another is me, and the other isn't you. I've had it with all of you following me everywhere like some lost little puppies. I don't need to be chaperoned everywhere I go or locked up in a house like a jail cell!" He yelled without even paying attention to how his scar started to bleed. Without another word he summoned his wand, and his Gringott's key. Then he walked out of the house to summon the Knight Bus.

With a loud bang the bus halted in front of him, and he climbed on without saying a word. "And where're ya going to?" Stan asked.

"Diagon Alley."

"Well we can't go into Diagon Alley but I'll drop you off at the Leaky Cauldron. That will be 7 sickles." He said as he collected the fare, and the bus took off with a bang as the Order came out to stop him. "Say what happened to your face mate, and what's ye name?"

"Nothing and nobody."

"Oi, I didn't mean to upset yeh, but it shouldn't be too long before we get there." He said out of fear for as much anger and hate was pouring out of Harry.

The Knight Bus stopped in front of the Leaky Cauldron in a trip of thirty minutes. Stan was about to say the destination to him, but he met a wand in his face. "I was never here, understood?"

"Yes sir. I don't recognize yeh, and I kicked you off when you didn't pay your fare." He trembled.

"Good." Harry spoke harshly as he got off the bus, and entered the pub only to see a lot of drunks stumbling around. Without paying attention to anyone he proceeded to the gateway into the alley, and tapped the bricks in the right order. 'If you named yourself my magical guardian you will regret it Dumbledore!'

The goblins were still up and working in their bank when the door opened to see a beaten and bruised person walk in. "I want to see the head master goblin!"

"And who are you to demand to see the head master goblin human?"

"It would not be wise to threaten me Master Griphook! You know exactly who I am, and I am very angry at certain witches and wizards at the moment. Don't make me take it out on you." Harry growled at him with fury in his eyes.

Griphook was in shock to see that a wizard remembered his name and respect. "I apologize Mr. Potter. I shall summon the Head Goblin for you, but he will be most displeased to see you in this condition."

"Please do not heal my face my friend. I want him to see me like this for evidence if my hunch is correct."

"Very well I shall return." He scurried away leaving him there to be looked at by the other goblins.

A few moments later an elderly goblin walked up to him with Griphook. "Good evening Mr. Potter. My name is Bloodrune. How may I be of service to you?"

"I was wondering if we could speak in private head master goblin. But please call me Harry."

"And you may call me Bloodrune. Come we will speak in my office." He ushered him to a special door with a goblin rune on it. The Head Goblin activated it, and the two of them disappeared within an array of light.

"Now that we are in private Harry. May I ask what happened to your face?"

"Before we get to that who was named my magical guardian and muggle guardian?" He asked politely.

Bloodrune searched through a stack of folders to find the answer. "You have no muggle guardian because in your parents' will you were to be raised by three people: Sirius Black, Alice Longbottom, and Minerva McGonagall. Your current magical guardian is Albus Dumbledore after he swindled one goblin who was in charge of your family's affairs, but he was eliminated after we caught onto it."

"I want him removed immediately! You can take this as a breach of contract along with other charges of Child endangerment, child abuse, theft, and whatever else you can think of."

The elderly goblin understood everything as clear as crystal as young wizard talked about his injuries and his life at the Dursleys'. Needless to say Bloodrune was angry. He took a couple of wizard photographs of all the scars, bruises, and all the other visible injuries on Harry's body. "Yes criminal charges will be brought against him for this. Now I am glad that you are here, because it saved us the trouble of contacting you with a portkey letter. According to our records there has been numerous withdrawals from your family's account, and placed into nine separate vaults. They are listed as Order of the Phoenix, Hogwarts, Albus Dumbledore, Fawkes, Molly, Arthur, Ron, Ginny Weasley, and Hermione Granger. I will need your signature done on these forms to take back the money that they have stolen from your family account."

Without even thinking he picked up the 'never run out of ink quill' and signed his name on all the forms. In all his life he was never this angry to where his hands were shaking badly. "I want the contents of those vaults emptied and closed immediately! Please also add their names to the charges as well."

"It will be done. GRIPHOOK! Empty these vaults now, and place the contents back into the Potter family vault. Now we have other issues to attend to. Here is your godfather's last will that he revised just before Christmas." Bloodrune placed a viewing pensive in front of Harry, and stirred it with his fingernail.

"Hello Harry. If you are watching this then I must've died in some fashion, but I hope that I went down fighting because anything else would be an insult. Imagine me dying because I was creating a new prank. I, a Marauder dying in a prank, say it isn't so! Oh sorry I'm getting off track here. Now I'm not going to lie to you Harry, because you've never lied to me.

The reason why I created this new will is for you to hear how I really want things to go. I am leaving everything to you kiddo with the exception to the money that must go to my favorite cousin Tonksie, and my best friend Remus. All those other bastards don't deserve a damn knut after what they did to you. Yes I know that they have been stealing, spying, and manipulating you into their perfect little Martyr. That's right Harry I knew but I wasn't able to tell you because every time I came close to someone would find out, and I was sent out on a mission or forced into hiding out so I apologize for that.

Master Bloodrune is going to perform a ritual that would make you a part of my family. When I first saw you I did fall in love with you, but not in that perverted sort of way. I've always wanted a son of my own, but you've fulfilled that part and you deserve to be loved. When the blood adoption ritual is done you will be my heir and the Lord of the Black family as well as the Lord of the Potters. It's never happened in a long time but you are now a double heir to two pureblood families regardless if you're only half and half. Heh and you will enjoy some of the books I left for you about becoming a Marauder and an animagus in the library at the 'cell'.

I know you can train and fight Voldemort to win. But before my brother Regulus was murdered he left a letter in my bedroom saying how dear old moldie warts created Horcruxes, and he had stolen one. He created seven of them, and you've already destroyed one. Yes it was the diary that you stabbed with the Basilisk fang. There is a locket with two snakes on it that forms two 'S's' on it inside the first desk drawer in the drawing room. The password to open it is 'Pureblood revenge'. Kinda cliché right? He also said in that letter that the others are possibly 'Hufflepuff's cup, Slytherin's ring, Ravenclaw's crown, Slytherin's dagger, and the seventh one is somewhere easy to find because it bleeds. I found out that Lucius Malfoy murdered him the very next day in cold blood when he tried to get out of the country.

Do me one last favor kiddo...dissolve my cousin Bellatrix's marriage. I noticed this the last time I saw her before she was placed in Azkaban that her eyes weren't violet like they normally are. They were much darker and nearly black. I don't know what they did to her, but she must be under some sort of curse. She was a Ravenclaw, and was never like this. When we were growing up we were very close, and I don't want her to continue being condemned for the rest of her life. I don't give a damn about Narcissa, but please kiddo do this for me.

Just remember I love you 'son', but don't worry me and the original Prongs will be driving Tiger lily nuts in the other life. We'll be here waiting for you when the time is right."

Harry smiled and nearly broke down into tears when he knew this was the last time he would ever see his Godfather again. "What do I have to do for this ritual?"

Bloodrune took out a crystal bowl, and a vial of Sirius's blood. "Cut your wrist to add over the bowl, and his blood will be poured into your open wound. It will be painful though."

"I've been through much more pain than anyone." He said as he did what he was told. When Sirius's blood was poured into his open wound instant pain started to shoot all over his body. It felt like getting hit with twenty bludgers and being rolled on sharp shards of glass at the same time without breaking bones for three hours straight..

"How do you feel Harry now that the ritual is over?"

"I'm hurting, but I'll survive. So now I'm a Black now huh?" He asked with a forced smile.

"Yes you are now Harry James Black-Potter, Lord of the Black and Potter families. Please put on your family rings. You have many properties, stocks, and business trusts in the Wizarding world. I will

give them to you before you leave today. It has also come to my attention that the Evans vault belongs to you as well, and we have combined the other vaults into the Potter family vault including your trust fund. I will take you down to inspect them in a few moments. First I need these documents signed for your emancipation, and other documentation for our records. Also to ease your mind...the process only last one hour." Master Bloodrune grinned to the younger wizard.

He looked at the grinning elder goblin with a smirk of his own. "Remind me never to anger you or your people. You can make a bee sting last for days when only a minute has passed."

"We only do that to those who disrespect us and besides you are one of the better customers we've had in a long time. It seems that the manipulative human has appeared in Diagon Alley."

Meanwhile Dumbledore was very angry that a fifteen soon to be sixteen-year-old teenager got the better of him. 'I have clearly given that boy too much freedom! Perhaps Severus was right and I should not have let him get away with most of the things he's done.' He instructed his 'Order of the Phoenix members' to patrol the alley for any sign of him before he stormed straight into Gringotts.

One of the security goblins came up to the elderly wizard with his weapon ready to strike. "Master Bloodrune is not here, and you humans should realize that we do not bow down to you. You are not welcome here at this time of night now leave or else you will be escorted out by force."

"I will return in the morning to speak with him." He forced out politely before stomping out of the bank.

Griphook knocked on the head goblin's office door before he entered. "Master Bloodrune, Dumbledore has been removed. However he has stated that he will be returning tomorrow to discuss things with you."

"Thank you young one and you will be promoted to be Mr. Black-Potter's account manager from now on. Here are your deeds to your properties Harry and I shall leave them here in your vaults."

"Thank you for all that you've done Bloodrune. Please take the galleons that were required for your services out of my vault." He said as he bowed before the head goblin.

"No, I will not be taking money from you Harry. We are very glad you came to us so we may press charges against that old goat, and his lackeys. If you are ever in need of anything else please do not hesitate to contact me for I shall be overlooking all of your accounts." He waved his hand over Harry's wand. "I have removed those Ministry magic tracking charms on your wand. Also this is a bottomless moneybag for all your purchases. Just say the amount and it will appear in your bag."

"I am forever in your gratitude. May your family, race, and halls always litter with gold. Good night Bloodrune." Harry said as he bowed again before leaving the bank.

Most of the Order was searching the Alley in the wrong places. Tonks saw him walk out of Gringotts, and sneaked up behind him. Quickly he turned around and put his wand against her throat. "You may be an Auror, but you aren't the most graceful when you're not in your natural form."

"Harry, please lower your wand. I'm your friend not your enemy."

"Anyone who allies themselves with the Order of the chicken is my enemy." His voice was full of hate and anger.

She put her wand on the ground to show him that she wasn't going to attack him. "Ok I'm completely at your mercy kiddo."

"How do I know that you are yourself, Nymphadora? For all I know you could be any other Dumbledore lackey trying to steal money from me for 'protection'."

She scowled at him for saying her name. "Because I brought you to Sirius's house from those muggles after your uncle backhanded me, and attacked you. What did you mean about stealing money from you?"

"Pick up your wand and meet me in 'Snake pit' in Knockturn Alley in half an hour. If you don't show up then that's your loss of ever trying to find me again."

"All right kiddo. How will I find you in there?" She asked.

He looked at her dead in the eye before he headed down into Knockturn Alley. "Don't worry I'll find you, but just remember to say 'Chimera's call'."

Back at Hogwarts in the Headmaster's office...Dumbledore was furious with how he was treated in Gringotts. "How could they treat me like that Fawkes! I am the head of the Wizengamot! I am not some petty person who is looking for a handout! And how dare Harry talk back to me like that! He is nothing more than a weapon that needs to destroy Voldemort for my scheme of the greater good. By keeping him out of the loop he should be grieving over Sirius, and sending posts to those two idiots who call themselves his 'friends' who report to me immediately.

There is no way that he could've removed all the tracking charms that I put on him when he was younger. Perhaps I could say something to that fool of a Minister to personally hunt down my weapon by a simple persuading argument that would make him look good in the body politic."

The red and golden Phoenix looked at the old wizard and thrilled at

him out of anger. He took to the air and pecked his 'friend' hard in his head before flying out the window. "FAWKES GET BACK HERE!" The headmaster roared, but in a bright flash the phoenix was gone.

Albus went inside of his pocket to activate his little charmed phoenix pendent to summon the Order together, but when he tried to floo over to the headquarters he was thrown out of the fire. "That was rather odd." He tried three more times before activating his portkey.

Thirty minutes prior...Tonks changed her disguise and walked into Knockturn Alley. Even though she was an Auror since she graduated from Hogwarts this place still gave her the creeps. 'I don't get why I should have to meet him down here. I could get raped, groped, or even killed and if that does happen I'm haunting his arse until the day he dies!'

She walked to the 'Snake pit' and she couldn't believe how packed the bar was. There had to be over 200 hags and drunken wizards in the place. Slowly she made her way to the bar and something wasn't right when the bartender walked over to her. "Ever hear of a drink called 'Chimera's call'?" She asked.

He looked at her with a strange look in his eye before he went under the bar and handed her an envelope. "I was told to give this to someone who spoke the password, and he already paid for the drink." He said as he handed her a butterbeer in a clean glass.

She opened the envelope and began reading the note. 'As you can tell I'm not there since you were late. I would get to the Black family home to see some entertainment worthy of your cousin.' She quickly stuffed it into her pocket and some of the drunks around her cheered when she quickly downed her drink and ran out of the bar to apparate to the Headquarters.

Meanwhile outside of the Headquarters...The Order was standing outside of the Noble home of Black trying to get inside without

success. "What is going on mum? Why can't we get inside?" Ron asked.

"I don't know. We were just in here nearly an hour ago."

It took Tonks a few minutes to get her bearings but smirked when she finally figured out why they couldn't get inside. 'I'm not chugging another drink like that again before apparating anymore. He must've gone to Gringotts to listen to the will before anyone else, and got himself emancipated. The reason why you can't get in is because he owns the house, and reset the wards. Kid you are slick.'

Mad-Eye and Bill Weasley were trying to bring down the wards to somehow to get inside, and even they couldn't figure it out until Albus showed up. "What is going on here?" He asked.

"The wards have been reset and we can't get inside. Mad-Eye and I have been trying the simple stuff, but it seems that the ancient magic has been restored." Bill remarked out of confusion.

"I bet you this is all Potter's doing. He's pissed at us for keeping him in the dark for so long. God he's so pathetic and being a whining crybaby all the time. At least the idiot's money is good for one thing." Ron shot his mouth off without thinking as he put his arm around his girlfriend, and tried to look down her shirt.

Hermione prevented him from doing so and saw how angry Tonks looked after his comment. 'Why did I agree to do this? Granted I'm smart and all, but why did I have to stab him in his back? As far as I'm concerned he is my first real friend, and I don't know what to do...'

All of them were brought out of their thoughts, arguments, and actions when the door flung open. All of their luggage, plans, and maps, written down information were thrown out of the house, and an emerald flame rose out of the ground that formed 'THIEVES! BLOOD-TRAITORS! MANIPULATIVE BASTARDS! MUD-BLOODS!

YOU ARE NOT WELCOMED HERE ANY LONGER! TAKE YOUR ORDER OF THE CHICKEN ELSEWHERE!

It took everything in Tonks' power to keep from bursting out into laughter, as the door slammed shut. She remembered when Sirius did something of that sort during school to keep her out of his room while he was inventing pranks. Dumbledore saw right through her. "You know where Harry is don't you? Where is he Nymphadora?"

"If I knew I would tell you 'sir'. However I have no clue where he is since we couldn't find him in Diagon Alley. For all we know he evaded us to leave the country or something."

"He will not be able to leave the country since he is not of age. Let us go to my office at Hogwarts for a temporary headquarters." He informed them before using his two-way portkey again.

Inside the house Harry was standing in front of the portrait of Mrs. Black. She was smiling at the boy for the first time. "That was rather enjoyable 'grandson'. Anything else I can do for you?"

"You do know that I was only adopted as Sirius's son and heir not too long ago."

"Details, details. By performing the 'Blood adoption ritual' and being accepted you are now part of our family. Besides I should thank you for taking off that charm that made me say all those nasty things. Believe me, I do not believe in murdering muggleborns; this whole 'pureblood issue' has been completely blown out of proportion. Sirius was a good person even though I wouldn't admit it out loud. Actually, I have been very proud of him that he was smarter than his brother not to join that half-blood murderer." She spoke to him.

"I wonder what I should be doing since I'm on my own now."

"Why not read up on the books in the Black library? Granted most of

them involve the dark arts, but as long as you don't submit to them then you will be fine." She said.

He nodded and went to do that, but he walked right back to her portrait. "What do you know about Bella being forced to marry Lestranger?"

"Yes I know all about that. My dear sister wanted to have her daughters to become faithful followers to that half-blood disgrace, but Bellatrix refused. She didn't want to become either a slave nor a murderer, so her mother put the imperious curse on her to perform the marriage agreement. Since you are the head of the family you can put an end to it. If you do that then she will become your charge, and will live with you until you allow her to do what she pleases. Please do not fault her for what happened to Sirius. She loved him dearly even though she hid it."

Harry sighed and walked over to the desk to write a letter to Gringotts and to her. "KREACHER!"

The old batty house elf appeared in front of him with a sneer of disgust. "Filthy half-blood! Soiling my mistress's house with your presence!"

He grabbed him by his throat, and lifted him off the ground. "You better wise up elf or else you won't join your ancestors on that wall! You listen and listen well you little bastard. You are bound to me and only me got it so if I even catch word that you've blabbed everything to the Malfoy's or any other Death Eater, you will be burned alive along with your mistress!"

Mrs. Black was smiling down at her 'adopted grandson' with pride. "Do as he says Kreacher! I am no longer under Dumbledore's spell anymore so stop playing the part and clean up my grandson's house."

The house elf's expression changed from dark and wiry to normal, and bowed before his new master. "I is sorry for saying that to you master. Kreacher will keep your secrets safe."

"Thank you. Don't even think about calling me master or sir, just Harry. Now can you do me four favors? I need you to send these two letters to Bloodrune at Gringotts, this one to Bellatrix Lestrange, get Dobby and Winky from Hogwarts, and find out what that old fool has done with my owl Hedwig."

"Yes Harry." He said before popping away.

"Bella is a very good teacher so when she gets here have her teach you everything she knows. She wasn't a Ravenclaw for nothing." Mrs. Black said before her portrait went still.

"But it's a shame that Narcissa Malfoy has now been disowned. I don't want any more of the Black family gold to go to Voldemort."

He decided that he would take up Mrs. Black's advice about the Black Library. Once he finally walked inside he started browsing the shelves until he found a book called 'How to close your mind through Occlumency: for beginners.' He found a chair that wasn't overly dusty and began to read for the next few minutes. 'Who would've thought that all Occlumency is nothing but tricks, traps, and meditation? If it was that easy then I could've learned it last year.'

Kreacher arrived in front of his new master. "I have delivered you letters. The elves called Dobby and Winky are in the kitchen." He then pulled out a wooden box, and handed it to him. "Kreacher was not fast enough to save her. That blood traitor Weasley burned her alive. Kreacher is sorry."

His eyes looked like an emerald inferno as all of his anger, hate, bitterness, malice, and thirst for revenge surfaced. "He...will...pay...for...this! She was an innocent!"

"If it's revenge you want then allow me to help you." Bellatrix emerged from the doorway with her wand pointed straight at him.

He pointed his own at her. "So nice to see you again Trixie...Do you want to continue what we started at the Ministry? Now that I'm not a puppet anymore I could use some practice. Enlighten me...how did you find out about this place?"

"Care to elaborate before I have my fun with you?"

"When was the last time you were forced to take the imperious potion? Ten minutes ago?" He noticed the color of her glazed eyes.

She glared at him with a snarl. "How do you know that Potter? Also if you must know I found out about this wonderful home from Lucius. After all he did kill Black's brother on the front lawn."

"I'm not stupid as much as I portrayed myself to be Voldemort. So you gave up on possessing me so you went with her? I must say that switching genders isn't a good look for you."

"Shut up Potter! I will kill you tonight, but not before I teach you some manners!" She said in a tongue other than her own. "AVADA KEDAVARA!"

He ducked under the killing curse and he decided to send a blinding spell, stunner, and banishing spells at her. "I would give it up half-blood. You don't stand a chance against me inside one of your puppets."

"I WILL NOT BE SPOKEN TO LIKE THAT! CRUCIO!"

He dodged the torture curse. "LUMOS SOLEM!" With the temporary distraction...he quickly ran up to her, and shoved his two fingers down her throat to induce vomiting. "Good bye Riddle."

After she vomited up the potion for the next few minutes...her eyes turned back to the violet color they once were. She wiped her mouth and wondered where she was. "How did you get me here? Are you here to rape me or to kill me?"

"Neither and you were sent here by Voldemort after he used the imperious potion to control you. You should feel lucky that it hadn't fully gone into your bloodstream yet."

"You're lying to me Potter! My Master would not do that to his most loyal servant!" She pointed her wand at him.

He smacked it from her hand and put his at her throat. "He doesn't care about you or anyone else! All of his Death Eaters are expendable including you. Have you not noticed that a raven cannot become a snake?"

Hearing that stirred something inside her memory of being a Ravenclaw. 'Mmm...difficult very difficult...a very intelligent girl for her age...there is great talent I see in you...and you possess many great qualities of Slytherin house, but you do not follow that path. If it is not the serpent house then...RAVENCLAW!'

"How did you know I was a Ravenclaw?"

"Your Aunt's portrait told me about your sorting. Sirius adopted me into the Black family and named me his heir. Before the will was over he asked to take pity on you and dissolve the marriage contract. That is why you're here because you have now become my charge. Accio wand!" Her wand went into his hand, and then he pocketed it. "Also you will not be going to your Death Eater meetings unless you want to die."

She was so confused right now, but she decided to hear him out after she got some sleep because she was slightly dizzy from vomiting. "I

see. Is there a way to remove this then?"

"I don't have enough knowledge of magic yet since I was a puppet. Will you be willing to instruct me?" He asked.

She raised her eyebrow in a curious manor. "After everything I did to you last year, you want me to teach you?"

"Even you deserve a second chance, Bellatrix Black."

"I'm going to work you like a dog Potter so you better be ready for it tomorrow." She sneered at him, but she started to regret for saying it.

"Oh yes my little raven I will be ready. I just hope that you'll be able to keep up."

"How very Slytherin of you Potter. So what made you think that I would be able to teach you magic? Isn't that what Dumbledore is suppose to teach you?" She asked, but her eyes went wide when she saw his emerald eyes darken to nearly black.

Just rethinking about what the old fool has done to him all his life made him livid. She was simply amazed and scared at the same time that an emerald smoke started emerging from his eyes. "He couldn't teach anyone to punch out of a wet paper bag. He's been using me as his puppet to become his martyr so he could save the day! STEALING MONEY FROM MY FAMILY VAULT, PAYING OFF OTHER STUDENTS TO BECOME MY FRIENDS, AND KEEPING ME IN THAT MUGGLE HOUSE FOR ALL THIS TIME ONLY TO BE BEATEN AND ABUSED BY THAT FAT BASTARD THAT CALLS HIMSELF MY UNCLE!" He felt a slight pain in his scar, and he didn't even care that it started to bleed. "STAY OUT OF MY HEAD RIDDLE!"

Voldemort was just going to see what was taking Bella so long so he decided to use the scar connection. "Come on Potter show me

something good." Suddenly he felt like his own head was about to split in two because of Harry's rage.

Lucius Malfoy swept into the room, and bowed before his lord. "My lord I have brought you more gold for our cause. My lord are you alright?"

"CRUCIO! WHY IS THIS SO LIGHT LUCIUS?"

"My wife has been disowned from the Black family so she does not have access to the family vaults."

Voldemort was about curse him again when Harry expelled him forcefully. He clutched his head, and snatched the sack from his power hungry servant. "Damn it Potter! How were you able to reverse our connection with your anger?"

"My lord? What does Potter have to do with it?"

"CRUCIO! YOU DARE QUESTION ME! LEAVE OR ELSE YOU WON'T BE RETURNING TO YOUR PATHETIC SON!"

Chapter 2: Shopping with Bella...

The next morning Harry got up pretty early to begin working out. In his mind he no longer wanted to remain scrawny and weak. 'I want to show all of them that they made the worst mistake of their lives for turning on me just for some money. It's about time the Slytherin side take over from now on.'

"Kreacher!"

With a small pop the older house elf had appeared. "You summoned me Master Harry?"

"Do you know if there is some sort of training room inside this house?"

"Oh yes there is a training room inside the basement. Come with Kreacher and he will show you." He said with a smile.

As they walked past her bedroom...Bella woke up from her nightmare trying to see where she was. She finally took in her surroundings when she saw the picture of Sirius and James Potter on her nightstand. "Sirius...I'm so sorry. I never wanted you to fall like that. I only wanted you out of harms way."

She put the picture back, and made her way to the bathroom when she saw Harry and Kreacher walk down the hallway. 'I wonder what they're up to this early in the morning.'

Harry and Kreacher reached the locked basement door. The house elf opened the basement door with his magic, and illuminated the room that hasn't been used in many years. . "This is the training room. Kreacher will clean this up for you Master Harry."

He saw a running track, weights, exercise equipment, mats, and a dueling arena. "If you insist, but I can do this."

"No Master Harry will not do anything! We house elves serve the magical world since long before you were born. When training is done we house elves will teach you our ways." He said as he went to work.

While Kreacher was cleaning up the weights and the other equipment, Harry started to stretch out before running out onto the track. "You forgot to put a silencing charm on your slippers Bella."

"I see that you have learned how to listen. Very good tenderfoot, but what do you plan to do by just running around and lifting weights? Here take your shirt off and show me why you need to do this."

He removed his shirt as he was told. She saw the scars, cuts, and various healing wounds all over his chest and back. "How did all of this happen? Where did you get all of these wounds?"

"Don't act so shocked. Surely you didn't think that the poster boy for the 'light side' of magic would have been a victim of child abuse, starvation, and neglect."

She was appalled as she ran her fingers down one of his wounds that re-opened. "Kreacher, will you bring me some medical supplies?"

"You shouldn't bother. These wounds of mine prove how weak I am."

The house elf returned with what she asked for. Immediately she began to clean his wounds, but she came close to using a full-body bind on him to force him to keep still. "Harry, I don't think you're weak."

"Yeah right, and I'm Tom Riddle's lover."

"Sarcasm is not your strong point. You are not weak because of

these wounds, instead it makes you stronger." She spoke the truth from her own experience.

"Uh huh."

Her frustration was finally getting the better of her. "I know you don't trust me and I can't blame you, but do you really hate me because I have been branded as a slave?"

"I don't hate you Bella, but I don't trust you at all. For all I know you could leave here tonight to inform your master about everything."

"I understand, but it's time that you realize that I never wanted a half-blood's mark on my forearm! I was a very intelligent Ravenclaw until my sister and mother decided for me to be forcefully married to that Lestrangle bastard. The minute my nightmare began I was brought before that pathetic half-blood. He put me under the imperious curse; he and his loyal male Death Eaters raped me. Even my brother-in-law Lucius pleased himself without telling his wife that he raped me. From that point on I was placed under that curse until I could break it. Then he had Snape brew the Imperious Potion, and kept putting me under it until I was brought here. So just remember that you finally rescued me, and I'm not following anyone anymore." She informed him as she continued to clean him up.

"I'm sorry for taking my anger out on you. You've suffered just as much as I have, but why shouldn't I build up my body?"

"Think about it. 'They won't know what hit them.' Everyone knows you as scrawny and weak, but let them continue to think that way because you will have the element of surprise. Let's start going over all the spells, tricks, and all the other junk they tried to teach you at that school." Bella said as he tossed her wand to her.

Nearly an hour later they finished dueling. Dobby brought them each a bottle of water and a fresh towel. "You didn't do that bad, but you

need more than just those kinds of simple spells. The one thing that you want to do with your spellwork is to focus your emotions."

He took the towel and wiped his face. "So I have to use my emotion to fire off the intent of the spell. Interesting."

"That's all you need to do, but go take a shower. You will eat some breakfast when you're done, and then we will start reading in the library on theories on the Dark Arts. Dobby, can you start on some breakfast for us?" She gave her wand back to Harry.

Before he could leave Winky popped in. "Master Harry there is a changeling trying to get past the wards."

"What does this 'changeling' look like?"

"She has spiky pink hair and is wearing an Auror uniform." The former Crouch house elf said.

Bella looked at him after hearing her description. "That sounds like my nice, Nymphadora. I wonder why she is here?"

"Probably to bring me back to dumb-as-a-door. Just so he could have his little weapon back. Winky bring her into the drawing room, and if she isn't alone then tell her to leave."

"Yes Master Harry." She bowed and disappeared with a pop.

Meanwhile in the drawing room...Tonks was bored and pacing around the room. 'I hope that he will be at least somewhat happy to see me. It was a good thing that I wasn't shadowed by the order.'

Harry opened the door and walked in with an angry look on his face. "What are you doing here?"

"That was a nice prank that you pulled on the Order and I came to

ask you why I received this post from Gringotts saying that my mother and I have been restored in the Black family. I know that you had something to do with it kiddo."

"And you would be right since I brought the both of you back to your real family. Did Dumbledore send you here?" He asked as his glare lightened.

She hugged him much to his shock. "No, he didn't send me here. I came of my own will, but how did Sirius name you the head of the Black Family if you weren't his son? He 'blood adopted' you didn't he?"

"How do I know that you're really Nymphadora Tonks, and not some polyjuiced person pretending to be her?" He had a full smirk on his face when he said her first name.

"STOP USING MY FIRST NAME!" She growled at him.

He laughed at the look on her face and quickly calmed down when she glared at him. "So if he did not send you here then why did you come alone?"

Tonks sighed heavily as she sat back down in her chair. "The truth is that Remus is becoming worried that you're turning down the dark path. I've been telling him that you haven't but he just isn't easily convinced. And listening to Dumbledore day in and day out is getting really annoying. He's been going on and on saying that you need to go back to your 'family's home' for the blood wards. So I did some research on them, and you need to have actual positive feelings in order to keep the wards active. But since you've been surrounded by such a negative environment they could've been destroyed with a simple spell."

He walked to the door and opened it to see Bella eavesdropping on them. "If you wanted to say hello to your niece then go ahead."

"A...Aunt Bella?" She said as she made a grab for her wand.

"Dora, please don't. I'm finally back in my own mind once again, but there is much for us to talk about. Before you jump to conclusions I didn't mean to send Sirius behind the veil. I was under a potion version of the Imperious curse for a long time, and Harry rescued me from it. I'm not a Death Eater anymore. Instead I am training him on magic, and how to use it."

"How are you training him when his wand is being tracked heavily by the ministry?" She asked.

Harry smirked at her question. "Mrs. Black's portrait told me that the wards surrounding the house also have a magic dampening addition to it so any form of tracking will be disabled. You are more than welcome to assist your Aunt in training me. I only have another few months before I have to return to that school. What do you say?"

Tonks smiled and pinched his cheeks. "How could I say no to your pretty little face? So did anyone else get a letter from Gringotts?"

He broke into a true smile. "Oh I'm sure that Dumbledore, Granger, and most of the Weasleys will be getting very nasty letters. I can't wait for the looks on their faces when they find out that all their vaults have been emptied of my money."

Ron woke up frustrated when his girlfriend wouldn't let him go near her. She seemed very closed off and isolated ever since she knew that she betrayed her first friend.

FLASHBACK

"How could we betray him like that Ron? Stealing his money, pretending to be loyal to him, and treating him like that after he just lost Sirius. Did you even see how he looked when he came to the

headquarters?"

He was getting very upset that she kept talking about him. "Why do you even care? He put us in danger so many times during our time at Hogwarts! If you ask me he doesn't deserve any friends because he'll get them killed in the end!"

"HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT! I WOULD STILL FOLLOW HIM AROUND IF I WEREN'T ORDERED BY DUMBLEDORE TO SPY ON HIM! YOU DISGUST ME! LET ME GUESS YOU WERE GIVEN SOMETHING ELSE BECAUSE YOU SPIED ON HIM!"

His ears turned red, but he tried to calm her down by putting his arm around her. However, she pushed him away from her. "What's your problem Herm? Why are you being like this?"

"Don't you dare call me that again! I am not your girlfriend anymore and don't even try to sway me into going out with you again." She took off the ring he gave her, threw it at him, and stormed out of his room.

END FLASHBACK

He sat down to breakfast, and began shoveling food into his mouth as four letters came flying in by four falcons. He opened the letter that was addressed to him.

"Mr. Ronald Weasley,

This is a monthly statement regarding your vault. According to our records your vault has been closed. The reason why this has happened was because of Albus Dumbledore's transgression of paying you money from Harry Potter's family vault.

Your money has been given back to the rightful owner. But your presence is required for the will reading of Sirius Orion Black on

August 4.

H.G. Bloodrune

Gringotts Wizarding Bank."

"WHAT THE BLOODY HELL!" He roared. "POTTER CLOSED MY VAULT!"

"He closed mine too!" Ginny burst into tears.

Mr. Weasley was furious that Dumbledore let this happen. His pride was hurt knowing where the money was coming from. He grabbed his hat and cloak and apparated away without touching his breakfast.

"Oh dear...I hope Albus can fix this..."

Hermione received her letter, and understood that Harry had every right to close her vault. But she felt incredibly alone since Harry stopped writing to her. She tried sending him posts, but everytime they were returned back to her with the owl looking lost and confused.

Her mother was getting very worried about her. "David, I don't understand it but I think our daughter is depressed. Everytime I try to talk to her she remains quiet. It's scaring me."

"I'm sure she'll come around Emma. Let me talk to her to find out what's going on with her. I'll be right back." He said giving her a kiss on her forehead, and headed for his daughter's bedroom.

With a tiny knock he opened her bedroom door to see his daughter crying at her desk. "Is everything alright?"

"No everything is so messed up. I broke up with that bigoted, prejudiced, and so many other foul things idiot because he and my

headmaster manipulated me into betraying my best friend Harry who's cut himself off from the Wizarding world. He won't even return any of my posts, and closed my Gringotts account. Why did I listen to them? For more knowledge of magic? For books? Training? I would give up anything just to be able to talk to him again."

He walked over and hugged his daughter. "I'm sure that he will come around when he cools off. But what do you mean he closed your Gringotts account?"

"When I joined the Order of the Phoenix my headmaster gave me a vault key, and said it was for me to use as I saw fit. But every bit of gold, sickle, and knut was stolen from Harry's family vault. I never used any of it, and to tell you the truth I'm glad he closed it! I would never stoop so low to use money that belonged to somebody else."

"Well I'm glad to see we taught you good values and moral fiber. I'm very proud of you, and to tell you the truth I'm very happy that you broke it off with that red head idiot. He didn't deserve to be in your presence, but next time choose someone who doesn't look so dumb." He joked as he hugged her again, and wiped away her tears.

She broke into a toothy smile and returned his hug. "Thank you dad."

"You're welcome sweetie, but don't let them get you down. Show them that you're made of stronger material, and continue to do things that you enjoy. I want you to be happy, and live your life the way you want to. Now let's head down to breakfast. I think your mother is actually allowing us to have some sugar today."

Dumbledore was sitting in his office fuming. Fawkes hadn't returned, and Harry ruined his plans once again. Not only did he remove his magical guardianship, but he also had charges filed against him. "How was he able to do this? In all my life I've always been in control and one little teenager throws a monkey wrench into my plans for the greater good! Now I must find a new way of getting funding for the

Order or else it will fall."

Professor Snape had returned from a Death Eater meeting, and entered the headmaster's office. "Albus! The Dursley's have been murdered, and the home was destroyed. It seems that the head of the Black family has dissolved Bellatrix's marriage to Lestrage. The Dark Lord was furious to know that his most loyal death eater is now bound by pureblood law to remain a charge of her new head of house, but her sister Narcissa and her son have been disowned. So now his funds have been cut in half since the other known Death Eater's accounts have been frozen."

"This could be a slight advantage for our cause, but we still need Mr. Potter to defeat Voldemort."

Severus wasn't that easily convinced. "Potter is not going to be able to defeat the Dark Lord over some prophecy and you know it. You've kept him in the dark for far too long, and he's rebelled against you. Frankly I cannot blame him. If you hadn't ordered me into bullying him all the time then he would show promise as a wizard."

"I did this for the greater good. By having you angry with him will force another hatred that will give him a magical boost according to theory. When the time is right he will swell with magic and will take Voldemort down with him."

"I don't see how that could happen until his magical inheritance unless he becomes involved in the dark arts." He blurted out.

The headmaster's eyes grew wide. "He cannot divulge himself into the Dark Arts or else we'll have someone worse than Riddle. I won't allow it to happen."

"Forgive me for being blunt but who are you to stop him? You do not know where he has gone, nor do you know whom he is with. I definitely know that he is not involved in Voldemort's ranks. But I

must go down to my lab to restore various potions for Madame Pomfrey." He walked out of the office, and had a sudden thought when Bellatrix came to mind, and how angry Voldemort was when she didn't come back.

Harry was busy training with his two instructors when they decided to give him a break. "Not to shabby kiddo, but Aunt Bella is right. You need to work on your focus, but don't worry I'm sure with some weapons training you'll be fine."

"Weapons training? I thought you said that I needed spell work."

Bella smirked at him because she knew where this was going. "Actually knowing spells and using them are two different things. Weapons training and self-defense are essential when your wand has been knocked out of your hand, and unless you are a master of wandless magic you are pretty much powerless. But we will work on your other subjects as well. Unfortunately 'Dora you might have to go out and get a few books, and potion ingredients."

"That's fine, but it might be tricky if I have to get anything from Knockturn alley. I'm sorry but those people freak me out."

Harry started laughing at this. "If it's anything that I need I'll go get it myself. I would say that Diagon Alley wouldn't be worth my time. Besides I have to get rid of this stupid piece of wood since it doesn't work against Voldemort since we have brother wands."

"Yeah perhaps we should go out shopping to get supplies. I can make myself look like his girlfriend." Tonks teased him.

"But that is a good idea if you really think about it. However, the two of you don't know where to go for the good supplies. So the two of us will go, and you should go to work. I don't want you to get in trouble 'Dora."

She pouted. "Alrighty then I'll come back over when I get off tonight. Oh can you tie me into the wards so I don't have to be brought in by Winky?"

"Consider it done, but I must say welcome back to the family Nymphadora." Mrs. Black's spoke with a smile.

"Thank you and it's great to be back. I'll see you guys later." She hugged her aunt, and kissed Harry on the cheek. "Oh come on, you're like my little brother so get used to it."

"You didn't have to spit on my cheek." He complained as she left. "Ok Bella what are we going shopping for?"

"I would say that we need some updated potion brewing books, potion ingredients, a new wardrobe, battle robes, a new wand or staff, a weapon, a multi-compartment trunk, and perhaps a new animal." She turned his school robe into a black hooded robe, and conjured one for herself. "What are you looking at me like that for? I'm not a Ravenclaw for nothing you know."

He sighed when he thought about how they would travel there. "So what do you suggest? Flooing or side-along apparation?"

She put his and her hood on. "We'll try apparation, but you're going to have to hold on tight." He didn't feel comfortable doing this, but he put his arms around her. "Don't worry I won't take it personal, and I won't tell anyone."

"You know I liked you better when I thought you were a nut case."

"I love you too Harry." She said as they apparated away.

It took the two of them nearly an hour to get most of the shopping out of the way, but he was feeling quite down because Hedwig was no longer with him. She brought him into 'Viper's animal sanctum'. Both

of them saw various birds, rats, cats, dogs, and regular animals. "Can I help you find a pet?" The clerk asked.

"Show us your imports." Bella hissed in a dangerous tone.

"Very well, but how do I know you're not an Auror?"

She raised her left sleeve to show her the Dark Mark, and whispered an apology to Harry. The store clerk was very satisfied, and brought them into the back. "We have various poisonous creatures here, and a lot of those that the Ministry of Magic has declared dark. Most of these creatures are very selective about their handlers."

Harry wasn't listening when he overheard a few serpents bashing humans. "Perhaps it would be wise not to poke fun at us humans especially those who can speak your language."

"You ssspeak?! The lasssst human to ssspeak wass the great Sssalazar Sssslytherin."

"If you are able to understand me then yes I can speak." He spoke in the familiar serpent language.

"Sssmartass human."

He started laughing at the ashwinder's comment. But he didn't notice that a very rare albino Basilisk that was blindfolded and about six feet long slithered up his leg. "Do not fear me for I will not harm you. Instead I want to bond with you."

"Why do you want to bond yourself to me?"

She rested her head onto his shoulder. "Because of your scent Harry Potter. You have the same scent as your great grandfather who hatched me. He had a love for all animal species even mine, but the Ministry caught wind of what animals were in his sanctum at Potter

Manor. So I will become your bonded, but do not worry my poison will not harm you."

The serpent gently bit down on Harry's shoulder until it bled slightly, and then bit herself. Their blood mixed when they touched. Both of them felt a warming sensation around their bodies, and then they could feel each other in their minds. "That was weird."

"That is what happens when you bond with a familiar. Could you remove this damned blindfold? These stupid people can't understand that we Basilisks have a third eyelid that would prevent us from petrifying and using our killing stare. By the way my name is Basil."

He untied the blindfold, and the store clerk started freaking out. "DON'T TAKE THAT OFF! IT WILL KILL EVERYTHING IT LOOKS AT!"

"Evidently you did not pass Care of Magical Creatures during your education. If you did then you would know that Basilisks have a third eyelid that can stop them from killing and petrifying. Also you will not charge me a price for my bonded."

"Y...you bonded with a BASILISK! Are you crazy!" The clerk yelled.

Harry petted Basil on her scaly head, and pointed his wand at the clerk. "You have a problem?"

"N...no sir."

"Good. Tell me where these other rare animals came from. Or my friend standing next to you will make sure that you will regret capturing them." He spoke darkly at him.

"Ok I captured most of them from other countries. I am a greedy person and if I could sell any one of these animals at top galleon then I could close down this dump. I've been here in this alley for nearly

fifteen years, and I want out."

Harry took out his multi-compartment trunk, and opened the largest room. "I feel generous. I will buy those two shadow wolf cubs, and the phoenix egg.

"That will be 700 galleons."

"Sorry but you will only get 250 and I will go no higher." He stated in a 'that's final' tone of voice, and put the money on the counter. The clerk took the money and gave him his purchases.

Harry put the phoenix egg into his trunk, and they walked out of the shop with the two pups following at his feet. "Alright now all we need to do is get you a new wand or staff. Because if I am right your magical inheritance should surface and since you're part of two families who knows how powerful you will be."

"So where is this place?"

"Let me handle things inside. This man only trusts certain people because he's a wand crafter not a wand maker like Ollivander." She informed him as they walked inside the store.

From the outside it looked like a dump, but inside it looked incredibly clean. "It's just a ward outside the door to make it look that way. Ahh Miss Black how lovely to see you again I trust that your wand is in great condition when I made it for you?"

"Of course it is Mr. Christian. I brought a new customer here for you, but I'm not sure if his ministry wand will be able to handle his power when his magical inheritance comes up." She said as she pulled down his hood.

"Ahh so you've gotten yourself a wand pre-made by my brother in Diagon Alley. Well I assure you Mr. Potter that I only make custom

wands. That is why my shop is so clean, but may I first take a look at your wand?" Christian Ollivander asked.

He gave him his wand and the wand crafter shook his head in disgust. "A brother wand. Every single wand he made has a brother or sister wand. Now I am going to need a few drops of your blood to find out if you need a wand or staff. Please don't look disappointed if you require a staff, because the only other person to use one was Rowena Ravenclaw and of course Merlin. Come over here and we shall see what types of wood you are most familiar with."

Christian put nearly 100 samples of wood out on a table. Harry put his hand out over the wood, and two very rare types flew into his hand. "Hmm interesting...very interesting petrified oak, and ravenwood. So we know what types of wood to use, but now for the stabilizer we will need to use some of your blood. Now that is taken care of let's also perform some tests with that sample."

"What kind of tests?"

"Well I have to add a few drops of your blood to this potion to let me know if I shall craft a wand or a staff. It should be a few moments before we move on. Are these your bonded pets? Perhaps we can use something of them to use in a power core."

"I have a loose fang that he can use, but I want you to remove it." Basil opened her mouth for him to take out her fang. The two pups wanted to play, but they remained quiet for their master. He looked down at them with a smile, and scratched them behind their ears.

They bit their paws until it bled, and then they bit his hand. The two of them mixed their blood with Harry's to bond with both of them. "Master please don't be upset that we bonded with you. But we will give our blood for your staff or wand thingy. Oh and we're speaking into your mind until you've developed our 'wolf speech'."

"Geez not that I'm not complaining, but how many more animals are going to bond with me? However this fang can be used as a core with her venom, and my two bonded shadow wolf cubs said that they would give some of their blood."

"Shadow wolves? An Albino Basilisk? Oh my dear Merlin how did you get these rare animals? I'm sorry I'm just a little surprised that you've bonded with them as well. You see the fang and venom has twice the amount of poison that would kill anyone in less than 30 seconds. Also shadow wolves haven't been seen in nearly 75 years due to being hunted down because the Ministry declared them as dark creatures. But using these ingredients as well as a simple hair from their fur would make a very powerful wand. Ahh I shall return in a moment to see the results of the potion." He said before walking out to catch his breath.

Bella had to hold in her chuckles when she saw him make a face at Christian Ollivander being giddy as a schoolboy. "He may seem off his rocker, but he is the best wand crafter alive."

"If you say so." He remarked as he petted his cubs again.

The wand crafter was beaming when he returned. "Well Mr. Potter I must say that in less than two weeks your magical inheritance will surface. Normally it won't happen until you're seventeen, but since you've been emancipated and head of two of the oldest pureblood families you will be very powerful. So I will craft you a staff using these ingredients, however I feel that you could also use a wand as well. Now come over here to choose the wood for the wand, the core ingredients, and the focal stone."

He walked over to the table once again and the required items flew into his hand. "Interesting. Ravenwood and Petrified oak once again. Heartstrings and blood of the chimera, and an emerald as your focal stone. I must say that every person who has come to me for a wand has never been able to use any part of a chimera before. Now that

everything is in order I shall get to work on them right away, and when I am done your old wand will be snapped. I'll send you a post when it is ready."

Harry went inside his money sack and left him 800 galleons. "Thank you Mr. Christian and if you require more let me know."

"That is more than enough Mr. Potter, and I thank you for making this day very exciting."

They left the shop and made their way to an apparation point. Basil wrapped herself around him tightly so she wouldn't get splinched. "Don't worry Master we will meet you at the Black Manor."

"How did you know that I was going to say that?" He looked down at them in confusion.

Both of the cubs laughed at him in their wolvisish way. "We're bonded and we know where you live because of that."

'Great...I'm an idiot.' He berated himself as they disappeared into the shadows. 'That would be cool if I can do that.'

Bellatrix raised her eyebrow at him before slapping the back of his head to get his attention. "We have work to do and we better get started on it." She opened her arms to him and she mentally grinned when she saw him roll his eyes at her before they apparated away together.

Chapter 3: Padfoot's Revenge!

For nearly two weeks Harry, Bella, and Tonks trained extensively for eight full hours at a time. Both ladies were very impressed at how quickly he was adapting to their heavy training. "So what do you think we should have him do next since we're putting him through the intense cramming sessions? He's really becoming a great dueler and even a great potion brewer. If you really think about it he could become a great healer when he leaves Hogwarts."

"I don't really know about that one 'Dora. He's becoming better at all of his subjects because I've been forcing him into reading and then going into practical study. He still has much to learn in Transfiguration, Charms, Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, and Wizarding politics. I don't even have the knack for even opening the Divination schoolbooks. That class is a joke and even interpreting prophecies is just stupid."

Tonks got up and poured herself another cup of tea. "Yeah, but I'm even surprised that you gave him some time off last night."

"I gave him another book of Advanced Transfiguration book when he became violently sick on his birthday, and that was nearly five days ago. I've never heard of someone's magical inheritance taking this long before. When I got mine I was sick for nearly three days straight." She said as she poured herself another cup of tea, but a mild tapping against the window made her miss the teacup. After she cleaned up her mess she walked over to the window and snatched the letter from the owl. 'I know that this letter belongs to Harry, but he needs to rest.' She opened his letter and read:

"Dear Mr. Potter,

I just wanted to let you know that you're purchases are ready. Please come by the shop to pick them up at your earliest connivance.

Christian Ollivander"

"Well it looks like Harry's new wand and staff is complete." She said as she folded up the post and put it into her pocket.

Her niece nearly spit out her tea. "A staff? How could he have a staff? Is he that powerful or something?"

"From what it sounded at 'Christian custom wands' in Knockturn Alley, he is becoming very powerful. But even his knowledge of the Dark Arts is becoming second nature to him, however he hasn't submitted himself into loosing himself in them. The thing that amazes me is how well he's doing in Occlumency and reverse. I'm nowhere near the Mind Art user that Snape, Dumbledore, and Riddle are, but he has built up some good mind shields. I don't even know when he uses his new wand or staff how much damage he could do with us for training."

Tonks shuddered. "I don't even want to think about that Aunt Trixie."

"HEY! I warned you kiddo about calling me that Nymphadora!"

"DON'T CALL ME THAT! YOU KNOW I HATE MY NAME!" She yelled at her.

"THEN DON'T CALL ME AUNT TRIXIE!"

"WOULD YOU TWO SHUT UP! IT'S REALLY GETTING ANNOYING!" Harry complained as he stumbled into the room with the Phoenix egg, and Hedwig's ashes.

Bella and Tonks looked sheepish at each other before helping him to the table. "How are you feeling? You've been out for nearly five full days now. I'll be right back ok."

He watched as Bellatrix left the room before he rubbed the side of his

head. "That long huh? It feels like I've been in a coma for two years, but this splitting headache is killing me."

"So what's up with the egg and Hedwig's ashes?" Tonks asked as she ruffled his hair.

"Well I've been keeping a warming charm on the egg, but I wanted to see if I surrounded the egg maybe I could have Hedwig back in some fashion since this is a phoenix egg." His two wolf cubs ran up to him with their tongues that were hanging out like house broken dogs. "Hey I missed you two. You haven't been causing trouble have you?"

"Nope. Lyan and I have been on good behavior. Although that one girl with the pink hair loves to play with us." "Yeah she's fun to play with."

"Well that's good. Say I have a question...how am I able to talk to you outside of my mind?" He asked.

"Because you're speaking our language now. You're a Parselmouth and a Shadowmouth. We created that word because we're only associated with the moon and being a wolf and they didn't sound good together." Lyan laughed with her brother, Eli.

"Geez I wonder how many more talents I have now. Well have fun you two because I don't know if I'm training again or not today."

"Ok. We'll see you later Master!" They chorused together before running out of the room.

"Ok you're going to have to explain what you just did kiddo? How many more languages do you speak?" Tonks blurted out.

Harry smirked as he put the egg into a nest he made a few days prior. He then put the ashes all around it before answering her. "Well since I'm bonded with Basil, Lyan, and Eli...I can speak English,

Parseltongue, and Shadowtongue. They made that word up so I guess it fits since they're Shadow wolves."

"Oh so that's what they are! They're so cute and playful! I love them to death!" She squealed with joy.

"Don't worry they like playing with you. So what's the plan for today?"

Bella returned into the room with Christian Ollivander. "Ahh Mr. Potter I take it that your inheritance was enjoyable?"

He turned around and glared at the wand crafter. "Oh yes a joy. I was really hoping for another so I can make it ten days I can stay in bed."

"There's no need for sarcasm, but very crafty of a Slytherin to use it. Now your custom wand and staff have been created. Here they are, but when they touch your fingers they will immediately become in tune with your magic so nobody else can use them." The man spoke as he laid down a black staff with all sorts of runes over the entire shaft with a bright emerald that shined like a diamond.

Harry took hold of the staff and the runes began to shine a bright red. Immediately he felt that a part of him was being sucked into his staff, and he couldn't let go. After a few minutes he fell against the counter to regain his balance. "What just happened?"

"Your staff has now been infused with your magic. If you noticed the emerald that was on top of your staff has now turned into a very rare blue diamond. Most magical stones have a range of power attached to them like a power meter. Diamonds of any color are the highest, and Opal is the lowest. The Emerald is somewhere in the middle. Here is your custom wand but just keep in mind that it has the same runes on it like your staff."

"The bonding runes." He spoke with a smile.

"Very correct Mr. Potter. I will need your previous wand after the second bonding is done. Also since you greatly overpaid me I have taken liberty of giving you a Hungarian Horntail wand holster, and a book written by Merlin himself on how to use a staff."

He then took his new wand, and felt immense power flowing from it. It was a good feeling to know that he finally had an advantage to Voldemort. "Thank you Mr. Ollivander. You did an excellent job on both creations. LUMOS!" The room burst into a very bright light that could light up four-mile radius before extinguishing the spell. He then took out his old wand, and tossed it to the wand crafter.

"I am very glad you like it and now to dispose of this." The wand was snapped and Fawkes feather fell out of it. For some reason Harry caught the feather, and put it into the nest before Ollivander burned the wand until nothing was left. "Have a good day, and if there is anything else you need please do not hesitate to see me."

Bella escorted the wand crafter out of the house so he could apparate away. "Ok Harry now that you have your new toys we should test out your wand on the assault course."

"Ok, but after I eat something then we can go back to your slave driving...er I mean magical training. Just please make sure that I'm awake enough to read up on how to use my staff." He said hoping to be on her good side, but he saw the devious glint in her eyes. 'I'm dead...'

What nobody noticed was that Fawkes's feather and Hedwig's ashes were absorbed into the egg. Harry came up to it when he was done eating, and placed his hands on it to give it a little bit more warmth. 'I know that you are growing in there little one, and I will do everything to make sure that you do. You didn't deserve to be held down in that dump only to be sold for a profit. Take your time, and I'll check up on you later.'

Meanwhile at Gringotts...Sirius's fake will reading was about to be commenced, but Narcissa and Draco Malfoy joined them. "What's this Weasel? Going to try to see if you can even get a donation for that rundown shack you live in. Or perhaps you really need the money to get yourself a new girlfriend since a mudblood isn't giving you any."

"Shut your mouth Malfoy before I put my fist in it!" Ron bellowed at him.

Hermione simply smirked because she never let the redhead bastard even get any further than a simple kiss on the cheek. "I didn't know you were to be called here. Sirius hated you with a passion."

"That is none of your concern mudblood. I can't wait until we get to school so I can curse the hell out of you pathetic Gryffindors." He sneered at her.

Bloodrune cleared his throat to grab their attention. "The will reading will begin now so follow me."

Everyone took a seat around a half-moon desk. The head goblin brought out the fake will, and activated it for their viewing pleasure.

"I, Sirius Orion Black by sound of mind (Stop laughing Moony) and body...well not so much anymore, but anyways. To those who are here by either family relation or by acquaintance shall receive nothing because it all went to the new head of the Black family. You see I knew what you people did to Harry, and I made sure that you all paid for it. I wasn't a Marauder for nothing, and for those who didn't know learned the hard way. Also don't forget I worked as an Auror with James, and we were the best team that they've ever had! Because we did research before we went after our targets, and let's say I did all my research on all you bastards.

Don't worry Moony because I left you 50,000 galleons to get yourself

a new wardrobe and possibly a wife. Oh and I hope the new head of the Black family disowns your arse Narcissa because you and your bastard kid don't deserve a knut since your all slaves to begin with. Purebloods my arse...look at whose boots you lick...A HALF-BLOOD! Yeah you heard me right...Voldemort is a half-blood. Go ahead and ask Wormtail because I cornered him that night just before he killed the thirteen muggles I was framed for and faked his own death! He knew Voldemort is a half-blood because he dropped the ball on that secret. So make sure that you get extra time down on your hands and knees bowing before him.

You blood traitors don't deserve anything since you've taken my godson's family money that his parent's left to him when he reaches 17. I can't believe how low you bastards would stoop just to put on an act to look poor when your vaults have been growing since Harry's first year when you were paid off to be his friends. You sicken me! Oh and just to let you know Ginny...Harry never even liked you romantically like in your fantasies. Those portraits in my home often work well as spies, because I was going to make them into a prank when I heard you moaning your fantasy at night. Frankly I find it disturbing that you like it in that way. Merlin you gave me nightmares for weeks and I refuse to even speak of it because it will haunt me even in death. Even Moony knows what I'm talking about. Besides you should've died in the Chamber of Secrets for chatting with Voldemort's charmed diary. Maybe then you would learn not to read cursed books.

And don't think you're off the hook Granger! He saved your life and befriended you, then you all the sudden backpedaled on him! I was originally going to leave you the library, but you don't deserve it because you think you know everything there is to magic...well here's a little tip...YOU DON'T KNOW JACK ABOUT THE MAGICAL WORLD! AND YOU BETTER REALIZE IT! YOU WOULDN'T HAVE LASTED TEN MINUTES OUT IN THE REAL WORLD BEFORE YOU FLED BACK TO THE MUGGLES! SO WISE UP OR SHIP OUT!

Oh and here we come to the biggest manipulator of all. You are a real bastard to think that you could use Harry as a Martyr for your great scheme for the greater good when you were the one who created Voldemort to begin with. Oh yes I heard everything you planned from my sources, and if you think that Harry will sacrifice himself for you then think again. You see he's been loosing trust in you since fourth year when you allowed him to compete in the Tri-wizard tournament when you knew that there was a huge risk of him dying because he was in over his head so many times, and you sad back twiddling your thumbs 'hoping for the best'. I really hope that criminal charges were brought against you for all that you've done to him. You should be stripped of all your titles, and thrown out onto the street with no money or magic! Lily and James would be rolling around in their graves to find out that you put him in a home with those muggles! They abused, starved, locked up in a tiny cupboard under the stairs, hated him, dressed in clothes five times too big for him, and basically became their house elf! You are the worst person whom I've had the displeasure of meeting. I hope you burn in hell for this, and to piss you off even further I emancipated him!

So farewell to all and if you don't like what I've said...I could care less because you're not worth my time. Oh and Moony you can't take the money back because it's in your vault. I made a deal with Bloodrune that you can't give it away to anyone or else it goes back into your vault. Sorry old friend, but I had to do one last prank before I died."

Ginny and Hermione were crying from all the harsh words spoke about them. Mostly everyone else was furious that they didn't get anything from the will. Dumbledore was livid because Sirius bashed him, pointed out his scheme, and permanently lost control over his weapon. Moony was the only one in a good mood because his best friend made sure that he had to go clothes shopping. 'I swear that I will get you back for that Padfoot.'

Malfoy was in shock. He just heard from his mother's cousin that the Dark Lord was a half-blood. 'That can't be true...if he's a half-blood

then why did he gather all the purebloods to do his bidding...he's below us! And we're bowing down to him like slaves. 'We Malfoy's bow to no one.' That is a load of dung because my father is nothing more than a hypocrite. He is dead to me now, and I will never be a slave! Now I know why Potter turned down my friendship during our first year...it was all a scheme thanks to Weasel. When I see Potter again maybe I'll extend my friendship to him again.'

Without any words spoken everyone left the bank to go to their own agendas. But Dumbledore immediately left for his office to think of another scheme for his greater good.

Harry was dueling again with Bella and Tonks, and he finally gave them a run for their money after four hours. "So my teachers how does it feel to be on the defensive?"

"It's kinda fun. Oh great now Dumbledork is calling for a meeting. I'll come back when it's over to give you an update." She said before walking out of the basement.

"Ok Bella, tell me the truth since your niece won't. How am I really doing?"

"In my honest opinion you are exceeding my own expectations. You've done a lot in such a short time, and you are a very good student when you put your mind to it. The only thing that has me concerned is your abilities that you can do since all the magic blocks have been destroyed. Hmm...I'll be right back with an enchanted parchment." She walked over to Mrs. Black's portrait, and then quickly walked out of the basement.

"Master. I should tell you that while you were out I went out hunting last night when I came across Nagini. She was sent to search the area for any trace of you or Bellatrix. Her master has become very angry that he cannot find you nor use the scar connection. One death eater was in Knockturn Alley and saw the two of you together the day

you two were shopping. She told me that her master is going to use the Dark Mark to 'bring her back on her knees.' She also said that she can help destroy the mark for a price."

"What kind of price?" He asked his familiar.

"Sanctuary. She wants to be free like she once was before he came and ripped her away from her home."

"Alright. I will grant it to her as long as she gives me an oath never to betray any of my secrets to Voldemort, another Parselmouth, or Beast speaker." He spoke as he stroked her scales much to her pleasure.

"I will relay the message for you master."

He groaned when she called him that. "Please stop calling me 'Master'. I feel dirty everytime someone calls me that."

Bella came back with the enchanted parchment and put it down in front of him. "Just place a few drops of blood onto the paper, and we'll find out what's been unlocked inside of you."

He sliced his finger open and dripped four drops of blood onto the parchment. It started to change different colors for a few moments before fading back to the same color with text.

Name: Harry James Black-Potter

Age: 16

Sex: Male

Classification: Human

Occupation: High Mage (Shadow)

Bonded: Albino Basilisk (Basil) and Two Shadow Wolves (Lyan + Eli).

Political standing: Head of Potter and Black families.

Family: Lily + James Potter (Parents), Sirius Black (Adopted parent).

Ancestors: Merlin and Morgan le Fey. (Great many times over Grandmother and Grandfather. Name changed to Potter for protection from enemies.)

Heir of: Merlin, Morgan le Fey, and Sirius Black. (Magical and Blood)

Abilities: Parseltongue, Shadowtongue, Pyretongue, Wandless/Staff spell casting, Partial Metamorphmagus, Shadow Magic, Partial Mind Arts, Dark Arts, Light Arts, Parselmagic, Multi-Animagus, and Swordsmanship.

Animagus forms: Albino Shadow Wolf and Gray Falcon.

Instructors: Nymphadora Tonks and Bellatrix Evelyn Black.

"You're the heir to Merlin and Morgan le Fey? Harry do you know what this means?"

"Not a clue, but I'm sure you're about to tell me." He joked.

She was still in shock to see a lot of abilities that he could do. "This means that you're the heir to the Light Sorcerer and the Dark Sorceress! Do you know what that means?"

"I'm all big and powerful." His words dripped with sarcasm.

"Originally I thought that you would've been the heir to Gryffindor, but this totally blows my theory out the window. No this explains why you are able to wield a staff. But we're getting off track here so let's get

back to training."

"Yes ma'am." He hung his head because he knew he was going to be in a world of pain before he would be getting to bed that night.

Voldemort was furious that nobody could find a simple trace of where Harry was hiding. "Tell me Wormtail...why did you run away from your mission?"

"M...my Lord...there was a white snake that was about to eat me. I had no choice my lord."

"CRUCIO! YOU HAVE FAILED ME FOR THE LAST TIME WORMTAIL! GIVE ME ONE REASON WHY I AM KEEPING YOU ALIVE!" He roared out of rage.

"I am your most loyal servant my lord. I returned to you and nursed you to health. I was there when I helped restore your body." He whimpered through the after effects of the torture curse.

"Yes you did, however you have failed me more times then I can count. But you will set as an example to my Death Eaters." Voldemort laughed maniacally. "THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU FAIL ME! AVADA KEDAVARA!"

The other Death Eaters watches as Wormtail was murdered in front of them. Even some of the inner circle were shaken by this course of action. "I WANT BELLATRIX AND POTTER FOUND IMMEDIATELY NO EXCUSES! IF THEY ARE FOUND I WANT THEM ALIVE AND UNTOUCHED! LEAVE!"

Ron was having the hardest time trying to understand the training that Dumbledore set for him since he was part of the Order. 'Why is it that Potter gets everything! The money, the girls, and the power! Everytime I try to do something on my own he has to do it much better then I can! THIS IS HIS ENTIRE FAULT THAT I CAN'T DO

THIS!"

"FOCUS WEASLEY OR ELSE!" Moody growled.

Kingsley agreed with his mentor. "IF YOU'RE NOT GOING TO DO THIS SERIOUSLY THEN GO HOME!"

"MAYBE IF I COULD GET A BREAK EVERYONCE IN A WHILE!" He complained.

"You're a waste of talent! Go home and obsess about your poor Quidditch team! At least Potter wasn't the one who was consumed by greed, and had the sense to sever all ties with weaklings like you!" Another Auror shouted at him.

"Yeah so how much were you being paid just to be his friend? Maybe we should demand the same price for wasting our time with you since you won't listen." Mad-Eye declared before walking away with his fellow Aurors.

Ron walked over and punched the wall. He continued to punch it until his knuckles bled. "DAMN IT! WHY CAN'T DUMBLEDORE FIND SOMEONE TO TRAIN ME RIGHT! THE HELL WITH POTTER I WANT MY TIME IN THE LIME LIGHT FOR A CHANGE!"

Dumbledore received the report from the people training Ron and the others that the training isn't even working. "That Weasley kid is pathetic, and his sister is just as weak. The only person who seems even remotely acceptable for training is Granger." Moody growled once again.

"So what is your professional opinion of getting the two Weasley children to cooperate?"

Kingsley sighed heavily. "In my professional opinion it would take a miracle for them to understand what we are trying to teach them, but

it seems that they are too bound in greed and angry for what Harry did with their vaults."

"Yes I see." The headmaster rubbed his temples trying to think of a new plan.

Professor Snape came running into the headmaster's office. "Headmaster we have a problem."

"What is it Severus?"

"The Dark Lord is furious...he wants Potter and Black alive and unharmed. If any of us fail we will die immediately. Wormtail was murdered in front of all of us because of his failure."

"Good one less Death Eater to worry about." Moody commented even though Snape glared at him.

"You must be extra careful then Severus. I don't want you to put yourself in danger, but not even I know where to look for Harry. All owls I have sent to him have been returned unopened."

The Auror and former-Auror chuckled because Tonks told them about Harry being emancipated by Sirius. "Couldn't blame the kid."

"And what is that supposed to mean Alastor?" Dumbledore grew serious.

"He is using constant vigilance! How do you think he would feel if you abandoned him when he believed you would help him at his court day last year? What about the fact that you sent him to his own personal hell every summer? I know all about Blood wards and you need positive emotions of the two relatives in order to keep the wards going. Any negative emotion will shatter them, and believe me they were very close to shattering."

"Didn't Harry also say that Voldemort used his blood to resurrect himself? So that would cancel out the wards as well." Kingsley spoke up.

"I have made my mistakes only because I'm human, but Harry is the only one who can destroy Voldemort. We need him to do it before we lose anymore lives."

"Forgive me headmaster, but I think your blind faith in the boy has warped your mind. How could a sixteen-year-old destroy the Dark Lord when he barely knows any magic to do it?" Snape asked.

"I placed additional magic blocks on him. He will swell up with such power to sacrifice himself and take Riddle down with him."

"Don't expect Potter to trust you ever again Albus. I know I wouldn't." Moody spoke up again.

"Thank you for the report, but keep your eyes open over the next couple weeks in Diagon Alley. He will need school supplies before coming back to Hogwarts." He sighed as they were dismissed.

Professor Snape was hesitant but he turned around and faced the headmaster. "Do you honestly believe that Potter will come back to school?"

"He would have no choice. If he were to transfer to another school he would need the written recommendation of his previous headmaster in order to do so."

"You are playing a dangerous game, and I don't want to be caught in the middle when you lose." Severus commented before he left.

Chapter 4: A warning for the Order

Diagon Alley was booming with business since the new school year was about to begin. Ron and Ginny along with the Order were hiding under invisibility cloaks. They were waiting for any sign of Harry, but so far they haven't found anything. "God why are we out here wasting our time looking for any sign of that selfish bastard?" Ron complained.

"Shut up! Don't you even know the meaning of stealth? IT MEANS SIT THERE AND BE QUIET!" Hermione yelled at him.

"I DON'T SEE WHY I'M HERE IF I'M NOT BEING PAID FOR THIS!" He roared back at her.

"Would you two shut up! If Potter was here you just gave us away with your verbal fighting! Give it a rest you idiots! Because if you don't I will silence you myself!" Moody growled at them.

Meanwhile...other members of the Order were patrolling all parts of the alley, but what spooked them the most that there was absolutely no trace of Harry anywhere. Remus was getting very nervous since he hadn't heard from him in a long time. "I'm worried Tonks. What if he never shows up again?"

"Calm down big guy. He is going to be here today." She said with a smirk.

"How do you know?"

"Sorry I can't tell ya. He would get very upset with his big sister if I said so." She grinned at him again as she took a sip of her butterbeer.

"Ok keep talking like that and you're cut off. What do you mean 'big sister'? You two aren't related in any way." He said taking another sip

of his butterbeer.

She glared at him before casting a powerful privacy ward around them. "Alright I'm not going to lie to you he will be here, but not in the way you think. Also we are related because Sirius adopted him at Christmas last year. He's the head of my family, and reinstated us into the Black family. I've been helping to train him against Dumbledore's orders."

"How have you been training him if his wand is still being monitored?"

"Simple. My aunt took him to get a custom wand in Knockturn Alley. She also has been training him as well at our ancestral home ever since he kicked the order out. I am very impressed with how hard he's been working. We train him for eight hours a day with breaks for something to eat." She started explaining before she noticed someone walk into the pub.

He had very long silver hair with a short point in the front, ice cold emerald eyes, and wearing black clothes with white coverings on his shoulders. Everyone in the pub was looking at him with scared and awe stares. The stranger walked through the crowd, but he spotted Tonks and Remus. He smirked at her before continuing on his way to the Diagon Alley gateway.

"Why did that person smirk at you Tonks?" Moony asked.

"Come on Remus. You should've figured that out by now, but I'll give you a clue. Who has eyes like those you saw?"

It took him a minute but he eventually figured it out. "THAT WAS HIM!"

"Don't be rash! He knows that we saw him, but nobody else knows who he is so let's leave it that way. Come on we gotta go back to our

posts before we get yelled at."

Most people in the Alley were scurrying about their way until the gateway opened to reveal a person who looked like Sephiroth. The muggleborn witches and wizards were in awe because they knew exactly who that was. Harry was actually enjoying the fact that nobody knew who he was. 'Heh perhaps this should situate my Slytherin side. I think it's funny that people actually look afraid of me. Being a metamorphmagus is pretty cool.'

Ron and Ginny stopped arguing when they saw this new guy come walking into the alley. "I bet you he's a Death Eater."

"If he was one then why would he be strolling through Diagon Alley when he should be in Knockturn Alley." She whispered to her brother.

The hidden Order members watched as a little eleven-year-old girl walked straight up to the stranger. "Hi, what's your name? If you don't want to tell me then I'll make one up for you. How does Dante sound? Ohh is that a sword that you're carrying? Can I see it?"

A slight smirk came across his face as he opened his robe. "No it isn't, but you may call me that if you wish. However, my sword is on my belt but do not touch it. It is very sharp and I would not want you to cut yourself with your wand hand."

The girl looked at the sword in awe because she looked at his wand holster, and his wooden ring. "What are those 'Dante'?"

"That is my wand in my wand holster, and this is a wooden ring I made. Tell me are you going to Hogwarts?"

"Yeah! I've been waiting a long time to go there with my older sister! She's in Slytherin, and I hope I can be as good as her. She's over there in Flourish and Blotts." She took a deep breath from talking so fast.

"All you have to do to make her proud is to watch yourself, and just don't listen to some of the Death Eater children that are becoming proud of becoming slaves to a mudblood. Remember that there is a good chance that you may not be in the same house as your sister, but good luck to you young one." He said before walking away towards the bookstore.

"Should we follow him?" Ron asked Kingsley Shacklebolt from his hiding spot that was near the Quidditch store.

"Granger and your sister will follow him. You will stay here until you stop being an idiot and learn the meaning of the words stealth and silence!" He growled the redhead.

Hermione and Ginny nodded and headed off towards the bookshop, but Ron was very angry for being embarrassed like that in front of the other members of the Order. "Why are you sending them when I can do this myself!"

"Because until now your sister has accepted the fact that she isn't a fairy princess and has to do work so you can earn your keep. Unlike you who won't do a damn thing unless there's a galleon in front of you." Dawlish hissed under his breath and then walked away leaving him to fume.

'Typical...why do all the witches have to read "Witch Weekly" I swear Tonk's is obsessed about it.' Harry walked up to the counter and cleared his throat to get the female clerk's attention.

"Yes sir, how can I help you today?" A clerk asked him as she quickly hid her magazine.

"I will need these required books along with this list of textbooks."

She looked down at the list and nodded. "Ok I don't have these

particular books in stock. I don't want to do this but I can order this for you, and send them to you when they're available."

"That's fine. How much will this come to?"

Ginny and Hermione entered the shop when he was placing his money on the counter. "Thank you for your order. I'll send these immediately when they arrive."

"Thank you very much and good day to you."

They gasped when she saw him up close because his eyes looked incredible cold and catlike, but he turned around to Ginny. He put his hand out and started to squeeze the air. Hermione was frozen stiff when her teammate just froze and grabbed her throat gasping for air. "You can tell you fellow idiots that I can see through your disillusion spells. Don't not try to follow me again or else I won't hold back." He opened his palm and walked away.

She fell to the ground and quickly crawled over to Ginny who was frozen out of fear, but she knew to warn everybody about him. 'How was he able to cast that wandless and soundless spell at her? He must be very powerful if he can do that...I must find a book about that later.'

Harry was feeling quite proud of himself as he walked out of the bookshop. 'There that takes care of those bastards. Now let's see if I can have some fun with the other blood traitor. No doubt they're getting yelled at due to their stupidity. They'll never be Aurors with those attitudes. Now let's see I already have my wardrobe, potion ingredients, wand and staff, weapons...ahh yes battle robes. I nearly forgot about those.'

Before he could stroll into Knockturn Alley he heard someone approach him from behind. "Going somewhere young man?"

"Hello 'Dora. Are you coming over later on?" He smirked at her.

She reached up and hugged him. "I wouldn't miss it for the world, but I must say that your disguise is very sexy. You did a good job with your training with me. So what are you planning on doing now? You already have your school supplies back at home."

"Yes I know, but I needed a few more references so be shipped to me later on. Also I need some battle robes, and I think you do too. You can also tell Moony to get out from behind the corner so that he can join us as well."

Remus was completely shocked as he came out from behind the corner. "How did you know I was even there? And I must say that you...look different."

"Let's just say I know your scent, and thank you. So tell me did you get your new wardrobe yet? We must go now before the Order of the chicken crashes our little party." He informed them as he traversed the alleyway. The two of them followed him, halfway he stopped them, and pulled out his wand to transfigure two newspapers into long black hooded cloaks. "Before we go any further you need to put these on. We don't want to stir up trouble down here now do we?"

Both of them smiled at the way Harry was thinking, they put on the cloaks on, and pulled the hoods up. "So where are we headed?"

"To a shop called Druid nightmare. It is not far from here."

The shop owner and his daughter were looking quite bored until three people came walking in. "Ahh greetings dark ones. How may we serve you?"

"I would like three sets of the finest Basilisk battle robes available, lined with Giant Spider silk, and along with other charms set on it for lightweight, easy durability, flexible, and to be translucent under

normal clothes." Harry instructed them.

"I'm sorry my good sir, but I am out of Basilisk skin at the moment."

He walked up to the owner, and placed his hands onto the counter. "Actually I have a large supply of Basilisk skin, however I am not that crafty to make clothes out of them. If you would get your tools I will take you there to harvest it."

"You...have Basilisk skin? I would be most grateful if you would take me to it." The shop owner ran off to get his bag.

Harry turned around to his two companions. "The two of us will be gone for a short while, but please don't do anything stupid."

Tonks put her hands on her hips, and Remus started chuckling as the owner came back. "I'm ready to go when you are good sir."

Harry grabbed onto the man's shoulder. 'I hope Eli and Lyan taught me enough of how to do this...' The two of them disappeared into the shadows leaving a stunned Werewolf, Auror, and the shop owner's daughter.

The two of them emerged inside the catacomb of the Chamber of Secrets. "Where are we? How did we get here?"

"Instead of using apparition I shadow walked us here, and you are in the catacomb of the legendary Chamber of Secrets. Now come the ceiling isn't exactly stable anymore, and I would hate it if you got hurt." Harry replied as he walked up to the chamber opening. "I wish to enter the chamber of the serpent speaker of long ago. Open up."

The chamber door unlocked and swung open. Both men climbed in as the door closed behind them. The shop owner was completely in awe as they approached the deceased Basilisk. He levitated it out of the water, and the battle robe crafter began to harvest the scales and

skin. "This is outstanding. It has been well preserved so it can be completely harvested for rare potion ingredients."

"Sorry but you will only get the skin and scales. The rest I shall take care of for my own stocks, and for a certain potion master I know." He pulled out his multi-compartment trunk, and opened it to where he kept his potion ingredients. 'Sorry Basil. I hope you can forgive me for doing this to one of your own.'

It took nearly an hour for them to completely harvest the deceased serpent. "This should last for a long time, and since you replenished my store of this rare skin I will make your battle robes for free. It is the least I can do for you."

"I shall trust your judgment. Now let us be off." He said as he put his trunk back into his pocket, and 'shadow walked' them back to the shop.

Tonks, Remus, and Daphne were minding their own business when two people arrived out of nowhere. "Sorry about the short trip Mr. Greengrass. Some people don't take to it very well the first time." 'Not to mention that it was only my first round trip...'

"Please excuse me...I'm going to be sick." He quickly ran out of the room and lost his lunch.

Daphne raised her eyebrow at the mysterious gentleman. "What did you do to my father?"

"I took him treasure hunt and got trapped inside an illusion that he was being butt-raped by Dementors." Harry sarcastically replied.

Remus had to cover his mouth to hide his snickering. 'I would never have imagined that would come out of his mouth. Sirius corrupted him in more ways than one!'

Tonks started laughing when she saw the younger witch gather herself together after shaking that mental image out of her head. 'Snape has nothing on my little brother!'

Daphne was about to say something but her father walked back into the room. "I'm sorry about the interruption. Now that we have the supplies ready let's get your measurements shall we?."

Harry stopped him for a moment. "The three of us have changing measurements so make them expand and contrast."

"I will do just so." He said as he sent off the automatic measuring tape onto all three of them. Within a few moments he had all of their measurements.

"Please owl me immediately when you're are finished."

"I will, but may I ask if you are attending Hogwarts? If the owl cannot find you then I can ask my daughter Daphne Greengrass to bring them to you. Can I have your name?" Mr. Greengrass said.

"Yes I will be attending that wretched school. Address the owl to Lord Black, and thank you for your time Mr. Greengrass." He lightly bowed before him and kissed his daughter's hand before walking out of the store with his 'family'.

"Wow he was freaky looking and a smartass, but he was very cute." Daphne said with a slight giggle.

Her father rolled his eyes at his daughters' comment. "Listen to me Daphne. That young man is very powerful, and I don't give a damn if you're a Slytherin pureblood. If you cross him you will not like the repercussions. Please don't do anything to upset him."

"I promise that I won't. Besides he was cute so who knows maybe I can sway him into becoming my boyfriend or something. Wait a

minute didn't he say that he was 'Lord Black'? According to that arsehole Draco Malfoy he was supposed to inherit the Black family riches and title. How could he be the new head of the Black family?"

"I don't know I really don't. But it's really strange that none of my magical detectors could even get a trace of his real identity. I think he's a metamorphmagus, and I know the girl that was with him was one. Because why would he ask for the robes to be expandable?" He wondered, but he quickly shifted into getting 'Lord Black's' order done as quickly as possible.

"What should I call you since I don't want to give away your name?" Remus asked.

Harry pulled them into a sub-alley and transformed into his albino shadow wolf form. He transformed back into his new form with a smirk. "Well does that qualify for a Marauder name?"

"How did you achieve this so quickly! It took Padfoot and Prongs nearly three years to perfect it!"

His smirked even more at his former Defense against the Dark Arts Professor. "Well let's just say that Lyan and Eli have a lot to do with unlocking my animagus forms."

"You should've seen how long it took Aunt Trixie and I to redo the basement after we started dueling down there." Tonks joked, but the last Marauder looked like he was about to fall down.

"Lyan and Eli? Can we find somewhere to talk privately cub? This place is freaking me out."

"Moony, don't let your fear of this alley take over. No offense but you should embrace your wolf instead of shunning him away. Trust me you will feel a lot better about your transformations once a month. However, I am done with my shopping for today. If you two will hold

onto me I'll bring us home, but I'm going to warn you that when we arrive don't throw up on me." He said as Tonks wrapped her arms around Harry, as did Remus before they 'shadow walked' back to 12 Grimwauld Place.

"But Auror Kingsley it wasn't our fault he went into Knockturn Alley! He used a wandless and soundless choking charm on Ginny and told us not to follow him again or else he wouldn't be so kind next time!" Hermione pleaded with him.

"Never the less you failed in your task to follow this 'Dante' person! I don't care what Dumbledore says you three are the worst recruits that I have ever seen. A greedy prejudiced bigoted arrogant arsehole, a bookworm, and a weak fifth year that can't get over the same problems as her brother. Go home because you are no more use here." Moody growled at them.

The three defeated teenagers headed off to the Leaky Cauldron to Floo back to their homes. "Herm, is there any way to recover our relationship?"

"Do not call me that, and no there isn't Ronald because I will not be your prize just for being a part of the Order. It was your fault that I turned my back on Harry and I'm going to do my damndest to apologize to him. He was my first friend that I ever made, and I want him back. GRANGER RESIDENCE!" She spat out as she stepped into the emerald flames.

"Don't look to me for support because we're just as guilty, but she was right Harry was her first friend. It was because of him that you that you met her. THE BURROW!" Ginny roared and stepped into the fireplace.

Bella was having some tea in the kitchen when a large shadow appeared before her. "Welcome back Harry. Did you enjoy humiliating your former friends?"

"Ok you two you can let go now. Of course I did, and I must say that I like this form. It makes me feel powerful instead of weak like my natural form." He smiled at his mentor.

"This is Trixie! Bellatrix Lestrange has been living with you!" Remus roared with anger as he made a move for his wand.

Harry unsheathed his sword and knocked his wand out of his hand. "Don't do that again Moony. She is not a Death Eater any longer, but she is the Bellatrix Black you remember from your school days."

"Why has she been here with you cub? She should be rotting in Azkaban like she did before, and you can't stop me from avenging my brother's death in the Department of Mysteries."

"I'm warning you Remus. If you make one move to harm her then I will be forced to kill you for harming my charge." He warned the werewolf. Basil, Lyan, and Eli came out and stayed in front of her.

"You're charge? What is going on Harry?"

He summoned a chair for him to sit in. "There has been a lot that Dumbledore hasn't told you. When I went to Gringotts that night Sirius adopted me during Christmas break last year. We performed a blood adoption ritual that made me his son so I would bypass the pureblood laws in case he died. He named me as his heir so I have become the head of the Black family and the Potter family. I dissolved Bella's forced marriage to Lestrange so she has become my charge, and mentor since I no longer follow Dumbledore so blindly as I did once before. That old fool no longer knows where I am or what I'm doing, and I like him thinking this way. So did you think of a name for me yet Moony?"

"I'm sorry cub. I should've been there for you after you got out of school. But Albus told me to stay put because you were grieving over

Sirius's death. Merlin I should've been smarter then that, but when Tonks said that you were about to Avada-Kedvara yourself I was frozen. I'm not going to loose the last of my pack like that. But yes I have a name for you...Surion."

Basil slithered her way up onto her bonded and rested her head on his shoulder. The two Shadow wolf cubs ran up to him with excitement, and started jumping on him. Harry scratched them behind their ears. "I must thank you two for unlocking my animagus forms, and how to do everything a shadow wolf can."

"You're welcome! Your werewolf friend has not embraced his inner wolf. Is he afraid of what it can do?"

"I'm afraid so Lyan. He is very afraid of not what it can do, but him loosing control over it."

"Hehe should I bite him?"

"No that's not necessary Eli. He must find this out for himself, but his inner wolf will have some issues because he has been the Alpha male of his own pack for far too long."

"If you need our help then please let us know master!"

"I will. In fact let's unlock it for him right now. Maybe he won't be so uptight anymore."

"Moony, if you are going to stay here then you will become one with your wolf side. Taking the Wolfsbane potion is making it worse then a cure. Lyan, Eli, and myself will assist you in the basement." Harry said.

"Don't forget we're going to resume training again after your done." Bella informed him.

He smiled at her because he knew that she would smack him for it. "Yes mum." He quickly ran down to the basement as a book smashed against the wall behind him.

"Cub, I'm not too sure about this. What if I loose control I could hurt you?"

Lyan and Eli sat next to Harry and Remus in a small circle. "Don't worry so much old man. Now open your mind completely to us and the inner wolf."

He took a few calming breaths before lying on his back. They waited for twenty minutes before his body twitched. "Can you hear me wolf?"

Remus's eyelids opened to reveal amber eyes, but they quickly looked angry. "Why did you bring me out human?"

"Your human counterpart has locked you away for far too long. He needs to embrace what it feels to be whole instead of divided between two minds. Because of your fight for dominance you are killing your host."

"What makes you think that I want to merge with him?" Moony spoke to Lyan.

"Because we know that you don't want to die alone in your pack."

"Do you want to continue being a lone wolf or do you want to be in a true pack once again." Harry said as he changed back into his wolf form. "If you continue to harm the friend of my parents any longer I will kill you."

"You couldn't kill me nor anyone else."

He got into an attacking stance and bared his fangs. "Don't

underestimate me because times have changed."

It wasn't until Moony saw Basil and the two wolf cubs bearing their fangs at him as well before he seriously considered the threat. "Very well I shall merge with my counterpart. However you must convince him as well."

"We already have, and he was waiting for you to do the same." Harry shifted back into his normal form as the werewolf closed his eyes and lay back down.

"We'll watch over him for you master." Lyan licked his hand in assurance. He scratched her behind her ears.

"Well guess it's time to start training again." He headed back upstairs to get Bella.

Meanwhile the Order was fully assembled at the end of the day in the headmasters' office. "Did you find trace of him today?"

"No we didn't. But some of your latest recruits have failed in their assigned tasks we gave them. We found a suspicious looking character in the Alley today. It wasn't Potter, but I assigned those two to tail him." Kingsley informed him.

"It wasn't our fault Professor. We followed him into Flourish and Blotts and we caught up to him just before he left. He pointed his open hand in front of me and I couldn't breathe." Ginny started to cry.

"It's true Professor. He used some sort of wandless and soundless choking charm on her. His exact words to me were 'you can tell you fellow idiots that I can see through your disillusion spells. Don't not try to follow me again or else I won't hold back.' He knew that we were there, and he walked into Knockturn Alley."

Professor Dumbledore stroked his chin for a moment. "What did this

person look like?"

"Black clothes with two white coverings over his shoulders. Long grayish hair that was longer than yours, and a little spiked up in the front. Ice cold emerald eyes with cat like pupils and he also he carries a sword on him." Hermione informed him.

"Interesting. Did you catch his name or title?"

Moody decided to perk up to answer that question. "According to a little eleven-year-old girl who walked up to him, and asked if he was called 'Dante.' He said that it wasn't his name, but he would allow her to call him that. Our esteemed spy in Knockturn Alley didn't even find him."

"Very well. Let's get a little bit more information about this person, however we do not need to search for Harry any longer. I have received his school letter saying that he will be coming back to Hogwarts. I can imagine that he will not be happy to see either of you three. Because of your actions Ronald you have been removed of your prefect privileges along with your sister as well. I expected better of the both of you, but it seems that only money is the only factor to get you to do what is required. Neville Longbottom and Gabrielle Micanopy will take over as fifth and sixth year prefects."

"YOU CAN'T DO THAT!" They roared.

"THAT IS ENOUGH OUT OF YOU TWO! IF I HAD KNOWN YOU WOULD BE SO SELFISH AND GREEDY THEN I WOULDN'T HAVE INDUCTED YOU INTO THE ORDER! IT IS BAD ENOUGH THAT I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM TONKS OR REMUS ABOUT THEIR REPORT AND I DON'T NEED TO HEAR COMPLAINING FROM YOU TWO ABOUT PETTY THINGS! GROW UP NOW OR THERE WILL BE NO PLACE FOR YOU!" Dumbledore roared right back at them. "Now is there anything else we need to discuss?"

Bill decided to speak up after he got a nod from his brother Charlie. "What are you not telling us Headmaster? What is so important that you are wasting our manpower to search for Harry when we should be out there hunting down Death Eaters? Or getting new people to join our cause?"

"Because Harry is our priority since he is the only one who can kill Voldemort according to the prophecy. Now we can turn our attention back to getting more people to fight with us against Riddle."

"If that is true then why did Fawkes leave you? Aren't Phoenix's bonded to those who are only serving the light?" Charlie asked as he received a glare from his mother.

"CHARLIE WEASLEY YOU APOLOGIZE TO HIM RIGHT NOW!" She roared at them, but her eldest sons only ignored her.

Ron was seething because of their actions to their mother. "DON'T YOU IGNORE MUM LIKE THAT!"

"WE DON'T TAKE ORDERS FROM YOU RONALD!" They bellowed at their little brother and stormed out of the meeting.

Harry had just finished training with Bella for the night. "I swear you're going to kill me one of these days. That was a pretty powerful concussion curse you hit me with."

She patted his shoulder with a smirk and then smacked him over his head. "Why thank you, and that was for hitting my breasts with an enlarging spell. Next time you decide to play like that I will hit you with much harder spells than that. They're off limits to you buster and I'm old enough to be your mother you know."

"Yeah I know, but you weren't prepared for it either. So you betrayed one of your own rules and I quote 'never drop your guard on the enemy.'"

"Shut up Harry. Go take a shower and I'll have Winky make something to eat for us. Although I do have to admit you did a good job tonight. Oh and I will be performing the de-aging ritual tonight so I can really challenge you with a younger body." She walked off to go to her room for a shower.

He shook his head and chuckled before heading off to his own room. "So that's what nightmares are made out of."

After taking a long shower he walked down to the kitchen where Bella, Tonks, and Remus were eating together. "I wasn't expecting you to get done this quick Moony."

"You were right cub I do feel a lot better. Lyan and Eli were a great help as well, but we have also noted that you are the Alpha male of you pack." He smiled with his pale amber eyes.

"That's a good thing." Harry smiled back, but something was wrong when he heard a crash in his bedroom.

Chapter 5: Breaking Malfoy

Harry ran straight up to his bedroom to find out what the crash was. When he got into the room he saw Fawkes perched next to the phoenix egg. "Fawkes? What are you doing here?"

"Greetings young one, it has been a while since I've seen you. I have come because my former bonded has gone against what we Phoenix's stand for. I fear that sacrificing you to get rid of the enemy has corrupted him so he could be the hero like he did with Grindellwald. I have severed my bond with him, and I will stay with you since you have my offspring in your care."

The young mage was a little unnerved that he could understand the Phoenix, but he was really shocked that the egg in his possession was his child. "I didn't know that Phoenix's even have offspring. Can you tell me which one he or she is going to be?" He scratched his head and rubbed his face. 'How the bloody hell can I speak his language?'

Fawkes laughed in his own way when he overheard the human's thoughts. "You should know that you're broadcasting your thoughts, and you can speak my language because when I shed tears into your wound during your second year I gave you that gift. Yes we do have offspring but the egg isn't created until every thousand...give or take a few decades, but the egg won't hatch for a long while young one. As to the sex of the bird I can sense that it will be a female, and as to what type I don't really know."

"Harry? Are you ok because you're screeching really loud in here?" Tonks asked as she walked into the room.

"Sorry about that. I was talking to Fawkes in Pyretongue."

"Geez kiddo, how many more abilities are we gonna find in ya?" She said as she ruffled his hair. "Wait isn't Fawkes Dumbledore's

phoenix?"

"Yes he was until that old fool turned his own bonded. So he is going to stay here until his 'daughter' will hatch."

She looked really confused after hearing that. "...O...k...in English?"

"The phoenix egg I purchased in Knockturn alley is Fawkes's offspring, and he severed the bond he had with our pathetic headmaster in order to help raise her. So he will be staying here for a while. Is that better?" He smirked.

"Heh with all that you've discovered about yourself who would've thought that you could talk to phoenix's too."

His smirk deepened and his voice got deeper. "I have many abilities that most people would consider unnatural."

She tackled him onto the bed and started tickling him. "That is not funny kiddo!" He was trying to hard not to laugh as she did her famous tickle torture, but she finally hit the right spot and he was laughing his head off. "Ready to give in yet?"

"GET OFF OF ME DORA!" He finally got out in between laughs.

"NEVER LITTLE BROTHER! SUBMIT!" She laughed while she kept tickling him.

"Is that laughter I'm hearing up there?" Remus asked as he put his teacup down.

Bella couldn't help but smirk. "No matter how old my niece gets she always acts like a little child. I guess she finally has someone to hold onto since she told me that she really wanted a little brother as a child."

"I guess so. Who would've thought that she would become a big sister to Harry?"

"Well from my view they're perfect siblings...but she better not hurt him before he has to sleep. Speaking of which...how are you feeling?" She asked out of concern since the full moon was upon them.

"Much better now thanks to his shadow wolf cubs. Listen...I'm sorry for the way that we treated you back when we were younger. It was wrong of us to prank you and your sisters like that, but Narcissa deserved it."

"Apology accepted, but that doesn't mean that I won't have my revenge on you." She sneered at him as she brought out her wand.

Remus looked at her weird because she was starting to freak him out. "Listen Bella, I'm really confused here. I realize that Harry told me this once, but exactly how long have you been teaching him for?"

"About two weeks before his birthday. Even though I haven't told him the real truth yet, but he is a very crafty student. He does have his problems like every other child with attention span on certain subjects, however he is on his way to becoming a very talented dueler. I have never seen power like his before and not even the Dark Lord could compare to it. I guess being the magical and blood heir of Merlin and Morgan le Fay has its perks." She blurted out without thinking and she mentally lashed out at herself for it.

He nearly spit out his tea and started choking it. "WHAT?!"

"You heard me right Lupin. I saw it for myself when I did a little test with his blood to find out what abilities he has so we could unlock them and it said perfectly that he was their magical and blood heir. So technically he would be considered a 'pureblood' since Sirius's blood canceled out his half-blood status. I really don't understand

how that came to pass, but not even I know all the answers."

"Who would've thought that a Ravenclaw would admit that?" He joked, but it was the bad thing to say. She was lucky that Harry forgot to take her wand back because she started hurling curses at the werewolf.

Meanwhile Tonks and Harry heard some commotion coming from downstairs. "What was that?"

"I don't know but we better head down there before we find barbecued remains down there." He pushed her away from him but not before shooting off a little retaliation on his 'big sister' and ran out of the room.

The Auror was caught off guard and fell to the ground laughing hysterically. "I'LL GET YOU BACK FOR THAT YOU BRAT!"

When Harry came down the stairs he had to dodge a few spells that came mysteriously at his head. "Dobby! Winky!"

His two house elves appeared next to him and stopped the incoming spells from harming their master. "What does Master Harry need of Dobby and Winky?" The former Crouch house elf asked in her squeaked.

"Quickly restrain them!" He commanded as he avoided another spell that turned part of the wall pink.

Bella prepared another curse to throw at the werewolf but she and her target were restrained against the wall. "ACCIO WANDS! WHAT THE BLOODY HELL DO YOU THINK YOU TWO ARE DOING?!"

Both adults looked at each other then back to him with sheepish grins on their faces. "I'm sorry about the pink spots on the wall." Remus spoke up. "But I can't say the same for 'Trixie's' hair being

discolored."

Bellatrix glared daggers at him and still vowed revenge. "I'd watch your back from now on Lupin!"

The werewolf gave her a toothy smile. "Hopefully you wouldn't forget but I was the brains for the Marauders. I'd watch your back if I were you."

'I should feel jealous of them for acting their shoe size.' Harry sighed at their behavior. "Since this is technically my house you two will be cleaning up your mess the muggle way. Dobby and Winky will be supervising the both of you until they are satisfied with your job after dinner. Got that Trixie and Moony?"

"DON'T CALL ME THAT OR ELSE YOU WILL BE TRAINING FOR THE NEXT EIGHTEEN HOURS!" She roared at him as her niece tripped down the stairs.

He smirked at her as he sat down at the table. "I love you too."

She gave him her traditional glare, but she actually smirked just a bit. "Just remember that you have to be up by five in the morning for our run and that goes for you as well Tonks."

"Hey why do I have to get up to run for? I have a great figure if you don't mind." Harry and Remus snorted into their soup, but they both received dirty looks from her. "Just remember kid that I can sneak up on you while you sleep!"

"As much as I would like my big sister to come in to wake me up I really don't want to be the product of something that was made out of a nightmare. Besides I have to be ready when I have to go back to that pathetic school. So do you think I should stay like this or return to being the person I was before for intimidation?"

"Well cub I would say that those pricks should deserve some intimidation for what they did to you. None of them should be forgiven for what they've done. But you did make me a little bit scared when I saw you in the Leaky Cauldron." Remus stated.

"Heh that was the point Moony. I didn't want to be weak anymore who would be commanded on a leash. So I thought of the only thing that came into my head when I saw the picture of both of my great many times over grandparents."

Tonks smiled and ruffled his hair yet again. "Whatever floats your boat so hurry up and get to bed."

"Yes mother." Harry remarked.

Remus once again broke out into laughter with the sarcasm. "Cub, I think that you could give Snape a run for his money with the sarcasm you keep using."

"Don't encourage him. Now go to bed before I come after you with my sharpened sword." Bella commanded.

The next morning Albus Dumbledore was still very upset about loosing control over his weapon. But he wasn't expecting his bonded phoenix to sever the bond and leave. It was very unfortunate that his own anger got the better of him when he destroyed his little trinkets. 'I can't believe that he got the better of me! I am the head honcho here! HOW DID THAT MEASLEY TEENAGER GET THE BETTER OF ME!'

He was about to start pacing around his office yet again, but Molly Weasley's head came into the fireplace. "ALBUS!"

"Yes what is it Molly?"

"OUR GRINGOTT VAULTS HAVE BEEN CLOSED! EVEN RON,

HERMIONE, GINNY, ARTHUR, AND MY VAULTS HAVE BEEN EMPTIED OUT AND WE CAN'T ACCESS HARRY'S VAULT EITHER!"

"Are you sure my dear? If you can't access....then that was what he was doing when he left and I couldn't get in contact with Bloodrune. This turn of event is most unfortunate..." He stopped mid-sentence when an owl flew in and dropped off two letters into his lap.

'Albus Dumbledore,

It is with deep regret that I am to inform you that you are to appear in front of the Ministry of Magic courtroom 10 on August 29 at 10 in the morning. Harry James Black-Potter has submitted formal criminal charges against you, and I'm afraid that he has valid evidence against you.

Sincerely,

Amelia Bones

Head of Magical Law Enforcement.'

The headmaster was seething at this course of action that Harry had done. 'How dare he do this to me! I was watching out for his best interests!'

"Albus, what are we going to do? We now don't have enough money to send Ron and Ginny to school."

"All will be taken care of Molly. I will see to it myself that they will come back to Hogwarts."

"How? All the accounts you have setup have all been emptied and closed."

"Trust me Molly all will be taken care of."

"Thank you Albus."

He watched as Mrs. Weasley's head left the emerald flames. His fury was growing to the point of emotional breakdown. Everything that he was planning for his 'greater good' was falling down all around him.

'Dumbledore,

See what happens when you're precious little weapon finds out the truth? Find yourself a new savior, and by the way I will let you know that my goblin solicitor has taken liberty of closing the vaults that you so conveniently opened up with the money you stole from me. If you don't think I know which ones they are then you need to wise up old man. 'Order of the Phoenix, Arthur, Ginny, Ron, Molly Weasley, Fawkes, and Albus Dumbledore.' Don't even try to look for me because I won't be found! Also I when I return to Hogwarts on certain conditions. I will invoke my right to a resorting, and I don't want your lackeys to bother me ever again including the people who betrayed me.

Lord Harry James Black-Potter

P.S. Don't even think about trying to expel me from school. One little post to the school governors would have you removed from the school. So be wise about your choices.'

"Damn! He could not have thought about all these things by himself. No he would need help from someone, but who?" He thought out loud before a knocking on his door disturbed his thoughts. "Enter."

"Headmaster...the Dark Lord was very angry. He couldn't reach Potter through their scar connection. However, he is still ordering us to find Potter and Bellatrix Black and to bring them to him alive."

"So that's how he did it." Dumbledore blurted out.

"Are you feeling alright headmaster?"

He stroked his chin before popping a laced lemon drop into his mouth. "Yes Severus. I only figured out how Harry has taken control of the Black and Potter wealth."

"Potter always has to flaunt his influence like his father did." Snape lied through his teeth.

"I'm afraid not my boy, but alas that is none of our concern. It seems that he has brought formal criminal charges against me, and I am to stand trial." He spoke out loud.

'So the fly has begun to fight back against the spider.' The double agent put on his emotionless mask. "What did he charge you with?"

"The letter did not say, however I feel comfortable enough to say that the charges will not matter."

'Damn Gryffindors! I swear to Merlin that they all think the same.' The potions master rubbed his temples. "This is a dangerous game you're playing headmaster. From what I've heard Potter is in control of his own life and this scares you and the Dark Lord."

"I do not believe that Mr. Potter is in 'control' Severus. However with a little influence of my own I think he will resume his role as being the savior."

Snape couldn't understand how Dumbledore kept thinking that he could continue manipulating Potter. "I think we are done here Headmaster. I have to plan out my potion curriculum for this year."

"I really like how you did yourself today! It's much better then how you looked in Diagon Alley in my opinion. But I'm sorry to say that

your clothes don't match that persona. Come on let's go find something in your wardrobe to get that look right!"

"Tonks, as much as I appreciate all you do to help me...I will not be your dress up doll." Harry informed her.

She wasn't about to give up on bringing him shopping with her. She looked at him with sad puppy dog eyes and a quivering lip. "Please Harry? You don't want to see your 'big sister' cry now would you?"

Even though he had matured greatly in a short time he couldn't resist the cute look on her face. "Damn it 'Dora! Why do you do that to me?"

"Does that mean you'll do it?" She batted her eyelashes.

He grunted loudly before nodding his head. "Don't do that anymore! You know I'm supposed to be training you now."

"I love you too little brother! Come on let's go!" She exclaimed happily as she grabbed his hand, and ran up the stairs.

After an hour went by...Bella was on a rampage when her student didn't come back after his breakfast break. "HARRY BLACK-POTTER! GET DOWN HERE THIS INSTANT OR ELSE I WILL CURSE YOU INTO THE NEXT CENTURY!"

"He'll be down in a minute Aunt Bella!" Tonks yelled down to her.

"WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NYMPHADORA!"

"DON'T SAY MY NAME! I'M HELPING HARRY WITH HIS NEW LOOK!" She yelled back down to her aunt.

Bella was very curious to find out what she was doing to him. She walked up the stairs, and opened up his bedroom door. 'He better not

look like a girl.' What she saw was a man about 6'2 with long wild black hair, reddish eyes, and wearing really bizarre looking clothes. His shirt, pants, and gloves were black with buckles everywhere.

Tonks transfigured his boots to look like golden coverings that came to a point. But she also raised her eyebrow before transfiguring his left glove into a faded tiger claw with the fingers pointed into sharp spikes. She finished it off by putting a red cloakish cape on him that buckled in the front, and tied a red headband around his forehead. "There you go. That looks much better if you want to scare people into believing you're powerful."

"I think this makes me look ridiculous. I didn't know that you looked that that in your youth Bella...very nice though." He shook his head in the mirror, but he received a smack upside the head from the designer.

"I agree with my niece on this one. As much as I liked how you 'mixed your ancestors' looks, this one does justice for you. It's dark, but rather Slytherin on you. I'm glad you noticed Harry, and after all now you'll have some challenge when we train." Bella commented with a nod.

"Let's see today is August 25th. So what are we studying on this time?"

"Swordsmanship, Archery, and maybe Politics." She informed him.

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Why would I want to know Politics? It's nothing more then pack of lies and manipulating people into believing what you're promising to them."

"Well it seems that you have the breakdown of the subject kiddo." Tonks ruffled his hair in a loving way.

"Listen to me Harry. You're going to need all the political knowledge

and understanding of our laws in order to win your case against Dumbledore. Believe me that you are very ahead of your fellow mindless students at that stupid school. We'll train with the weapons for today, and do a crash course on politics with Wizarding Laws of old and updated."

"Alright. Now can both of you leave my room or would you rather that I change my clothes in front of you?" He asked.

"I dunno Harry...maybe we should see what's under those clothes for injuries." Tonks said with a sly grin.

"My dear big sister...I love you like all other siblings but I don't enjoy having the pleasure of having incest." He smirked at her, and she stuck out her tongue at him. "Where is Remus at? Surely he should've been awake by now?"

Bella shifted her feet and looked down at the ground. "He's err...talking to the wolf inside of him...through meditation."

"Alrighty so let's get to work." He said. 'Why did I allow her to guilt me into looking like this? I look like a gothic hippie...'

Moody, Kingsley, and McGonagall met together with Snape inside a private room. "Why have you called us here, Severus?"

"Because I think the Headmaster is becoming too...how should I say...focused on pulling Potter back into the fold by force. He was furious when he told me that criminal charges have been filed against him by his 'former weapon'."

Alastor smirked before taking his personal flask out of his pocket, and took a drink. "At least the boy has learned from what I've been trying to drill into his head. CONSTANT VIGILANCE!"

"I highly doubt that would make any difference Moody. But what

about these criminal charges against him?"

"The headmaster did not say what they were, but they have to be extensive to rile him up like that. However, I believe that he will try to expel Potter for taking him to court. I don't have anything against Potter in all sense, but it was the influence of Dumbledore that made me treat him so poorly. In my honest opinion...he has the greatest potential to become even more powerful than both the Dark Lord and the headmaster together." Snape spoke.

"Aye I've seen it. Especially how he blew up at everyone at the last order meeting at Black's old home. The boy does have it in him, but he needs to learn how to control himself with it or else we have another Voldemort on the loose." Moody declared as he took another drink from his flask.

McGonagall was very quiet throughout the entire briefing. She just couldn't believe that her own mentor manipulated everyone without the slightest bit of knowledge. "Severus...was there anything else that happened at the little meeting between you two?"

"Yes. I saw through my own mind probing that Potter has requested a resorting, and basically he won't be pushed around anymore by anyone. I can presume that he will no longer be your lion anymore Minerva, but for some reason I doubt that he will fit into any other house as well. It seems that every house at Hogwarts has turned against him in some fashion."

Even though she was a very stern Transfiguration professor she was still a woman. A lone tear fell down from her eye, and choked back a sob. "I have failed him in the worst way possible."

Kingsley put his hand on her shoulder in a comforting way. "What do you mean Minerva?"

"Just before Lily and James died...they named me as Harry's third

guardian if Sirius and the Longbottom's couldn't care for him. But Albus insisted that he go to the Dursley's for the blood protection. I told him that they were the worst sort of Muggles to place him in, but he wouldn't listen to me. I failed him as his head of house, and of being his guardian." She openly cried.

"Maybe not. Potter is indeed arrogant, thickheaded, and openly stupid at times. However, times have changed and let's see if he plays his cards right. I also found out from the meeting that Narcissa and Draco have been disowned from the Black family. It seems that the mutt adopted Potter without the Headmaster's knowledge to bypass the pureblood laws of inheritance. He is the new head of the Black and Potter family. I have a hunch that he is being trained by Bellatrix Black, because the Dark Lord was very adamant on getting her and Potter to him alive and unhurt." The Potion's Professor sneered.

"I knew that sly dog would get back at him somehow. When Potter emerges from his hiding spot he better make sure that he doesn't cast any unforgivables on anyone." Moody laughed.

"Alastor I hardly think that is something to laugh about!" McGonagall berated the old Auror.

Kingsley and Moody doubled over in laughter. "Actually yes it is Minerva. Because we did some investigation on Potter's wand and the tracking charms have been removed."

"I must admit that Mr. Potter has indeed become a true Slytherin in a short time."

"Yes I know, but who would've thought that he would have the mind of a snake in a lion's body." She said with a small chuckle.

"Potter the great chimera. I need a drink." Severus got up from his chair and poured himself a glass of aged bourbon. 'I'll send him an

owl post when I leave. I hope that he'll listen to my words instead of burning the letter.'

"I think we all do Snape so pour us a round as well." Kingsley said.

Draco was not having the time of his life since the incident that his father went through for not getting enough gold to present to his master. Everyday when Lucius made himself present he was angry and locked himself up in his study. His mother went to see what was troubling her husband and came out with a black eye and bloody lip. Everytime he saw his mother beat up like that it made his blood boil. He actually wanted to take his father's wand and 'dish back' the pain.

For the first time he was actually becoming scared for her because he went down to the study and overheard a conversation with the use of an extendible ear that he stole off of Ginny Weasley. "She is no more use to me Nott. I only married her to get my hands on the Black fortune, and now that bitch has gotten herself disowned."

"Are you sure that she is of no more use? Because if she isn't then I would be glad to use her as my slave."

"Maybe so, however I will get my hands on that damn money even if I have to force her to become a whore. As it is in the Dark Lord's eyes I am good as dead if I don't give him more gold like I used to."

"Then why not kill her and make it look like someone else murdered her so you could put a claim on the vault as 'widower's pension' or crap like that."

"Interesting. I'm surprised that your brain could give out such ideas."

He took it out of his ear and ran to his mother immediately. "Draconis, what is the meaning of you running in the household. You should know better then that. You are not a low-life muggle."

"I could care less mother. I didn't mean to spy or eavesdrop, but father is plotting something that involves you either becoming a whore for more gold or he is going to kill you for contention of the Black family vault." He panted for breath.

The look on her face was one of absolute terror. "He...he wouldn't dare do that to me..."

"Yes Mother he would. I don't like it when he takes his anger out on you! You have to stand up to him because he is nothing more than a hypocrite! Telling us that 'we Malfoys bow to no one', but yet he bows before a half-blood!"

"Keep your voice down Draco! If your father is going to go through with his plan then we must seek out your godfather. I'm afraid that I've lost contact with Bellatrix, and I won't even bother trying to get in touch with your 'other' aunt. I want you to promise me that if we leave this place that you leave everything that your father drilled into your head. That arrogance will get us in trouble or possibly killed. Understand?"

"Yes mother. How are we going to get to Severus's house?" He asked.

"I wouldn't worry about that for now my son. For right now let's keep up our act to throw your father off."

Her son sighed heavily. "Alright I will, but if I have to turn to Potter for refuge I'm never going to live it down."

"It could be just that since my cousin Sirius was killed. For all we know he could be the head of the Black family." She thought out loud.

"You know kiddo I could ask my mom to help us train you in politics. She also could be your representative for your court case." Tonks said from the sidelines as Bellatrix and Harry were going at it.

He parried another attack with his sword, and started going on the offensive against Bella. "Let's take a break Harry. I never knew that my sister was a lawyer...she told me that she was a healer at St. Mungo's."

"Wait a minute...I'm getting really confused here." He wiped his brow off with a towel. "I thought I could represent myself in my own case against that manipulative bastard."

"You can cub, but it would be wise if you found someone who could represent you. Don't ask me why but that is the way that it works. Most people who represent themselves often lose their case, and suffer for it." Remus put his two cents in as Tonks ran out of the room.

"If I know her she'll be back. Come on let's resume training so I can get a good workout."

He smirked at her. "Yes I know. I see that Moony keeps checking you out so I have to keep you in shape."

If looks could kill he would've died right then and there from her glare. "You've just earned yourself four miles to run without a break!"

"Yes mother." He quickly ran out onto the homemade track before she started cursing him.

Chapter 6: Viewing Evidence

Tonks arrived back at her family home and tripped over the coffee table. "Damn it!"

Her mother was in the kitchen when she heard her daughter cuss. "Now this is a pleasant surprise. What brings you here, Nymphadora?"

She ran up to her and gave her the biggest hug. "Hi mum! Since when do I need to surprise anyone when I decide on coming home? Ok stop looking at me like that. The reason why I came home is because Harry needs you to either train him up on Wizard politics or be his lawyer."

"Harry who?"

"Oh...heh stupid me. Harry Potter, the new head of the Black family thanks to Sirius adopting him by that blood ritual. Anyways, he found out that Dumbledore has wormed his way into becoming his 'magical guardian' so he could steal money out of the Potter family vault to pay off his so-called friends, and to fund this war of his. Mum, he was using Harry to be a martyr so he could kill Voldemort! Now he has placed criminal charges against the 'leader of the light', and is also suing him for the money he stole out of his family vault." Tonks informed her in one breath as her mother gave her a cup of tea.

"That's despicable! I knew that there was something wrong about that old fossil! Tell you what...take me to Harry and I'll let him know where I stand after I hear everything from his mouth." Her mum smiled.

"Thanks mum. Oh and just in case you've been wondering, we've been training him at the Black family home."

"Wait a minute...what do you mean 'we've' been training him?" She

asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Please don't freak out, but Aunt Bella and I have been training him."

Her mother's eyebrow started twitching. "Are you telling me that bitch is teaching him? Let me guess is she turning him into a junior Death Eater prodigy?"

"Mum, she's not a Death Eater anymore. Besides you should at least hear her out, and listen to her side of the story. If it wasn't for Harry then she would've never been able to be free of her husband. She was forced to drink an imperious potion that made her insane. If you still don't trust her then that is your choice, but please at least talk to Harry...for me?"

She sighed heavily because her daughter gave her the sad puppy-dog face. "Alright I'll do it, but please don't give me that look anymore. I'm sure that Harry can't resist that cute pouting face you have."

"He can't resist his big sister's antics for getting what she wants."

"Oh so now you're his big sister?" She laughed.

"Hey he's the perfect little brother I've always wanted, but you and dad couldn't give me that."

"Nymphadora, drink your tea and then we'll meet him. Besides it's not my fault that your father thought that you were a handful so we couldn't have another child." She said as she finished up her tea.

"You know I hate my name mother, but I'll let him know right now."

Harry was wiping his brow after running out his punishment. "Hey Bella, what are we doing tomorrow?"

"We are going to go back over everything you've learned with your staff and wandless magic. I must say that you've really surprised me throughout our training time together. However, I'm still going to go hard on you until you leave until everything has become second nature to you." She glared at him.

"Thank you for teaching and standing by me. You've been a great mentor, but it's a shame that you won't be able to be in the courtroom for a bit of intimidation."

She gave him a rare smile. "It would be great to see that old buffoon's face when he loses. Although who knows maybe I can be there with you, after all nobody knows that I'm sixteen again."

"Aww did we interrupt your moment together with your trainee?" Tonks joked as she came into the room with her mother.

Harry turned around, pointed his wand at her, and started firing off harmless curses at her. "Nice to see you too."

His teacher sighed and shook her head muttering 'kids' under her breath. She turned her attention to her sister, Andromeda in the doorway. "Hello Andy...it's been a long time."

"How do I know that you're my sister?" She pointed her wand at her sister's chest.

"Because when I was seven we both played a trick on 'sissy to think she was in love with Sirius. He got revenge on us by adding in dye to our shampoo and conditioner bottles. Your hair was green and yellow, and mine was gray for two weeks."

Both Tonks and Harry started snickering, but they had to hide it or else they would have to dodge some nasty curses. "Let's go get something to snack on and give them some time alone." He nodded and walked out of the basement with her.

"Yeah besides you owe me a plate of your special cookies buster!"

Mrs. Tonks looked at her sister with a glare. "Why did you become a death eater? I thought I helped raise you better then that Bellatrix. Do you know how betrayed I felt when I heard that you were branded as a slave? And just how did you make yourself young again?"

"Andy...I can tell how angry you must be with me, but I also know that you think I'm lying to you. So that is why I'm allowing myself to drink the truth serum that I have in my hand." She summoned two chairs to her, sat down, and drank the potion.

"What is your name?" Her sister began her interrogation.

"Bellatrix Evelyn Black."

"Why did you become a death eater?" She asked.

"I did not become one willingly. Our loving mother put me under the imperious curse to force a marriage contract with the Lestrangle's. When the documents were official, my former husband placed his own imperious curse on me, and then brought me before the Dark Lord. That night he forced a potion form of that curse down my throat, and I've been that way ever since. That was before Harry dissolved my marriage, and I became his ward."

Andy raised her eyebrow and continued asking. "So are you the Ravenclaw that you once were?"

"Yes. I am no longer under the control of that half-blooded murderer anymore."

"Why are you training Harry Potter?" She asked out of curiosity.

"He said that he didn't want to be weak anymore after he rescued me.

I also felt guilty for what happened with Sirius."

"Why did our mother force you to become married to a death eater?"

"She was very happy when Narcissa married Lucius Malfoy, but turned very angry when you married a muggle. She didn't want me to follow in your footsteps, because she knew we were very close." Bellatrix continued to speak in her monotone voice.

"How did you make yourself younger, and how much younger are you?"

"I performed a 'de-aging ritual' in the early morning while Harry was asleep. I am sixteen once again, but I do not have the Dark Mark any longer."

"While we're on the subject...who did you have the biggest crush on during Hogwarts?" She had a big smirk on her face.

"Remus Lupin."

"Alright I'm done with my questions." Andy waited as her sister drank the antidote before she hugged her. "I'm sorry Trixie."

She returned her sister's hug with a few tears falling from her eyes. "You had to ask me that didn't you?"

Her sister couldn't help but grin. "Well it's about time I finally got that answer out of you. Do you know how long I've waited to find that out?"

"I can't believe you would swindle your baby sister like that. Besides I couldn't believe you had a crush on Harry's father." She scowled at her.

Andromeda hid her blush well. "Anyway, did you do this because you

love Harry and want to be his girlfriend?"

Her sister glared at her. "He is a good student, and I don't love him...I don't know...it's all confusing right now."

"Relax, I'm just teasing my little sister, and besides I have a case to prepare for. I guess I better go control my daughter or else the foundation won't support the building anymore."

Harry was trying his best to stay away from Tonks. "GET BACK HERE POTTER!"

"I AM NOT BEING YOUR DOLL AGAIN!" He yelled back to her as he ran into his room.

"BUT I WANNA SEE YOU IN A DIFFERENT OUTFIT! DON'T MAKE BE BLOW UP THIS DOOR!"

"IF YOU DO THEN YOU'RE GOING TO FIX IT!" He shouted at her before she forced it open.

She had a devious smile on her face, but she looked right at the phoenix egg. "Um kiddo I think it's hatching."

He turned around to see that a blue flame set the nest on fire. "Fawkes, is it time for her to hatch?"

"Indeed it is. It won't be long before the eggshell is consumed by fire, and then she will emerge fully grown. It is most likely that her burning day wouldn't be for a few years. However I have never seen one of my kind with a blue flame."

"That's good to know my friend, but is this a new kind of evolution?" Harry asked in Pyretongue.

"I can't say for sure, but I'm just as excited as you are."

"Er...Harry could you translate? I can't speak Firebird." Tonks asked without noticing the glare that the Phoenix gave her.

"Fawkes says that it won't be long before she hatches. I guess when a phoenix is to hatch the nest burns until the entire shell is consumed by it, but he doesn't know what kind she'll be. He's never seen one with blue flames before."

"It's going to be a girl? This is so awesome, and you should feel privileged to have so many females around." She teased him. Fawkes and Harry looked at each other and shook their heads.

"DORA YOU BETTER NOT BE DRESSING HIM UP AGAIN." Bella yelled from the stairs.

"I'm not doing that this time Aunt Bella. Harry's phoenix egg is hatching." She replied.

Andy and Bella ran into his bedroom to see that the blue flames set the eggshell on fire. A loud, shrill cry sounded throughout the room, the egg cracked, and a silver phoenix with black wingtips exploded out of the shell. The girls were amazed to see this magnificent bird in front of them. "She's beautiful." The three women said in unison.

For some reason Harry looked at Fawkes then to his daughter...he felt disappointed because his long time companion didn't come back. "What is the matter young one?" Dumbledore's former bonded asked.

"I guess I got my hopes up because I thought that Hedwig would come back if I put her ashes in the nest, but I guess I was wrong." He sighed.

The Silver Phoenix took flight off of his dresser, and hit his head with her wing as she landed on his shoulder. "I'm glad to see you too my

Harry-Mage."

"Hedwig! How?" He exclaimed happily, but the other girls were really confused.

"Well when I was killed by your former red-head friend...I wanted to be with you one last time, but for some reason my owl ashes combined with the phoenix egg...I was reborn because of our bond. But now we have to bond again if you'll accept me."

"I would be crazy not to Hedwig." She walked down his arm, cut his hand with her talon, cut her other talon, and pressed her wound with his. Both of them felt each other inside their minds, and knew the bond was complete. He brought fourth his staff and conjured a very impressive looking perch for her and Fawkes to sit on. She happily flew off of his arm, and landed on the perch to get some rest.

"Harry, I don't mean to interrupt you, but we have a court case to prepare for." Andy reminded him.

"Alright Mrs. Tonks, but we're going to go to Gringotts so you can view the evidence. However, Bella and Tonks will have to stay here because the two of you will draw attention. Now I'm going to warn you because my new way of traveling will make you feel sick." He walked into the bathroom to change his clothes.

"Hey look like how you did when I dressed you up!" Tonks squealed.

"NO! I looked like an idiot." He snapped at her.

"YOU WILL DO AS I SAY LITTLE MAN!" She yelled back at him.

He came out wearing regal wizard robes with the crest of Potter and Black on them. "I love you too Tonksie." He smirked and gave her a hug.

She sighed and hugged him back. "Cheater." He walked over to her mother and shadow-walked to Gringotts.

They arrived in the lobby of the famous wizard bank, and true to his word...she felt sick to her stomach. "Well that certainly is a new way to travel. Where did you learn that?" She asked.

"From Lyan and Eli...my bonded shadow wolf cubs." Harry whispered to her as they walked up to a free goblin. "Greetings Griphook, is Bloodrune available?"

"Ahh...Lord Black-Potter, yes he is in his office. Stay here and I shall retrieve him for you, but beware the walls have ears." Griphook responded before he scuttled off.

Bloodrune was very busy with the paperwork that he was trying to sort out when Griphook entered his office. "Unless you have something important to tell me then return to your desk."

"Lord Black-Potter is here to see you sir."

A very rare smile came across the Head Goblin's face as he addressed his associate. "Bring him in, and his guest."

"Yes sir." Griphook bowed and exited the office.

A few minutes later Harry and his lawyer entered the Head Goblin's office. "Ahh Lord Black-Potter, it is a great pleasure to see you again. What can I do for you today?"

"May your halls always shine with gold Master Bloodrune. This is Andromeda Tonks-Black my lawyer, and I would like for you to show her the evidence that you submitted to the Department of Law Enforcement."

The elder goblin smiled, "Very well. Griphook bring me the evidence

down in vault 687. You should know that Dumbledore came to me yesterday to persuade me into telling him why he couldn't access your vaults anymore. That old fool doesn't know anything outside of the letter that you sent to him. However, I have done as you've asked about the letters to the people that have been stealing your money."

"That's fine my friend, and you can send them whenever you wish with my lawyer's approval."

Griphook returned to the Head Goblin's office with all the evidence from the vault. "I believe that these would be beneficial for your case Mrs. Tonks." Bloodrune stated as he poured the memories into the viewing pensive.

Bill Weasley saw Harry arrive in Gringotts in some weird manner. 'I wonder if I should warn the Order.' He quickly went off to the curse breaker's office to floo the headmaster. 'Wait a minute...if Harry is here then why did he have that lady with him?' "Hogwarts, Headmaster's office."

"Ahh William to what do I owe the pleasure?"

"Headmaster, I just wanted to let you know that Harry just came into the bank to talk to Bloodrune. But he had a pretty good looking woman with him."

"What did this woman look like?"

"From what I've seen she has long straight black hair that reaches mid-back, grayish blue eyes, and looks about 5'5, and it looks like she was here on business with him of some sort."

"Thank you for telling me Mr. Weasley. I shall be there in a minute to confront Mr. Potter about this lawsuit he has against me."

'Why would Harry have a lawsuit against the headmaster?' He

scratched his head, and went back to work.

Mrs. Tonks emerged from the pensive with a very angry expression on her face. "I've seen enough...how dare he do that to you! Making you live in a home that clearly wasn't fit for you to live in. He should never have ignored your parent's will, and besides he should never have assumed guardianship over you without written consent."

"It seems that you have found a good lawyer Harry, but you have also made yourself an ally of the Goblin nation." Bloodrune smirked.

"Thank you my friend." He smirked as well. "Would it be possible for you to copy all of the evidence one more time and store them back in my trust vault? Just in case if Dumbledore shows up to steal it."

"Oh I would be honored to, but even if he were to try to get into your trust vault...he would have a lot of trouble with it. I have personally keyed in your blood and magical signature to all of your vaults. Not even polyjuiced people could even try to break into them. Now it will take a moment for my magic to duplicate these." The head goblin got to work right away.

After a few moments he finished making the copies. Mrs. Tonks and Harry thanked Bloodrune for all of his help, and were escorted out to the lobby where Dumbledore ambushed them. "Ahh Harry, I thought I might catch you here, and Andromeda Tonks how have you been my dear?"

"Much better before you arrived...Dumbledore." She spat at him.

"Now Harry I was wondering if we could talk in private in my office at Hogwarts for a moment." He asked in his usual grandfatherly way.

"If you want to talk to me then talk to my lawyer!"

Dumbledore was flabbergasted, but he knew that he couldn't loose

his act in front of people. "Mr. Potter, I must insist that you come with me. It is not safe for you to be out of your Aunt and Uncle's home."

"My client will not go anywhere with you Headmaster. However, if you try to kidnap my client or talk to him without me being present then this will be used against you at the trial good day."

He wasn't going to listen to her because of his objective to get his 'weapon' back. "Harry, please humor an old man. I did not know what happened at your home, but please remember what I have done for you."

"Do not say anything to him Lord Black-Potter. Albus Dumbledore the only thing you have done for my client is causing him nothing but trouble, and endangered his life in mostly every year of his schooling. Unless you want to loose more then your reputation then I suggest you keep your mouth shut. Let's go." She grabbed Harry's arm, and dragged him outside.

The old man suddenly became very angry and stormed outside to take him by force, but he didn't see them anywhere. 'Damn it.' He walked back into the bank to Floo back to Hogwarts.

"I swear I will never get used to that mode of travel of yours." Andy complained as she held her head.

Lyan and Eli charged out of the drawing room, tackled him, and started licking his face. "Hey how are my two favorite pups doing?"

"We've been good! Where were you just now?" "Yeah where were you? The pink haired girl played with us for a while, but she didn't stay long."

"I'm sorry pups, but I had some business to attend to. I want you two to meet 'the pink haired girl's' mother." He said with a smile.

The two pups ran over to her and started jumping on her. She glared at him, but she couldn't help but pet them. "Harry, I swear that if you do that again I will find a way to hurt you. But they are pretty cute, and friendly for wolves. Please stop calling me Mrs. Tonks, call me Andy."

"They're just pups besides they really like playing with your daughter. So how do you think we'll do with the case?"

"Well from what I've seen on paper, photos, and the pensive memories. There is a very good chance that Dumbledore will loose much more then just his fancy titles. Gryffindors always think that they can do no wrong." She blurted out her last statement without thinking. "Oh I'm sorry about that."

"Oh there's no need to be sorry, because when I get back to that wretched school I won't be a 'lion' anymore. I think I just may be a Slytherin or better. Besides all I want to do is put Dumbledork in his place, and pay for the crimes he's done all these years."

She put her hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry we will Harry...we will. I'm not sure what my sister and daughter are up to."

"Have either of you two seen Bella or Tonks? She's the pink haired lady."

"OH! The pink haired lady said that she had to go into work, and your training lady is sleeping. The werewolf said that he was going to train in the basement."

"Ok thank you two. Now go have some fun, but don't break anything." Both cubs ran off to go play. "According to those two, Tonks went to work, and your sister is sleeping."

Before she could say anything Hedwig crashed into Harry. "Hedwig! What are you doing? Get off of me!"

"Harry-Mage...please be quiet. There is a dark presence on your forehead." She brought her head down to his curse scar and cried golden tears into it. He felt immense pain in his scar that felt even worse than a few torture curses, and Voldemort's temper tantrums put together. His yelling was so intense that the entire household heard it.

Remus heard him yelling his lungs out and immediately ran to where he was. Bella woke up out of a sound sleep to hear her head of house in agony. 'He better not be attacked by Death Eaters!'

When they all circled him the dark presence that was in his scar rose up out of it and took the shape of the Dark Mark. Hedwig and Fawkes let out a very powerful trill that destroyed it, and left Harry unconscious.

Hermione was sitting in her room sulking because she was thinking of ways of getting in contact with her first friend. But Ron wasn't making it any easier with his constant pestering about getting back together with her. "THERE IS NO WAY I'M EVER GOING TO GO OUT WITH YOU EVER AGAIN RONALD WEASLEY! STOP FIRECALLING ME!"

"But Hermione! Why are you wasting all your time trying to get in touch with that traitor!"

"Because he was my first friend when I came to Hogwarts and I won't give up on him. I have always stood by his side regardless of what Dumbledore promised me for payment. As of right now I couldn't really care less if I'm head girl and have my own personal library of rare books."

"HE CLOSED AND EMPTIED OUR VAULTS! HOW ARE YOU NOT UPSET ABOUT THIS?"

"Obviously I'm not because it was never my money to begin with. It was Harry's and he had every right to. You see that is the difference between us Ronald. You care more about yourself and money than anything else. Goodbye your arrogant arsehole." She grabbed some black powder in a pot, and threw it into the fire. She couldn't help but smile when Ron's head no longer appeared in her fireplace.

Her mum was standing in the kitchen preparing dinner when her daughter stormed in. "What's wrong? Don't say that there isn't because I know there is."

"Why can't that stupid idiot understand that I don't want to talk to him ever again? He's so stupid and childish because I would rather get in contact with Harry. Why did I ever abandon him when he needed me the most?"

She walked over to her daughter and hugged her. "Well what was it that you were promised that made you change your mind?"

"The headmaster said that Harry needed to be spied on because he feared that he was turning dark after everything he went through since he came to Hogwarts. He promised me that I would get a library filled with rare books, guaranteed that I would be Head Girl, and he made me a member of the Order of the Phoenix. Merlin I've been so blind and stupid to follow someone who manipulates people. We were given a mission to watch Diagon Alley for him, but there was someone else that looked so haunting...he had long gray hair...ice cold blue-green eyes with catlike pupils...dressed all in black."

For some reason her mother had a sudden idea. "Hermione dear, I may not know about magic but if your friend Harry was to show up that day...couldn't he have changed his appearance? Or used some spell for disguise?"

Her eyes went wide at her mother's idea. "Mother you're a genius! An

absolute genius! I think that was Harry that day, but how was he able to do that wandless magic? I have to find a book about how to do that."

"Dear...you have to realize that some people are born with special gifts, and some of them can't be found in a book. Have you tried to send a post to your friend Harry?"

"Actually I haven't yet, but I think I might just go send an owl post. I just hope that he will be able to forgive me." She said as she left the kitchen.

Chapter 7: Black-Potter vs. Dumbledore

Harry woke up two days later after Hedwig cried into his scar. 'What the hell happened to me? For a moment I thought my head was going to explode, but I don't even know how long I've been out for.' His train of thought was interrupted when he was soaked in water.

"Good to see your awake pup!" The Marauder laughed as he received a glare that would melt ice quicker then the desert. "You really gave us a scare when you passed out. I'm just going to let you know that you've been out for the past couple of days, and unfortunately you have an hour and a half before the trial begins."

"WHAT?! And you guys let me stay asleep for that long!" He yelled as he shot out of bed, and headed straight into the shower.

"Heh you're going to worry yourself to death cub." The former Defense against the Dark Arts professor chuckled to himself as he headed downstairs.

Meanwhile Bella were having some breakfast when Remus joined her a few minutes later. "I can tell from how loud he yelled that he's awake."

The werewolf snickered as Winky placed a big bowl of maple oatmeal infront of him. "Let's just say that he had a little bit of a cold water to help him wake up."

"You do know that you're walking down that fine line between prank and revenge right?"

"I'll take my chances." He said as he ate a spoonful of oatmeal.

Harry came running down the stairs with his regal black Wizarding robes on. "Calm down...we still have plenty of time before we have to be at the Ministry. Sit down before you fall down."

"Where are Tonks and Andy?" He asked.

"Don't worry so much pup. Andy will be here before it's time for a last minute preparation, and Tonks is currently at work. She said good luck, and she'll come during her break later on. Now you need to have some breakfast." Remus laughed.

Dobby and Winky appeared with a small pop because Harry didn't feel hungry. "Master Harry must eat! We slaved over a hot stove to make this for Master Harry."

"I appreciate everything you two do for me, but I'm not really hungry."

That was not the answer that the two house elves were looking for. "MASTER HARRY WILL EAT THIS FOOD OR WINKY WILL FORCE YOU TO EAT! WINKY IS GOING TO MAKE SURE MASTER EATS TO STAY HEALTHY!"

"Um cub...I would suggest that you do as she says or else she will do what she says...and it won't be pretty." Lupin warned him.

He sighed heavily and piled his plate. "Fine." It satisfied both house elves and they popped away back to the kitchens. "You know you could've helped Bella."

"What? I agree with them. You need to eat more because of all the training we've been giving you. You're still kind of too thin, but at least you put some weight on."

He glared at her, but continued to eat when someone was calling his name. "Don't worry I'll find out who's calling you pup." Remus said as he got up from the table.

A moment later he came back with Andy. "Are you ready for today? Good morning Trixie." She asked as she sat down beside him.

"WHY WON'T YOU PEOPLE STOP CALLING ME THAT!?" She shrieked at her sister.

Her sister ignored her small rant because she knew it would irritate her. "I must say that you look like a very important person in the world kid. So who left out your robes for you since my daughter wasn't here?"

Harry narrowed his eyes at Tonks's mother. "I can pick out my own clothes thank you very much. She must've inherited your fashion skills. Red shoes with black robes...it just screams the wicked witch of the west from the Wizard of Oz."

Bellatrix burst out laughing at the shocked look on her sister's face. Nobody has actually heard her laugh in a really long time. "What are you all staring at me for?"

Andromeda smacked Harry on the back of his head for his comment. "Now when we arrive at the Ministry of Magic I want you to keep your emotions in check. It would seriously kill our case if you exploded out of anger."

He couldn't help but smirk. "I'm sure that won't be a problem. With my Occlumency training I think I can give Snape a run for his money with my 'emotionless mask'."

"Well let's see we have an hour left before the trial begins...so we should go there in a half-hour to hopefully avoid the press." She said.

Dumbledore had arranged an early Order of the Phoenix meeting to tell them about the court case. Snape, McGonagall, Shackbolt, and Mad-Eye didn't seem phased one bit, but they had to act out the part. Ron, Molly, and Arthur were furious that Harry would betray them like that. "IT'S AN OUTRAGE ALBUS! HOW DARE HE DO THIS TO YOU?"

"Does Potter always have to think that he's better than everyone else! He's a bloody death eater and we all know it!" Ron spat out of anger.

"Calm yourself Weasley. If you actually used that muscle inside your cranium you would be able to create a suitable potion." Snape glared at him.

Hermione started coughing to hide her laughter along with a few other Order members. Tonks came through the door panting for breath. "Sorry I'm late...had a few things to take care of at the Ministry."

"Yeah probably talking to that traitor to find out more ways to screw us over."

"You know what Ronald...I'm sure that if that 'traitor' knew from the beginning that you would betray him he would be in Slytherin. But then again at least he wouldn't be so bigoted and prejudiced like you. If you were his friend then you would know that he hates everything with his fame, unlike yourself who wants to show himself off as the big hero so you could look down women's blouses." She spat at him with pure venom in her voice and he received many glares from the other females in the room.

His face matched the color of his hair. "AND WHAT WOULD YOU KNOW! YOU THINK THAT YOU KNOW EVERYTHING THEN WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN WHY POTTER STOLE MY MONEY!"

Tonks didn't want to listen to him anymore so she put a silence spell on him. "It would be best if you remain silent, because everytime you open your mouth everyone in the room becomes dumber."

The twins roared with silent laughter, and even Snape managed to smirk at her works. Dumbledore pulled out his wand to sound off a

bang to get everyone's attention. "Everyone settle down. Now Nymphadora where is Mr. Potter? He is vital to this war and I know you've been in contact with him."

"I'm afraid that I cannot tell you since I would be betraying my head of my family. And I suggest you stop trying to probe my mind to steal this information, because if you don't then I am leaving the Order." She threatened him.

"There is no need for you be hasty. Now where exactly have you been for the last couple of meetings? I know that you were not at work, nor were you at your home. There has been serious misconduct with you namely your attitude..."

She glared at the headmaster. "Are you trying to threaten me Dumbledore? I am not some Death Eater here on trial, nor will I be treated like one. I am not going to give you any information regarding Harry so don't even ask."

"And how do we not know that you aren't a Death Eater? After all you can change into anybody here...who knows maybe you can hide your dark mark!" Ron spat out.

"If I was you little shite I would've killed you by now!" She spat back with anger in her voice.

Even though Snape had his emotionless mask on he was inwardly applauding her. 'It seems that Potter has trained her well. You're digging your own grave Dumbledore.'

"Very well Nymphadora...I'm afraid that I will have to ask you to leave since you are not telling us the truth."

"How can you call this the Order of the Phoenix if your bonded phoenix has left you and is with Harry? I guess that means that you betrayed what those magnificent creatures actually stand for. You

can take this and shove it up your wrinkly old arse! Because you know what Harry at least treats people with respect not like brainless pawns on a chessboard." She got up from her chair, threw the phoenix pendant at him, and stormed out of the Headmaster's office.

The rest of the Order was in uproar over her outburst, but the headmaster was angry with himself for letting another one of his spy's get away. "We should be getting to the Ministry courtroom. After all we don't want to be late."

Harry and Andy side-along apparated in the alleyway where the phone booth gateway to the Ministry of Magic. Both of them walked inside, closed the door, and she picked up the receiver to put in the password. "Welcome to the Ministry of Magic. Please state your name(s) for entry and reason for visitation."

"Andromeda Black-Tonks and Harry James Black-Potter for the trial in courtroom 10."

Two named badges fell out of the change return. "Thank you, and have a nice day."

"Don't worry as soon as we pass through security just throw them out. Nobody is stupid enough to wear these damn things anyway." She said.

"Andy I have a question. Do you think that they'll pick up that I have my staff on me as well?"

She laughed for a moment. "With as stupid as these people are I'm sure that they won't even notice. But I'm sure that they'll try to find out who crafted your custom wand though. Just let me handle it if they ask anything. Ok time to put your game face on kid."

Inside the lobby were reporters from the Daily Prophet along with cameramen and women, and when they saw Harry they swarmed to

him. "MR. POTTER! WHY ARE YOU FILING CHARGES AGAINST ALBUS DUMBLEDORE!" "WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN WITH THIS?" "HOW WILL IT EFFECT THE WORLD IF HE IS FOUND GUILTY?" "WHAT IF YOU LOOSE THIS CASE?"

"ENOUGH! MY CLIENT WILL NOT SPEAK NOR COMMENT ON YOUR STUPID QUESTIONS OF SLANDER! Let's go Harry." She grabbed his arm and directed him to the security desk.

The security wizard looked at the two of them with a really bored expression on his face. "Place your wands in the tray so they can be analyzed for security purposes. Maple 9 inches with dragon heartstrings. 13 inch...ravenwood and petrified oak...blood and heartstrings of the chimera...I've never seen a wand like this before."

"Guess you never visited a wand shop in the last thirty-five years." Harry thought out loud which caused Andy to snicker.

Both of them did and headed to the elevator shaft. "So Harry let me ask you a question. If you do have a staff then why do you have a wand as well?"

"Well according to what Christian Ollivander in Knockturn Alley he thought I could use both. But both my wand and my staff have been bonded to me so nobody else could use them."

"Hmm...I guess I should go pay your wand crafter a visit sometime. Now Dumbledore will try to talk to you while we're in the courtroom, but I'll take care of that ok. I guess we can't complain for making it here with only 10 minutes to spare since you had to go to the bathroom." She teased him.

He smirked at her. "Hey when you have to go you have to go."

The elevator stopped at the right level, and they proceeded to the courtroom doors. "I'm afraid that you cannot proceed inside until it is

time for the trial." Kingsley informed them. "Off the record Potter I loved the look on that arsehole that used to be your best friend's face when he found out his vault was emptied."

"Thank you Auror Kingsley."

"Also off the record McGonagall, Mad-Eye, Snape, and I are on your side. I can imagine that the Weasley twins and their older brothers except one are with you as well. Tonks quit the order this morning so go all out in this case, and hold nothing back." He said with a slight smirk.

Andy put her hand up to silence her client from talking. "I have a hunch that is Dumbledore and his merry little band of mindless morons. No offense Auror Shacklebolt."

"None taken." He responded in a whisper before looking professional.

The headmaster walked down the corridor until he joined his opponents. "I suggest you drop this case against me Mr. Potter. Do you know the repercussions that will take place in the body politic?"

Harry glared at him with justified anger, but put up his Occlumency shields up full force. "Do not tempt to break into my mind...you will not like what I have in store."

Auror Dawlish came out of the courtroom to address the people present. "It is time for both parties to come into the courtroom."

The courtroom looked the same when Harry was first summoned there for his own hearing during his fifth year. 'Glad to see that they don't redecorate much.' Andy led him to their table, and assured him that justice would be served.

"ALL RISE!" One of the Aurors said loudly as the Wizengamot filed in

with a very pompous looking Cornelius Fudge and Dolores Umbridge. Madame Bones wore official judicial robes as she took her seat.

"Be seated. We are going to skip the pleasantries of our titles to begin this case. Mr. Harry James Black-Potter VS Albus Dumbledore." Fudge addressed the courtroom.

"Mr. Dumbledore you have been charged with; fraud, breach of magical guardianship with Mr. Black-Potter, child endangerment, child neglect, theft of the Potter family vaults, falsifying records to obtain guardianship of the accuser, breach of contract with addressing the wills of Lily Rose Evans-Potter and James Christopher Potter. You also are charged with violating Sirius Orion Black's will by trying to keep the accuser at his abusive home. Sirius Black has been deemed innocent of all charges that were placed against him. You also face the charges of conspiracy, abuse of power of the Wizengamot, and poor judgment as your position of Headmaster of Hogwarts. Albus Dumbledore, how do you plead?"

He stood up from his seat to address the courtroom. "I plead not guilty Madame Bones."

A lot of people in the crowd started 'booing' and other obscenities for that outright lie. "ORDER! WE SHALL HAVE ORDER OR YOU WILL BE ESCORTED OUT OF THIS COURTROOM!" Fudge roared.

"Your honors we have valid evidence that proves the defendant guilty of these charges." Andromeda stated loudly.

"OBJECTION! We are only going as far as letting me state if I am guilty or not guilty." Dumbledore countered.

Amelia looked down at both of them. "Sustained. Please continue Madame Tonks."

"To state our allegations, the pictures that are in front of the

Wizengamot are from the abusive house that the defendant has placed my client in. Ever since he has been not a year old the muggles who claim to be his family have treated him like their personal house elf, punching bag, and a source for verbal abuse. To prove this I call Petunia Evans-Dursley to the stand."

The headmaster was seething when he saw the former Dursley walk into the courtroom, and was sworn in to secrecy. 'I thought she was dead! Damn why do all the variables come out of no where?'

Auror Shacklebolt walked up to her with a bottle in his hand. "Mrs. Dursley, I am going to ask you willingly to take this potion to tell the truth. This is only a precaution to prevent outside interference with 'mind readers'." She agreed and took the truth serum.

"Can you tell me your name please?"

"Petunia Erin Evans-Dursley." She responded in a monotone voice.

"Please explain why you and your family abused my client since he was old enough to walk."

"We were instructed to from the letter that he left with the boy on our doorstep fifteen years ago. We were to keep him as 'normal' with punishments as we saw fit when he used his magic in our household." Petunia droned to the audience.

"So Albus instructed you and your family to abuse your nephew...well if that was the case then why was it that he was never taken to a muggle doctor to get the necessary medical attention for your 'harsh punishments? Do you really hate your nephew that much?"

"OBJECTION! What relevance is this if she hated her nephew in this case?" Dumbledore yelled out.

"It has every right to do with this case your honor. For you see the photographs you see before you are clear evidence of how his gracious guardians neglected, abused, and nearly starved him to death all on our esteemed 'leader of light' orders." Andy stated to Madame Bones.

"Overruled. Continue councilor Tonks."

"I have no further questions for this witness." She said.

Albus stood up and walked over to Petunia. "Now Mrs. Dursley what is your honest opinion of your nephew?"

"He is very honest, kind hearted, very smart when we did not ridicule him for it, and always caring more about others than himself. He reminds me more of my sister Lily than anything, however he gets his stupidity, bravery, and arrogance from your influence."

Snape was inwardly smirking from her comment. 'You got that right. It's unfortunate that she had to be a squib or else she would've made a fine Slytherin.'

"Mrs. Dursley, can you tell me if you've ever been attacked at your home?" He asked.

"I have never been attacked at my home, however my son and my nephew have. Two of your Dementors came after them in an alleyway in Magnolia Crescent."

"Can you tell us the event that occurred when your son was attacked?"

Mrs. Tonks stood up with a slight smirk on her face. "Objection. We already know what happened on that day, and also we know all about the trial as well."

"Objection noted. Either ask the witness relevant questions or dismiss her from the stand." Madame Bones addressed Dumbledore.

"I have no further questions for this witness. I would like to call Mr. Ronald Weasley to the stand." He said.

Auror Shacklebolt administered the antidote to Petunia, and she walked off the stand. As she was walking to the exit she stopped in front of her nephew, and whispered to him. "I personally don't mind if you hate me for the way I neglected you on his orders...but I just want you to know that I'm sorry. We're moving away from England, and if you want to get in contact with us before we go come back home."

He saw the look of regret in her eyes, and simply nodded as Ron took the witness stand. He didn't notice when she gave a very small smile to Severus Snape. His former best friend looked at him with a very cold glare that made him shiver. "Now Mr. Weasley, could you tell the court...if Mr. Potter has been reckless and endangering other students?" Dumbledore asked with his grandfatherly voice.

"When hasn't he been reckless during our five years at school? Starting off with our first year he dragged us into a plot that lead me into the hospital wing just because he had to play the hero by saving the 'Philosopher stone.' He nearly got me killed when there was a cave in on the outside of the 'Chamber of Secrets.' During our third year he just had to drag Hermione and me outside when his godfather dragged us to the shrieking shack. He broke my leg, and then we were nearly bitten when Professor Lupin transformed at the full moon. The worst was last year when he dragged us to the Department of Mysteries where we had to fight Death Eaters just for a stupid prophecy!"

"Has Mr. Potter become distant in the past year?" He asked.

"He did last year. Hermione and I became very worried when he kept going though all those detentions from Umbridge, but he kept looking very tired after his remedial potion sessions. For all we know he was using that as an excuse for working on Dark Magic." Ron answered with a sneer that would rival Malfoy's, but Harry didn't seem fazed in the least.

"I have no further questions for this witness." The headmaster spoke as he sat down.

Mrs. Tonks couldn't help but smirk as she got up to question the witness. "There's something that is bothering me about your testimony Mr. Weasley. If you were my client's best friend...then why would you give that statement when you know everything you said was false? Just how much were you paid to say that?"

"OBJECTION! She is badgering the witness!" Dumbledore roared.

"Sustained...answer the question Mr. Weasley." Madame Bones told her.

"I wasn't paid anything for what I said because it's the truth!" Ron blurted out of anger.

"If you were so concerned with your friend's well being then why did you accept the money that was stolen out of my client's family vault? Members of the court we have valid evidence from Gringott's Wizarding Bank stating that several members of his family, Hermione Granger, himself, and others have accepted stolen money from his family vault. So their testimonies are invalid because they're on Dumbledore's payroll."

"OBJECTION!" Albus yelled again.

"Both of you approach the bench." She informed them. "Now both of you pay attention, because I will not put up with this any longer."

Either bring up valuable information or witnesses or else I am going to favor in Mr. Black-Potter."

"Now Mr. Weasley I'm going to be very frank in this question. Have you or have you not been jealous of my client? Also I would advise you not to lie." Councilor Tonks informed the witness.

"Yes I have."

"What would cause you to be so jealous of him? Was it because of his fame, fortune, or was it because you wanted your own time in the spotlight?" She asked him.

"I was jealous of him because of all of that. I wanted to be better than just his sidekick."

She nodded but gave him the same cold glare that Harry was giving his former best friend. "So what did your esteemed headmaster promise you if you continued to 'pose' as his best friend? Money? Fame?"

"He promised me training with the Aurors and Quidditch Captain."

"Auror training and being Quidditch Captain of your house team...that is a new one. Let me ask you this Mr. Weasley. Even if you had the riches of the world...playing for the best Quidditch team...do you think you would be happy knowing that you had to betray your best friend in order to get it?" She asked.

He didn't want to speak, but Fudge stood up to address him. "Answer the question boy!"

"If I hadn't been given the chance before I probably would've done it anyway."

"No more questions for this witness your honors." She said as she

took her seat next to Harry.

"We will take a recess for an hour and then resume this trial." Madame Bones said as she struck the gavel on the desk.

Dumbledore and the rest of the crowd left the courtroom. "I must say kiddo that you were reasonably calm during your former best friend's testimony. It was kind of scary to say the least." Andy patted his arm.

He simply smirked because they were being overheard. "Thank you Andy, but you do realize we're being overheard."

"Oh?" She took out her wand and cast a silence ward around them. "Now it shouldn't be a problem. Tell me what's troubling you?"

"Dumbledore's tactics for saving his own arse are backfiring and he knows it. But I have a feeling that he will only be calling on members of his 'Order of the take-out chicken'. Unfortunately he will fail to realize that they may bash my name, however they will end up hurting his case."

She agreed with him. "There's no doubt about that. Don't worry I'll make sure that they will get caught in their own lies. I can imagine that our opponent is briefing his unworthy witnesses at the moment. You should've seen how Amelia reacted when we approached the bench. She warned him to find some valuable witnesses or else she's going to favor her decision to you."

The members of the Order at the courtroom met up with the headmaster inside a private room near the courtroom. "You need to control your anger and jealousy! If any of you are going to testify on my behalf you need to control your emotions instead of trying to provoke him!"

"How can we provoke him when he his face looks like stone?" Ron bellowed.

Ginny was just as upset as her brother, but she wanted revenge for the loss of her vault. Hermione caught glimpse of Harry, but she had a sudden thought. Professor Snape and Harry look almost identical...I wonder if he has mastered Occlumency or his acting skills are pretty damn good.'

"For now we shall continue to stick to the plan about you testifying on my behalf. But everybody must keep their emotions in check if I am to win this case." Dumbledore stated.

When the recess was over the courtroom began to fill up once more. Madame Bones began to strike the gavel onto her desk to resume the trial. "Counselor Tonks, it is your witness to call to the stand."

"I would kindly ask Miss Hermione Granger to the stand."

Needless to say she was shocked to be summoned by her and not by Dumbledore. 'This wasn't part of what the Headmaster was planning...'

"Now Miss Granger...what has been the relationship between you and my client? Do not look at my opponent for answers."

She gulped before answering. "Well we've been best friends for the past five years, but nothing romantically."

"I see. So if you were his best friend as you say...then why did you accept stolen money out of his vault? What did you hope to gain out of spying on him?"

She sighed heavily because she knew that the truth would come out sooner or later. "I accepted to spy on him because I was promised that I would be Head Girl. I have not used a single Knut from that vault that was setup for me, and he had all right to take it back."

"Alright...so are you saying that you are willing to throw all your ambitions and beliefs just to stand by my client's side once again like you used to?"

"In a heartbeat. He saved my life during my first year when the troll made it into the girl's bathroom. If it wasn't for him to convince that arsehole Ronald Weasley to help then I would've been killed. I still owe him a life debt, and I intend to repay it." She spoke with confidence as she looked at Harry's eyes, and gave him a small smile that he did not return.

"Ok Miss Granger...there is something that I don't understand. Now from what we've heard earlier from the previous witness...have you also been receiving training from the Aurors or per say...a member of the Order of the Phoenix?"

"OBJECTION! This has nothing to do with this case!" Dumbledore yelled.

"Over ruled...be mindful of your questions councilor."

"I apologize Madame Bones. However, I have a few more questions for this witness. There are still some things I don't understand. Is everything that you've told us the truth or has it been fabricated?" She asked.

"I was told to fabricate a few things, but the rest has been the absolute truth. The headmaster told us that he would only call upon people whom he trusted with confidence, but I will not lie for him when he has committed crimes against Harry."

"So if I were to ask you if you would submit yourself into taking Veritserum to prove that you're speaking the truth..."

"I would in a heartbeat, and in fact I will volunteer taking the truth serum." Hermione declared as she ignored the furious look on

Dumbledore's face.

Auror Dawlish got permission to put three drops into her mouth.

"What is your Name?"

"Hermione Jane Granger."

"What is your age?" He asked.

"Sixteen."

Councilor Tonks walked up to the Auror and dismissed him as she took over. "Why did Albus ask you to lie?"

"To make sure that we testify to make him look good so he can win this case."

"In the years that you have known my client...has he ever become distant because he suspected anyone of spying on him?" She asked the young witch.

"During our third year, he received a firebolt from his godfather. I went to Professor McGonagall to make sure that it wasn't cursed. He was very angry at first, but he forgave me for doing it. However, Ronald and I were asked during our fourth year to spy on him. Every little thing the Headmaster to know, because he had plans on using him a Martyr against Voldemort."

The crowd gasped and started shouting comments against Dumbledore. Most of the Order was furious to hear that Hermione said that. "Very interesting Miss Granger...I have no further questions."

The furious headmaster stood up against his better judgment. "I have no questions for this witness."

Auror Dawlish administered the antidote, gave Harry a sad smile, and mouthed 'I'm sorry.'

The headmaster stood up from his seat and called Professor Snape to testify. "Now Mr. Snape, have you ever encountered a situation where Mr. Potter has behaved irrationally?"

"Yes, every single day that he is in my classroom. His disregard for the rules is just like how his father acted...strutting around the school like he owned the place. I for one am glad that he is dead, but it was unfortunate that his mother was the one to sacrifice herself for his spawn." He spoke to rile him up.

Harry gave his most hated Professor a very nasty glare that caused his eyes to change color from emerald to a very ice cold blue-green with catlike pupils. This actually gave the former Death Eater similar the same scared feeling like standing in front of the Dark Lord. 'How can Potter be doing this? Perhaps it would be wise to end this quickly...but I muse continue to act arrogant for the Headmaster and the other Death Eater's present...'

"Now I must ask if you have seen Mr. Potter behave rather distant or has ever used the Dark Arts against any student?" Dumbledore asked with a grin.

"OBJECTION! It has never been proven that my client has ever used Dark Magic. This case is about him not my client." Councilor Tonks yelled.

"Over ruled, you will ask provided questions about how to save your neck. Mr. Black-Potter is not on trial here...the witness is excused." Madame Bones said as she pounded the gavel once again.

Over the next four hours Dumbledore called upon every member of the Order of the Phoenix to the stand, but just as he thought he gained an edge Councilor Tonks shot him back down. "I will like to

call Lord Black-Potter to the stand." She said to deliver the final blow.

Harry got up from the table and took his place at the witness stand. "Now Harry, can you tell the court why you have brought charges against Albus Dumbledore."

"He has been using me as a pawn for his malicious chessboard game. He went against my parent's wills when he placed me in an abusive household, wormed his way around Gringott's so he could establish himself as my magical guardian, and stole from my family vault! Every year at school he's put me in danger just to save his old arse for his mistakes. First, the Philosopher stone incident. He purposely left clues for three stupid eleven-year-old Gryffindor's to go through a bunch of trials just to save a fake alchemic stone. Two of us got hurt in that incident, and then the next year he purposely let me fight a fifty foot Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets which nearly killed me and a stupid red-headed girl for writing in a cursed book!"

The crowd immediately started bashing the headmaster once again, but there were some who were cursing Harry's name as well. "ORDER! WE SHALL HAVE ORDER IN THIS COURTROOM!" Fudge roared at them once again.

"How did he assume guardianship over you when your parent's wills have three other people on their list to take care of you during your youth? Could you tell us who they were?" She asked.

"According to the Head Goblin, Grineback handled my family finances and was manipulated by vast amounts of gold that our esteemed Headmaster bribed him with. Bloodrune told me that particular goblin was eliminated after they found out about it. My magical guardians were to be my 'innocent' godfather Sirius Black whom Fudge condemned to twelve years in Azkaban without a trial." He glared at the Minister with pure hate in his eyes before continuing. "If he wasn't able to take care of me then I was to go to my godmother Alice Longbottom, and Minerva McGonagall."

Neville's eyes became wide because Harry could've been his brother. 'So that's why he's always looked out for me over the years. That manipulative bastard has ruined both of our lives! And here I thought that the Weasley's were kind people, but they're nothing more than a bunch of backstabbing hypocrites!'

Councilor Tonks smirked as she walked around. "How was it that he used your money to pay off the Weasley's to befriend you, but what else did he use your money for?"

"He used it for his 'Order of the Phoenix,' which is nothing more than another vigilante terrorist unit that claims it only works for the 'light'."

"I MUST PROTEST THIS COURSE OF ACTION!" Dumbledore roared once again.

Fudge stood up to yell. "I KNEW IT DUMBLEDORE! I KNEW THAT YOU WERE PLANNING ON TAKING OVER THE MINISTRY WITH YOUR ARMY!"

"Look who's being a hypocrite Fudge. Taking bribes from Death Eaters just to have you in their back pocket to make absurd laws for their benefit. Nor the fact that there will be charges brought up against you and Dolores Umbridge that Madame Bones will address when we are done with this case. Did you receive that piece of evidence Madame?" Harry addressed her.

Amelia looked down at the witness with a smile on her face. "Oh yes Mr. Black-Potter, and you don't have to worry about that. AURORS TAKE UMBRIDGE AND FUDGE TO THE HOLDING CELLS! Your trial will begin in one week."

The minister and his senior under-secretary were carried off in magical shackles screaming and hollering about how they don't deserve to be treated like this. But it didn't matter how much they

yelled because it fell upon deaf ears.

Madame Tonks smiled at her client, because she knew it was the end of the five hour trial. "No further questions your honors."

Dumbledore stood up to berate Harry with stupid questions, however the Wizengamot had enough. "Sit down Albus Dumbledore. You are excused from the witness stand Lord Black-Potter. We have heard enough with this trial, and we will render our verdict." Mr. Zabini spoke up. "All of those in favor of not guilty raise your hands." All of the 'headmaster fans' all hands were raised for a guilty verdict, and the prosecutors celebrated a victory as the sentence was addressed.

Alexander Zabini addressed the courtroom once again. "We of the Wizengamot hereby find Albus Dumbledore guilty of all charges. Since you have clearly abused your power for selfish gain...you will be stripped of your titles along with all privileges. However, against our better judgment you will remain at Hogwarts as Headmaster under strict probation of a member of this court who is not loyal to you. Failure to comply for the set rules of this probation will earn you a particular cell in Azkaban prison for the next seventy-five years. Also off the record you are a disgrace to all wizard kind to use a boy who clearly hates his fame to further your own grasp of power. This trial is now over." The Wizengamot got up and filed out.

Everyone stood up to leave, but the reporters were ready to ambush them in the hallway. It was most unfortunate that Dumbledore got to them first to spread his sad story. "Don't worry about him Harry. We'll take a different route out of here, besides we can use your special transportation once we're clear." Andy whispered to him as they walked out the second exit.

"Ah Mr. Black-Potter, I was meaning to talk to you in private if I could." Mr. Zabini walked up to him.

Harry didn't look too pleased. "I'm afraid that even if we wanted to

talk in private...the walls have ears even through privacy spells."

"I see your point. How about we meet in my study at my manor? Miss Tonks is more than welcome if you don't want to be alone in my home." He assured the two of them.

"Thank you for the invitation Alexander, but I have had enough excitement for today. However, I will accompany you to a Floo point." She said.

"Actually I would suggest we take a portkey, and you can Floo from my fireplace." He held out an old newspaper, both of them took hold of it, and he activated it.

Chapter 8: Fresh start...

"Mother, I have a question for you. If Dumbledore is proven guilty, how do you think the stupid believers at the Ministry are going to take it?"

Lyan Zabini put down her newspaper to address her daughter. "Blaise, you know as well as I do that those fools have corrupted our government for far too long, and Dumbledore's influence wasn't any better. I just hope that your Father gets home for lunch pretty soon. He's running pretty late."

"If the trial was at 10 this morning....and it's 2:30 pm. Who would've thought it would last this long?"

Before her mother could answer, the wards started blaring. "Merlin I'll never get used to these damn portkeys." Harry complained as Andy helped him up.

"Hang on while I key the both of you into the wards." Mr. Zabini spoke as he got to work. "Ok now that is done I'll bring you to the fireplace so you can Floo home."

"Thank you for all your help, and I'll see you tomorrow. TONKS RESIDENCE!" She said as she Floo'ed away.

Mr. Zabini's wife was standing in the doorway when she saw Andy Floo away to her home. "So this is why you were gone for so long Alex? Seeing Andromeda Tonks behind my back?"

"Lyan please don't start a fight about this..." He sighed heavily.

Harry emerged from the shadow of the room behind Mrs. Zabini and nearly gave her a heart attack. "I'm sorry Mrs. Zabini, but he was talking to me. Your husband is still very faithful to you and was kind enough to let her Floo back to her home while we were about to have

a chat."

She glared at him because she didn't like it when her husband associated with Death Eaters for information. "Who are you?"

"Forgive me for not saying my name earlier..."

Blaise came into the room because she recognized his voice. "Potter, is that you? Why are you here?" Her mother's eyes went wide and put her wand away, but her daughter was shocked to see him there.

Harry smirked at her shocked face. "Actually it's Lord Black-Potter now, and I am only here to have a chat with your father."

"Ah yes. You two can go on and have a late lunch without me." Alex spoke as they walked out of the parlor room and into his study.

"Why would dad have to talk to him?" Blaise thought out loud as she started stabbing her food.

'How could I have been so stupid to act like that in front of him? But how did he not fall for my Veela charm?' Lyan berated herself and lightly slapped her daughter's hand to stop playing with her lunch.

"Can I get you something to drink, Lord Black-Potter?"

"No offense Mr. Zabini, but please call me Harry. All the formal titles get a little annoying after a while, and no thank you." He said.

"And you may call me Alex. Now that we are in private, I wanted to inform you that the Black family and the Zabini's have always had a business relationship. Your godfather's incarceration and the death of his brother have disrupted that relationship..."

"You were wondering if we could work together again. I don't see why not, but what's the catch?" He asked in a serious tone of voice.

Alex smiled at him because there was no fooling him. "Well the only catch was that the heir of the Black Family would be betrothed to my first daughter. Sirius and I were friends when we were growing up before Hogwarts...and we spoke last year before he died. I thought he would've told you either face to face or in his will. However it looks like he didn't...stupid mutt."

Harry's eyes suddenly became very cold. "Do not talk about my godfather like that ever again!"

"My apologies, I didn't mean it in a derogatory way. He never was too keen on remembering when he would Floo over here to give Dumbledore the slip, because he was going nuts at his family home. You see the master manipulator didn't know that Sirius put up a proximity ward around the door and fireplace to let him know when someone came in so he could hurry up and get back there. However, I'm getting off topic here. Would it be a deal?" He reached out his hand to shake.

"Yes we shall work together again as both of our families have done in the past, however I do not agree about being put into a forced marriage with your daughter. I believe that she has her own choice in deciding who she marries and nobody is going to change my reasoning for that. I know your about to argue about this, but these are not the old days where they will be enforced unless they were in handwriting."

Alex went through some of his files inside his desk to check. "You're right...it wasn't on paper about the forced marriage, but there is something that I have to inform you about my daughter. As you know she is known as the 'Ice Queen of Slytherin' because she acts rather cold to everybody. That's because she's a half-Veela, and pretty soon that side of her will manifest. As a word of caution be careful when her powers emerge because they are very attracted to powerful Witches or Wizards, and they won't take no for an answer."

"Thank you for the warning. Can you tell me the rules Dumbledore has to follow under his probation?"

"It's a long list of things he can't do, but the sum of it he cannot come after you in any way possible. Also he cannot put another student in harm's way by any means other than in Quidditch and in a mock duel. Believe me he won't be giving you anymore trouble." He said with a devious smile.

Harry stood up and shook Alex's hand. "Well it was nice meeting you Mr. Zabini and I'll be informing Bloodrune at Gringott's about our business relationship."

"It was nice meeting you too and I'll walk you out." He said.

Blaise and her mother were sitting at the dinner table having some late lunch when the two men walked out of the study. 'Gee that didn't take long.'

Harry walked over to her mother and bowed before her. "I apologize for being rude earlier Mrs. Zabini, but you had every right to find out who I was since this is your home. Also I apologize to you Blaise for being rude earlier. Can the two of you forgive me?"

Lyan looked at him with a smile. "I can forgive you but on one condition...how were you able to throw off my Veela charm, and how did you blend into the shadows like that?"

He grinned when he knew that question was spoken. "I would say that I am very good at Occlumency ma'am, but that would be a lie. I've just never been one of the weak men that fall for it. No offense Alex."

Mr. Zabini narrowed his eyes at the young lord but smirked a moment later. "None taken little Padfoot or should I say little Prongs."

Blaise raised her eyebrow at the nickname, but a slight smile started to form. "It's alright Potter. Why don't you join us?"

"I'm sorry but I must decline. I would be imposing on your time together with family, and I must be going anyway." He said.

"Since when did you learn how to be so modest?"

He locked eyes with her with a slight smirk on his lips. "Let's just say I've become a quick learner. I shall see you at school Miss Zabini. Take care of yourself and your parents." He headed off to the front door when someone grabbed his arm. "Is there something I can do for you, Blaise?"

"I insist that you join us, because I'm not done talking to you yet. Also did I give you permission to use my first name?" She half-sneered at him.

"No offense, but you have been spending too much time with the spoiled pompous ass Malfoy. However, I have things that must be done. If you want to talk to me, then we'll have to play hide and seek on the train." He turned around and put his hand on the door to leave.

She pulled out her wand and pointed it at the back of his head. "I'm not letting you off that easy Potter. Are you too noble to join a family for a late lunch?"

"As a matter of fact I am not too noble, but I am not careless either to know that I could be attacked by any guests that might be in your household. I know that your fellow Slytherins Daphne Greengrass and Millicent Bulstrode have just Floo'ed in."

"Blaise? What's going on here? Who is that guy?" Millicent asked as she dusted her robes off.

She was about to answer when she saw that Harry was gone. 'That was very crafty Potter, but I won't let you get away until you answer my questions on the train.'

"I think she looks a bit love struck that her man disappeared." Daphne teased her.

"Oh yes I'm sure that Potter is really my long lost love whom I've been shagging in my dreams." She said, every word dripping with sarcasm.

Millicent didn't pick up on the sarcasm, but Daphne did. "So that's why you whimper in your sleep back in the dorms huh?"

She immediately glared at the Greengrass heiress. "I do not whimper in my sleep!"

"Yeah you do 'B'...but I swear if I head 'Oh yes right there Potter' I'm definitely not going to let you live it down." Daphne teased her best friend before she got hit in the face by a pillow.

Harry arrived back at his home only to be tackled by Lyan. "Ok I missed you as well. I hope that you were behaving? Speaking of which where is Eli?"

"Don't worry we were! Moony was keeping us company. Eli fell asleep."

"That's good. Tonight we'll go out and have some fun so be ready." He said to her in Shadow tongue.

"OK!" Lyan ran into a different room after hearing the news.

He walked down into the basement and saw Bella fighting an animated dummy with a blunt blade. 'Hmm, this should be

interesting.'

"So how did everything go Harry? Did Dumbledore get what was coming to him?" She asked as she picked up her towel.

"Oh yes he did. All of his titles have been stripped but he will remain as Headmaster of Hogwarts under strict probation. He and his little 'light side' terrorists can't touch me or else their beloved leader is thrown away into Azkaban." He said with a sneer.

She walked up to him and put her hand on his shoulder. "Congratulations kid, but I'm taking a break. I've been having a thought and I need your input. Since I'm sixteen once again maybe I can go with you to Hogwarts for protection?"

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Bella, I know you're cute being sixteen again, but people will know exactly who you are once they see you. Snape and Dumbledore are better at the mind arts than both of us."

"I realize that, but that is why I have been practicing my Occlumency while you've been sleeping. If I can safely secure my mind against you then they should be no problem."

"I don't like this idea...what will happen if you get caught? I know that you're not an animagus, and they may have put up more security that prevents the transformation." He sighed heavily.

"Harry, trust me they haven't. Besides I have to be there to keep up your training!"

He looked at her and sighed again. "Bella, I'm not going to argue about this anymore. If you want to go then that is your choice, but I will have you go back home if I find out your discovered...understood?"

"But of course my lord." She laughed as she bowed to him. "You know, I thought of a little problem that we could run into when we go back to school. The mail system wouldn't recognize me as a student anymore."

"Oh I'm sure with a little help from Fleur that will be taken care of. She still owes me a favor for saving her sister's life. I think that she is working for Gringott's and I can arrange a meeting with her tonight when Eli and Lyan are with me."

She raised her eyebrow at him. "Why don't you go out now?"

"Are you trying to get me out of the house Bella?" He joked.

"Actually yes I am. Because I tend to train better when I'm by myself, besides I want to be able to test my Occlumency shields against you when you return. Oh my niece said that she won't be back until late tonight because their sending her to patrol Knockturn Alley."

"That's fine." He said as he got up from his chair, and walked out of the room.

Fleur was busy inside Gringotts in the deep caverns. She was very upset to hear about what transpired with the Order and with what the Weasley's did to Harry. She never admitted it to anyone that she had a soft spot for him after he saved her baby sister in the 2nd task of the Tri-wizard Tournament. 'I wonder what he is up to now.'

For many months she hadn't been in contact with the Potter heir, and the nagging of her little sister was starting to bother her. She was there the night that he stormed into the bank with his wounds, but she was under a witch's oath never to reveal secrets about the patrons or the goblins business to anyone that didn't work at the bank.

She finally decided to go get something to eat when she ran into her

former fiancé, Bill Weasley. "What are you doing down 'ere, William?"

"Fleur, why have you been avoiding me? What have I done for you to do this to me?"

"Go 'way! I vill not vant any zing more to do with you after vat your family 'as done to 'arry." She spat at his feet and walked up to the lift to the surface.

Without thinking, he ran up to the lift to stop her, but was too late to catch up. 'I'm not going to let us fall apart Fleur! I'm not going to sacrifice a year of us being together just to be thrown away.'

She stormed out of the bank and apparated into Hogsmeade. The first place she walked into was 'The Three Broomsticks', but when she walked in the place was nearly empty. She didn't want to draw attention to herself so she took a seat at the bar. Madame Rosmerta happily walked over to her to take her order.

She took another glance around the pub, and a person in a dark robe caught her eye. He sat at the other end of the bar. 'There is something mysterious about him, and those two dogs look like wolf cubs.'

Harry couldn't help but smirk underneath his disguise. He could tell that she was trying to figure out who he was through a little mind probe. As if on cue a regular barn owl flew through the rafters of the pub and landed in front of the half-Veela. "Come on you two let's go to a table." "OKAY!!"

She took the letter from the owl's leg, and began casting spells on it to see if it came from Bill. However, none of her spells came up positive for his magical signature or handwriting. She opened the letter:

'Dear Fleur,

Yes I know you're quite shocked to be hearing from me, but I have a favor to ask of you. Would you join me in the corner parlor of the Three Broomsticks at 2:45? I'm sure that you'll notice two wolf cubs with me.

See you then,

Harry Black-Potter.'

After she read that she looked at the corner booth to see the two wolf cubs. A smirk came across her face; she got up from her stool, and joined him at his table. "It 'as been a long time 'arry. I cannot believe 'ow you have changed." She said as she gently pulled on his long hair that was sticking out of his hood.

He smiled at her as she let his hair go between her fingers and fall back down. He put up privacy wards to prevent being overheard. "It's good to see you too Fleur, so how has life been treating you since the tournament? I must admit you are looking good."

She pulled down his hood and kissed him on each cheek. "You 'ave become zuch a ladies' man no?"

"Only to beautiful women, however that isn't why I wanted to meet with you. Is it possible to ask Madame Maxime to accept a 6th year student, and to transfer her to another school?"

"I am not sure. It es possible to ask her, but may I ask who et es?" She asked.

"I'm sorry Fleur, but I won't be able to tell you unless I have your witches' oath."

"I, Fleur Delacour 'ereby zwear upon my magik zat I vill not betray 'arry Jamez Black-Potter's zecrets to anyone." Both of them felt the

oath go into effect.

"Thank you for doing that. The person who I am trying to bring with me is my charge Bellatrix Black. Yes, she was a Death Eater but she underwent a de-aging ritual and is sixteen once again. She only did it to get rid of the Dark Mark."

"But 'arry I am not sure zat she will be willing to do es. She was a convicted murderer, and put into Azkaban." She said with a little fear in her voice.

He sighed as Madame Rosmerta brought them their orders, and lowered the privacy wards so she could talk to them. "Here are your orders, but can I ask you a question? Where did you get these adorable puppies?" She said as she petted them.

"They're names are Eli and Lyan, and they're not puppies. People may not like it but they are shadow wolf cubs, but don't worry they are friendly."

Both women looked shocked because they were labeled as 'dark creatures' by the Ministry of Magic. "I'm sorry to say this but are you crazy?! If the Ministry sees you with them then you could easily be arrested, and put into Azkaban."

He scoffed arrogantly in his disguise. "I would certainly like to see them try."

"'Arry! Don't be zo rude!" Fleur playfully struck his hand.

"Harry? Harry Potter?" Madame Rosmerta asked.

He smirked at the barmaid. "Nice to see you too Rosie. It's been a while since I've stopped in for a cold butterbeer, or maybe it was the lovely owner of this pub."

"I swear you're just like your father and Sirius buttering me up as always. They were my finest customers after every Quidditch match. Your disguise is very good...I didn't even recognize you, but don't worry I'll make sure that I never say that you stopped by." She said with a wink.

"Thank you, but can you do me a favor and bring some raw steaks for these two. I imagine that they're hungry."

She smiled at him once again before heading to the back. "Anything for you."

Fleur couldn't help but giggle like a schoolgirl. "'Your flirting waz grand to watch, but 'arry, zhe es a little bit old for you."

"Are you saying that I should be flirting with a beautiful woman such as yourself?"

Her cheeks lightly blushed when her eyes met his. "Flirting with older women I zee? I must tell you 'arry that what ze Weasley's 'ave done to you es despicable. I cannot believe zey would steal money from your family vault. I broke up with William after I found out ze truth."

"You broke up with Bill over me? Hmm...wow....I didn't know that you were going out with the guy."

She looked down at the table with a sigh. She was about to respond when Hagrid walked in with Madame Maxime. "I'm tell'n you Olympe you'll love these new beasts 'hat are part of my class this year."

"I would like to zee them Hagrid." Both half-giants took a table next to Harry. "Fleur? Es that you?"

The two French women began to speak in their native language, but the Hogwarts Groundskeeper was looking in excitement at Harry's wolf cubs. "Awe beautiful animals you 'ave there. Are those wolf

cubs?"

"They are my familiar shadow wolves." He responded to his kind half-giant friend.

"Are 'hey really? How did ya get 'em? Those tyrants at 'he Ministry 'O Magic says 'hat they're dark creatures. Cadswallop in my opinion, but they're beautiful. Oh kinda rude of me not to mention who I am."

He smirked at him as Rosie brought the two raw steaks for the cubs. "I know who you are Hagrid, and I wouldn't pet them when they're about to eat. Those two become hostile, and they might mistake your hand for the steak."

Madame Maxime turned her attention to Harry, but as she was speaking French he didn't understand. Fleur could've smacked herself for being stupid. She brought her wand out, pointed it at his throat, and said a spell. "Don't worry I used a language spell on you." She said in her native language.

"From what my former student has informed me that you wish for me to accept a student into my school and transfer her to Hogwarts...correct? Wouldn't it be easier for her to go to my school instead?"The Headmistress asked.

"Well before I get into that I must ask for your oath not to speak of this to anyone." He felt the magic of her oath. "Now the person that I want to go to your school to be transferred is Bellatrix Black, and yes she was a death eater when her husband forced her against her will to be one. However, she went through a de-aging ritual to remove the Dark Mark. She is now my ward since I am the head of the Black family. She informed me that she wanted to go to Hogwarts for security reasons. We couldn't just let her go back without an alibi because they would catch her, and throw her back into Azkaban."

"I understand, but you must understand that I won't be able to accept

her...then transfer her immediately. It's a one-way street Harry, and I will accept her as a student at my school. Would you accept that?" She asked him.

"Yes I accept, but when you address her in front of your students her name will be Belle Van Tassel. If that is acceptable to you then please send an urgent owl post for what required items she will need."

She looked at him with a smile. "Then consider Belle Van Tassel admitted to the Beauxbaton's Academy of Magic. If I may I will have to see her so I can take her back with me, or Fleur could bring her."

He smirked at that comment. "Actually ladies, if you would meet me in a private parlor I shall bring her here." Eli and Lyan finished their meal, and Harry pointed to the door to get their attention away from him. When they turned their heads to see what he was pointing to...Harry and his cubs were gone.

"How did he do that?" Hagrid blurted out of surprise.

Bella was reading in the library when Harry arrived right behind her. Being childish he licked his finger and put it in her ear. "HARRY! YOU ARE SO DISGUSTING!" She turned around and threw a punch at him that he easily dodged.

"I didn't come here to give you a wet willy, but I couldn't resist. It looks like you won't be joining me at Hogwarts this year. I talked with Madame Maxime, and she said that she will accept you in her school...but you will have to be there for a full year before she could transfer you under a new name."

"Wait a minute...what school is she from? I know it's not Durmstrang because Karkaroff was headmaster there." She asked as she cleaned out her ear.

"Madame Maxime is the headmistress of the Beauxbatons Academy of Magic. You would be attending there under the name of 'Belle Van Tassel', and I need you to go look presentable. She wants to speak to you directly." He informed his ward.

"Great so now I have to pose as a goody-goody French girl." She growled.

He shook his head and laughed. "Actually no you wouldn't be a French girl. If you noticed the last name is Dutch. Now hurry up and put on something presentable, because we're pressed for time."

"Yes my master." She teased him as she ran out of the room.

Basil came slithering out of the floorboards to approach her bonded. "Master, I have brought you news about Nagini. Shall I bring her out to speak with you?"

"I will call her my friend. Nagini come out."

A 7 foot dark green diamond python slithered out of the floorboards and approached the young Parseltongue. "Greetings Harry Potter, did Basil tell you why I seek refuge with you?"

"Yes she did. I must ask you why you separated yourself from you're bonded. What was it that Tom Riddle did to you that made you want out?" He hissed at her.

"My bonded no longer holds the ideals of his ancestor. He is nothing more than a murderer who seeks power, and those who are too weak to achieve it. He has been using spells on me to do his bidding, and I no longer want to do it. He made me kill a muggleborn infant not three months old...and on that same night I spotted Basil while I was hunting for food. I spoke to her about her master and from everything that she told me I could seek refuge with you. You don't have to worry because she did not tell me about your secrets."

He looked down at Nagini with a smile. "That is good to know. You can seek refuge here, but if I find out that you betrayed me to your former bonded I will kill you myself...is that in any way unclear?"

"Clear as crystal my lord and thank you for letting me stay with you." She replied and slithered off to find Basil.

Bella came down a minute later with her trunk. "Well do I look presentable?"

"I didn't say you had to put on a skirt you know, but yes you look very cute. Who knows maybe you and Tonks could go shopping together." He teased her as he walked up to her and 'shadow-walked' back to the three broomsticks.

Madame Maxime, Hagrid, and Fleur were waiting not five minutes before Harry walked in with Bella. "Welcome back Harry, and is this Belle?" The French headmistress asked.

"Yes this is my charge. Fleur, would you do me a favor and put the same spell as on me, on her?"

The half-Veela was more than happy to help him out. "Can you understand me Bella? I only used a language translation spell on you."

"Yes I understand you, and I would like to apologize if I caused you any harm." She addressed the two French women.

Madame Maxime smiled at her new student. "There is nothing to forgive my dear. Now I'm sure that Harry has informed you about our situation? Good. There are some things that I must address before I bring you to Beauxbatons. You will be posing as a Dutch-born witch, and none of this pureblood nonsense exists in my school. Do not bring up your history to any of your classmates, but I do ask that you

make some friends...or else you won't have any fun. Oh and beware because most of my students like to pamper themselves."

"I understand and agree with your terms Headmistress. I'm sure that we can talk more when we are traveling to your school. However, will I be able to send some sort of letter to Harry to make sure that he's alright?"

"Oh by all means yes. I would not want to keep you from your family. After a year of schooling I will sign your transfer to Hogwarts, but I hope that it will not come to that. Now I see that you have brought your trunk with you. Our term begins on Monday so we have to get going so I can take you shopping." Olympe smiled at her once again.

"Well it's been fun being able to spend time with you. Just remember to write me because I want to know what is going on with you. Ok?" Bella gave Harry a hug before walking over to her new headmistress.

He returned her hug and watched her get up to head out. "I will and you can be sure about that. Just don't come home with a boyfriend named Pierre."

She stuck her tongue out at him, and gave him a one finger salute. Madame Maxime put her hand on her shoulder and activated an international portkey. "Don't worry Harry I'm sure that she will be fine. After all she is going to my old school, and we are a very caring bunch to take care of our own regardless what background they're from."

"That's not what scares me Fleur. I'm just afraid that she'll be caught, and besides I better go prepare myself for returning to my own hell...er...I mean Hogwarts." He said with a smirk.

"Arry? Is that you?" Hagrid asked.

"I'm afraid not. My name is Vincent, and I came to visit my friend

Fleur. It was lovely to see you again my dear, but now I must say goodbye. Feel free to owl me anytime." He kissed her on each cheek, and disappeared into the shadows.

Chapter 9: Fifth founder?

Today was September 1st, and that marked the day that Harry would have to go back to Hogwarts. So far he was having a good time sleeping UNTIL his familiars except Hedwig started bothering him to wake up. He tried so hard to ignore them...until Tonks came into his room, and cast a spell that expelled him from his bed. "Up and at 'em Kiddo!"

He glared at her, but his two wolf cubs came up to him and started licking his face. "Ok you two stop licking my face! How is it that you're in such a good mood 'Dora?"

"Because I get to see my favorite cousin before he leaves for school. Also its 9:30 so I thought you might want to wake up. You know you should be nice to me because I took it so easy on you. I could've done worse by putting make up on you."

"Lyan and Eli...go get her!" He said in Shadow tongue, and his two hyper cubs ran after the young Auror.

"Master, you do know that was mean. She was only trying to be nice." Basil informed him as she slithered to him from underneath the bed.

"I know she did, but I do like my sleep. Besides since you bonded with me your poison has no effect if you bite me."

"That is true, but that still doesn't mean that my bite won't hurt. Master, you forget I have a lot of teeth, and one bite to your rump...you wouldn't be sitting any time soon." If his albino Basilisk could smile she was doing it now.

"Now look who is being mean. I'm going to bring both you and Nagini so you two can do some searching for me in the Chamber of Secrets. I have a feeling that there is more in there then meets the eye. I'll be

out shortly after I shower."

Tonks had one of the house elves make a grand breakfast for Harry since he was leaving in less than an hour. 'Gee I guess I gotta figure something to do while he's away at school...it just won't be the same without him and my Aunt Bella for some company.'

She was brought out of her musings when Remus decided to show up. "Where's Harry at? I hope he knows that he has less than an hour before he has to get onto the train."

"He should just be getting out of the shower, and he has to pack his trunk...even though I think he already did it. Are you planning on staying here or are you going back to your cottage?" She asked as she poured two cups of coffee.

"I was thinking of going back to the cottage for a while, and heading up to the Shrieking Shack when he had a Hogsmeade visit." Remus replied as he added a lot of sugar to his coffee as Harry walked into the room.

"Good morning to the both of you. So are you coming to see me off or should I scare everyone going solo?" Harry joked as he sat down next to his cousin.

"I'll go with you, but did you pack everything you need?" She asked as Winky placed the huge breakfast on the table.

He thanked his house elf, and smirked at Tonks as he sprinkled a powder onto her plate without her noticing. "Actually I've been packed for a while now, but I'm going to take my bonded familiars with me. I don't give a damn what Dumbledore says about it."

"I must say kiddo that I like your new personality, but I think with Auntie Bella's cursing too much." She teased him as she took a big

bite of her syrup soaked pancakes.

Remus saw her skin start changing green and a big wart appear on the end of her nose. He saw the grin on Harry's face and he used his empty coffee cup to hide his face to keep from laughing. 'Oh my gosh! That kid is living to be just like his mother! Only she came up with those kinds of pranks that she used to get back at James and Sirius!'

Tonks wondered why both of them were silently laughing. "What is there something on my face?"

Both of them burst out laughing and she got up to see her reflection. Quickly she brandished her wand and started hurling curses at them. "YOU HAD BETTER TAKE THIS OFF RIGHT NOW!"

Over the next ten minutes and after being chased around the house Tonks returned to normal. Remus couldn't help but laugh some more over the situation until he received a very nasty curse to a very sensitive area. "That's not funny Lupin!"

He grunted but put up with the pain. "That was clever Harry. How did you pick up on how to do that?"

"Do you always ask a wizard how he or she does their tricks? To answer your question before I guess Bella is rubbing off on me, and the two of you are bad influences. How are we getting to King's Cross station on time? I don't want to keep 'shadow walking' all the time because Dumbledore has spies everywhere."

Moony thought for a moment before he came up with something. "What about side-along apparition?"

"I'm not sure that's a good thing, because what happens if my familiars are splinched? I'm not sure if we could get that department of the Ministry to fix them. Let's keep that as a last resort, but could

we find a portkey to get there?"

"Sorry cub, but portkey registration is a huge amount of paperwork and red tape. I'm not that skilled when it comes to illegally making one. No offense Tonks but I don't feel like getting sick with you driving a car." Remus joked, but received a glare from her.

"Actually Moony, you just gave me a good idea. Why not take the Day Bus?"

"If you're going to do that then I won't be joining you. That bus will make me just as nauseous as her driving." He said as he resumed eating his waffle.

Tonks whipped out her wand and made his waffle explode in his face. "That's for making fun of me! Hurry up and eat then get your stuff kiddo because we gotta get going."

"I can only eat so fast 'mother'." He remarked with Moony snickering, but she smacked Harry upside his head.

Hermione was standing on the muggle side of the gateway because she was waiting for Harry to show up so she could talk to him in private. '10:45...and I still haven't seen him yet...how am I going to find him when those Order members are blocking the gate?'

She saw two people walking close to her but one of them was wearing black robes with a large hood, and the other one looked like a female version of 'Harry(A/N like in chapter 4)' wearing the same clothes as the other person without the hood. They stopped before the platform between 9 and 10. She was trying to figure out what language they were speaking in. 'It sounds like they're speaking in German but I can't understand anything. Who is that with him? It looks like the guy who attacked Ginny, but maybe it's his sister...'

Harry laughed from under his hood, and spoke in fluent German.

"Good thing that I found the spell for language understanding in the family library."

"No kidding kiddo. Do you think that the Order has any clue that you look like that? Hermione is looking at you and she looks like she wants to talk to you."

He couldn't help but laugh again. "Now why did you do that? I can understand my good looks, but an exact copy is too much."

"Well I must admit that your 'good looks' make me look good. Are you telling me that I'm ugly?" She wiped a fake tear from her eye to mock him.

He pulled her into a hug. "Now Tonksie there's nothing to cry over. I hope that Bella isn't cursing anyone at her new school."

"I'm sure she's fine, but yeah I really hope that she doesn't either. But you've got five minutes before the train leaves. So hurry up and go find yourself a compartment. Don't forget to send a post to me, and don't use the fireplace in your common room. I imagine that the staff will be watching all outgoing fire calls. I love you kiddo, and don't get yourself hurt this time." She pulled him into another fierce embrace.

"I love you too Tonksie and I'll be careful." He returned her hug. "I want you to take care of yourself, and don't get into that much trouble."

"Alright now hurry up and cross the gateway or else you'll miss the train." She told him with a smile.

He returned her smile and crossed the barrier with Hermione on his tail. He didn't really pay attention to the students chatting with old friends, parents meeting other parents, or children saying goodbye to their families...until they saw him wearing his black hooded robe. He was receiving very nasty glares from everyone there, but he really

didn't care...he just kept walking towards the scarlet train.

What he didn't see was Ron brewing with all his Gryffindor stupidity whipped out his wand and sent a banishing charm at Harry's black hooded robe. Everyone in the vicinity saw the all too familiar very long silver hair with a short point in the front, ice cold emerald eyes, and wearing black robes with white coverings on his shoulders.

"HA I KNEW IT! YOU'RE A BLOODY DEATH EATING BASTARD!" Ron boasted, thinking that the people would fall for him saving them. Ginny was overcome by panic and fear because she saw him again, and the Order wasn't sure of what to do...yet.

A dark grin formed on Harry's face, and he turned to face his former best friend. He pointed his closed fist at him, and opened it quickly...banishing the young Weasley male against the wall. "Wrong move you fool. If I were a Death Eater do you honestly think that I would leave anyone of you alive? A little advice for you to digest with that unused muscle in your head: Puppets can never cut the strings from their Puppet Master. You also owe me a new robe which I'm sure your little band of 'light terrorists' can afford."

He used the focal point in his transfigured staff ring to summon and clean his robe to make it look like wandless magic. He couldn't help but sneer at everyone's shocked looks when he put his robe back on, and covered his face as he walked onto the train.

Ron received many nasty glares from the Order, and from some of his family. "How could you be so stupid and arrogant Ronald Weasley! I raised you better than that, and how dare you swear in front of all of us!" The Weasley matriarch scolded him.

Fred and George went over to their sister to comfort her after seeing how terrified she was, but she quickly put up a front saying that she was fine. "It's ok you guys I don't need you to baby me all the time!"

She yelled as she pushed her twin brothers away from her.

The train whistle sounded to let them know to get on or else the students would be left behind. Many of the families were saying their final goodbyes to their children. Mrs. Weasley quickly said goodbye to her two children. "I don't want any of you two to get in trouble this time regardless who is at fault...understood? Also give Hermione my best when you see her."

"We will mum." Ginny said as she waved to her brothers, but Ron grunted and walked off to find a compartment. The two of them spent the next minute finding an empty one, but they had to be in the same one as Luna Lovegood and Neville Longbottom. "Hello Ron...Ginny." She said in an angry tone.

"Hey Neville...how was your summer?" Ron asked trying to sound delighted to see him.

"It could've been better." The Longbottom heir responded with anger in his voice. "Let's go to the prefect meeting Luna."

Luna folded up and put away her Quibbler newspaper. "Let's go Neville where there isn't an infestation of Buels and betrayers."

Harry was sitting inside his own compartment reading one of his texts from his family vault. 'Interesting...who would've thought that my own family started from the legends among our kind...all because they wanted to keep their children safe. I never would've imagined that Merlin and Morgan le Fay had three children and changed their names as well. It's just too weird to imagine...'

His compartment door opened to reveal none other than his arch nemesis Draco Malfoy. "That was quite an amazing show you put on with 'weasel'. I must admit that I am quite jealous that I couldn't even do that."

Harry didn't even bother looking at him because he knew this song and dance from every year. "If you have nothing intelligent to say then I suggest you leave."

"HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT? DO YOU EVEN KNOW WHO I AM?" He roared and went to make a move for his wand.

"I'm afraid that even if you manage to touch the base of your wand you will be treated like 'weasel' earlier. Don't make that same mistake my friend."

Draco couldn't help but sneer at him. "How very Slytherin of you...I must admit that nobody has ever threatened a Malfoy like you have. Perhaps you and I could become friends I suppose."

"Is that on your mother's orders to allow you and her back into my family?" He said after a short mind probe.

"What family are you talking about? And what do you know about my mother!"

Harry glared at Malfoy for his stupidity. "Who wouldn't know that your mother is Narcissa Black-Malfoy? Evidently you don't deserve to be in the noble house of Slytherin because you're acting like a Gryffindor. Now kindly make yourself well known with the door or else you will be forced to leave your imprint through it."

It wasn't that long before the words finally connected inside Draco's head. He went for his wand, and was forcefully ejected from the compartment. The prefects came out of their meeting to find out what happened, and saw Malfoy picking himself up from in front of Harry's compartment. Hermione saw his eyes, and they were just as cold as the last time she saw them. "You won't get away with this! When my Father..." Malfoy baited him, but he never learned to keep his mouth

shut.

Harry bent down, grabbed Draco by his throat, and forcefully slammed him against the wall of the compartment. "Know this because I will only say this once. I am way out of your league you arrogant little shite...say the words and all I have to do is squeeze to end your suffering. Otherwise you will go back to your compartment and not show your face to me while on this train or you will be having a personal meeting with my sword...understood?"

When pressure was added to the young Malfoy heir's neck...all he could feel was fear when he looked into Potter's ice cold catlike blue/green eyes. "I understand." He croaked out.

He put the spoiled Slytherin Prince back on his feet, and turned to enter his compartment. "Very good. Now be a good little boy and run along."

Draco fell to his knees gasping for air. 'There's no way that was Potter...it doesn't make sense at all. I have to owl mother when we arrive at the castle.'

"Gee I guess this meeting is over. Would someone take or drag him back to his compartment?" The Head Girl, Cho Chang asked.

Daphne Greengrass couldn't believe how stupid Draco was into provoking the disguised Harry. 'Oh wait a minute! He was the one that came into the store for Basilisk battle robes. I gotta give those to him! But I'll wait to give those to him until we get to the school. I must have him as my boyfriend.'

Everyone seemed to break up as Harry was about to close his door but someone put their hand on top of his. "Please wait...can I talk to you in private?" Hermione asked politely.

He glared at her as he sat down. "You have 5 minutes...no more no

less."

She walked in, closed the door, sat down across from him, and put up a silencing ward on the door. "I know that's you Harry, because at the court case I saw how your eyes changed from your normal emerald green to what I'm looking at right now. Listen I know that you can't forgive me for spying on you or from accepting your money, but I just wanted to let you know that I've given everything up just to be your friend again like back when we were in first year."

He was still giving her a cold glare. "You are very perceptive, but you betrayed me Granger. How do you think that makes me feel that you turned your back on five years of friendship just to be Head Girl? Or to have a personal library of rare books!"

"Saying I'm sorry isn't going to get you to forgive me. Since I didn't follow the designed plan that Dumbledore setup for everyone, I was thrown out of the Order. I know it will take time for me to gain your trust again, but I'm going to do my damndest to earn it back. Can you answer me one question? How did you do that wandless and soundless magic back in Diagon Alley? I will give my witches oath to you."

"I'm afraid that I will not be able to say on just a mere witch's oath. My secrets are my own with my family." He responded as he grabbed his book.

She went inside of her robes, pulled out a knife, and then slashed her wrists. "I, Hermione Jane Granger, hereby state on this blood oath that I will never betray Harry James Black-Potter's secrets or himself as long as I live."

His frown only intensified at her stupidity. "You really wanted to prove how stupid you are. Evidently, you don't know how a blood oath works now do you? If I don't accept your oath then you bleed to death."

"I'm willing to take the chance Harry." She said with tears falling down her face.

His conscience got the better of him, and he took her knife to slash his own wrists. He connected his own wounds with hers. "I, Lord Black-Potter, hereby accept the blood oath." Both of their wounds healed instantly, but it didn't stop him from being seriously angry. "What you did was extremely stupid! Now when you get to the library read up on what you just did. Your five minutes are just about up."

"Even though I did a stupid thing like you said...would we be able to start over?"

"Perhaps in time, but for right now don't hold your breath. However, I will tell you that I will be making even more enemies when I am resorted." He said as he started reading his book again.

"Why would you be resorted? Is it because of the court case, or do you think that any of the Weasley's will come back at you?" She asked out of concern.

"That's because I no longer belong in Gryffindor. Everyone in that house is too wrapped in their own stupidity because they're in the 'house of light' and can do no wrong. Tell me what was the real reason you went into that house when you really don't belong in it."

"Originally I was supposed to be in Ravenclaw because my thirst for knowledge overrated anything else, but I was shocked to hear about being in Gryffindor. You weren't supposed to be in that house either...your acting more Slytherin..." She commented without realizing that Blaise Zabini was standing in the doorway.

"Nice look Potter...I almost didn't recognize you until I saw Granger in here." She said with a smirk as she sat down across from him.

"I guess I should get going Harry. I'll see you at the feast then." Hermione said as she got up to leave the compartment.

He turned towards Blaise who was smirking at him...which was very unusual for the 'Ice Queen' to be doing. She closed the compartment door with a flick of her wand, and put a silencing spell on the door. "So tell me Potter is there anything that you won't curse Malfoy with? I think he might give you a run for your money for the trips to the hospital wing he'll have to take from your battles."

"As you can tell I'm not in the best of moods at the moment. What do you want Zabini?"

"Well since we didn't have a chance to talk at my house I thought I might indulge you by 'seeking you out on the train.' How were you able to throw off my mother's Veela charm? Even if you mastered Occlumency you should still fall for it." She asked.

He didn't smirk or smile at her. "If I can throw off the Imperious curse then doesn't that answer your question?"

"What's got your knickers in a twist? And if you were talking with Granger then why weren't you happy to see your friend?"

"Why should I be 'happy' after she gave me a blood oath without realizing what it means? No offense but I don't trust you so why don't you go on and talk with your friends." He said as he turned his attention back to his book.

She glared at him. "Listen up Potter! You told me to seek you out on the train and all the sudden you're pushing me away because you're bloody pissed off. I'm not leaving until you tell me why you didn't stay when I asked you to? You do realize that you made my mother very upset because she's actually wanted to meet you for a long time now. Also I can't believe that Granger would sacrifice her freedom to you just to be forgiven."

"Oh lovely...who wouldn't want to meet the 'boy-who-lived'? It's a shame that he died when his Slytherin side took over."

"So basically you're saying that you're a chimera? It would've been proven if the heir of Gryffindor had a Slytherin mind." She blurted out loud, but didn't pay attention to his smirk.

'Too bad you have no idea that I am not the heir of Gryffindor.' He sat there and continued to read. "What if I told you that I should never have been in that house to begin with...I was originally going to be sorted into Slytherin."

"I seriously doubt that. You're too in tune with the light and into being Dumbledore's poster boy."

"Evidently you should've been in Hufflepuff..." He said only to receive a very nasty glare from her. "Because if you would've noticed 'The-Boy-Who-Lived, The Chosen One, and the 'light side poster boy' died when he looked underneath the underneath behind the lies. When we arrive back at Hogwarts there will be changes, and there is nothing that Dumbledore or his band of blind believers can do about it. Now you can stay here and try to get me to wits end or you can leave."

"You wouldn't get rid of me that quickly Potter. If you are going to be resorted then what house do you think you'll go into?" She asked as she went into her own trunk to get a book.

He didn't even look at her when he replied to her question. "Perhaps none of them."

"How could you not be in one of the houses? There are only four of them."

"I'm afraid that you are very wrong on that argument. There are five

houses that made up Hogwarts because two of the children of Merlin and his wife were part of the founders. However, your 'Hogwarts: A History' is incomplete due to the fact that Dumbledork has been tampering with it, because Merlin is the fifth founder of the school. He and his wife only took on students who were capable of learning the 'Gray Arts'." He stated.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow and a small smile on her lips. "You're a real handful Potter...you do know that right?"

"But that's why I enjoy your company so much Blaise." He said with his words dripping with sarcasm.

"Sarcasm is most unbecoming of you, Potter. Besides not to sound like Granger, but you should change into your school uniform. Don't worry I'll enjoy the free peep show."

"Would you do the same for me Miss Zabini?" He smirked at her deep crimson blush on her face, but didn't move. "If I don't what are they going to do? Expel me?"

The rest of the train ride went by pretty quietly...until the students arrived at Hogsmeade. It started to storm as the students got into the carriages. Harry purposely didn't get into one, because he had to let his familiars out of his trunk. He took it out of his pocket, restored it to normal size, and opened up the compartment to see the familiar faces of his bonded animals. "Ok you guys and girl's time for you to get a breather."

Lyan and Eli were carried out...but they were really annoying him by licking his face. "Sorry Master but your face was just so lickable!" "Yeah! What my sister said!"

"You two are going to be the death of me. Do you know that? Ok now you two have a choice...you can run free in the forest or stay with me in my room. Basil and Nagini will be heading to the Chamber of

Secrets."

"We'll stay with you as long as we can have a run every morning with you." Eli spoke.

Harry smiled at his cub and addressed his other companions. "Nagini...Basil go ahead and head out. If you have any problems I'm sure you'll be able to find me in this damned castle."

"We will Master. Don't worry we'll find Slytherin's private room." Basil said as her and Voldemort's former bonded slithered away.

'Well I guess it's time to make myself known in front of those idiots.' He put his two cubs back into his trunk, shrunk it, and walked the remaining way up to the castle.

Meanwhile all the upperclassmen were sitting in the Great Hall waiting for the first years to be sorted. Professor McGonagall was giving her usual speech to the new students, when she noticed someone in a black hooded cloak walk into the castle. "Excuse me but who are you?"

He smirked under his hood. "Evidently I'm here to be resorted 'Minnie', or didn't you hear that from Dumbledore?"

Some of the first years were shocked to hear someone bash the Headmaster like that, but the stern Transfiguration Professor wasn't. "I don't know who you think you are but you will not discriminate against Dumbledore in front of me. Remove your hood right now!"

"I will not Professor McGonagall. If you wish to speak to me please be civil, and we shall do so in private." He said as he walked up to her, and headed not too far from the first years.

"I want all of you to stay here, and not a word until I come back." She said as she walked off to meet the stranger. She put up a privacy

ward around the two of them. "Who are you and how dare you call me by that name!"

"Revealo un Minerva McGonagall!" He changed back into his natural form and smirked when he saw the look of 'shock' coming from his professor. "That is why I called you 'Minnie'. After all it was the nickname that Sirius and my father gave you."

"P...Potter?" She enveloped him into a hug because she was glad to see him. "Oh my goodness! I've been so worried about you not coming back! WHAT DID YOU DO TO YOURSELF! YOU LOOK LIKE A DARK LORD IN THOSE CLOTHES! ARE YOU TRYING TO GIVE THE STUDENTS A HEART ATTACK? ARE YOU TRYING TO GIVE ME A HEART ATTACK?!"

He laughed at her scolding. "Actually that's not what I wanted to do at all. Listen Professor...I don't want to hold you up with the sorting, but I am afraid that I have requested to be re-sorted."

"Are you sure that you have to...leave Gryffindor house?" She asked out of concern.

"I'm afraid so. Your lions are nothing but a bunch of backstabbing, bigoted, and arrogant arseholes. It's unfortunate that all of my actions and brainwashing by your devoted 'leader of light' have caused me to make this decision. Another reason is that I would not be held accountable for defending myself in the common room. Also my so-called friends have become his spies, and your favorite student has forfeited her freedom to me on the train in the form of a blood oath to seek forgiveness."

Her eyes went as wide as saucers. "Are you serious? Is she stupid?"

"It was either I accept the oath or else you would be one student short. But I think we should get going before we make everyone starve. I must also ask that you don't tell this to anyone, or else I will

have to remove this memory from your mind." He disabled the privacy ward around them, walked with his stunned professor to the first years, and shifted back into his 'new' look.

Professor McGonagall couldn't believe that he went from a completely innocent child to this. 'I'm afraid that I have to agree with you on that Potter, but it's not only just Gryffindors that are the problem.'

Dumbledore was getting a little bit apprehensive because his deputy headmistress was taking longer than usual to bring in the first years. His nerves calmed down when he saw her walk in with the 'fresh meat', but he saw someone with a dark hooded robe leaning against the bricks. 'I want to know who this person is, but I cannot get into his mind. I wonder if Severus has been able to get through.'

As the sorting was going on Ron and his other Gryffindors were trying to piece together who this person is. "What is that Death Eater doing here?"

"He's not one of Voldemort's lackeys." Hermione declared without watching everyone flinch at the sound of his name.

"How can you be sure Weasley? Not all of them come straight from Slytherin." Neville said.

"For all we know he could just be scouting for you-know-who!" A few other Gryffindor students blurted out as another student was sorted into their house.

Cho Chang turned around to express her opinion to the foolish idiots. "I suggest you knock off this pointless bickering right this minute! If he was a servant of you-know-who then why would he openly attack Malfoy? Did you ever think about that? Now shut up and pay attention to the sorting or else I will start issuing detentions."

Ron gave the Head girl a nasty glare before shooting off his mouth again. "I don't care what she says! I know for a fact that he's a Death Eating Slytherin in league with Snape!"

His sister didn't think that was the case, but she wasn't going to argue her case because Professor Snape was standing right behind her brother. "I must admit Weasley that you're setting a new record. Even your brothers could not get detention on their first day back. You will serve detention with me tomorrow night and for the rest of the week. If you actually used that particular unused muscle in your head then you would learn the meaning 'silent as the grave'."

Harry couldn't help but laugh at his former best friend's predicament; however his most hated professor walked right up to him, and put a note in his hand. He quickly opened up the note without anyone looking and nodded to the Potions Master. "I don't know who you think you're fooling, but I will find out who you are. It is time this little charade ends. Take off your cloak or else I will." Snape sneered.

Minerva watched her former lion grin, and that wasn't a good sign. "Personally I would like to see you try to attack me. It would take only one curse to have you thrown into Azkaban. Do the smart thing and walk away before someone yanks your 'leash'." He sneered.

Severus glared at this young upstart. "How dare you insolent brat!"

"You are nothing more then a beast that's lost his fangs."

That set Snape off and he went for his wand, however the Headmaster put an end to this squabble. "That is enough. I don't know who you are or the reason why you are antagonizing my staff. Remove your cloak or else the Aurors on patrol will be escorting you off these grounds."

Harry decided that it was time to unmask himself since it was his turn to be sorted. He had to hold in his laughter when he heard Ginny

scream. He walked past the two professors, and took a seat on the stool. Professor McGonagall placed the sorting hat on his head, but this time the hat didn't speak into his mind.

"Would you kindly lower your Occlumency shields for just a moment? There we are...it is good to feel your presence again Lord Black-Potter." The hat said out loud. Mostly all of the Gryffindor's that finally found out his identity...Ron was livid, but he was so thick-headed to notice that Ginny started freaking out.

"It is good to see you too Ambrose." Harry said to the sorting hat.

"So you do know my name, and not even Dumbledore knew that. However we must move onto pressing matters...of your resorting. I once told you that Slytherin would be your way to greatness, but you chose Gryffindor...and I'm sorry to say that you no longer belong in that house. Your cunning and ambitious nature is that of your Slytherin side...you are very brave like a Gryffindor...you are very loyal to your true friends and family like a Hufflepuff, and you are very intelligent with a thirst for knowledge of a Ravenclaw. However, there is one house that has been lost through the ages since there hasn't been a student who has the qualities and gifts of the fifth founder until today. You Lord Black-Potter shall belong to the noble house of MERLIN!"

'Too bad those fools don't realize that is who one of my ancestors are.' He thought as he took off the sorting hat, placed it back on the stool, and it winked at him. He didn't even realize that Merlin's personal crest of a silver dragon clutching a staff and broadsword with the full moon in the background on his chest.

You could hear a pin drop in the Great Hall after everyone heard the house he was sorted into. Dumbledore was beside himself because he tried his best to cover up the fifth house, and now it was blowing up in his face. "Well Harry..."

"Excuse me Headmaster, but since when were we on a first name basis? I believe that I will need a head of house, and since Professors McGonagall, Snape, Sprout, and Flitwick have their own houses to take care of. I suggest that it is someone that is not involved with your manipulating ways." He turned around and started heading out of the Great Hall.

Chapter 10: Truce

Everyone was still completely stunned after hearing the house that was just announced, but Hermione was smiling at her friend. 'I always knew that you were destined for greatness Harry. Even all the books I've read about you were right as well.'

"You will stop right where you are Mr. Potter." Dumbledore commanded as he brought out his wand.

He stopped right next to his former housemates. A devilish smirk came across his face as he turned around to see his Headmaster pointing his wand at him. "Tsk, tsk, Headmaster. Pointing a weapon such as a wand at an unarmed student...my how the mighty have fallen."

"DON'T YOU DARE SPEAK TO HIM LIKE THAT! He is a much more respected person than you will ever be Potter!" Ron shouted at him as he got to his feet.

His ice cold green-blue eyes bored into his former best mate, and silenced him instantly. "Sit down little boy because this conversation does not include you."

"YOU...!" The idiot Gryffindor yelled again trying to use physical force, but Harry avoided his punch. Unfortunately his fist went right into the face of Michael Corner.

"Congratulations Weasley. You continue to show, day in and day out, how much of a fool you truly are."

Ron's anger reached the boiling point, but his sister fired her traditional Bat-bogie hex at him. Harry simply sneered as the hex bounced off of him, and rebounded upon her. She started screaming at the top of her lungs, and ran out of the Great Hall. "YOU'LL PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO MY SISTER!" The young Weasley male

yelled.

"Petrificus Totalis!" The teachers and students saw Hermione standing directly behind her fellow classmate with her wand pointed at him. "If you would have noticed you and your sister attacked him."

Professor McGonagall agreed with her favorite student, but released him. "You and your sister shall be serving detention for one month. If you continue to misbehave you will be removed from the Quidditch team for the rest of your time at Hogwarts. Is that in anyway unclear?"

"No professor." Ron replied with a nasty glare directed at his former friend.

Dumbledore still wasn't done with 'his pawn' yet. "Mr. Potter, you will accompany me to my office."

"I think not 'headmaster' since you have a 'lemon-drop' infestation. However, it would be a good course for a professor to become my head of house, after all time is of the essence."

Most of the other professors didn't like how Harry was talking to their boss and leader. The 150 year old wizard was about to tell his former pawn that Professor Vector would be his head of house. However, Professor Sinistra walked up to her colleagues to address them. "Mr. Black-Potter, I will become your head of house."

The staff looked at her, and Albus was seething. "Alright you will take that position."

"Let's find you a comfortable sleeping area." She put her hand on Harry's shoulder, and directed him out of the Great Hall.

"I want to see both of you in my office once you're 'settled in'." Albus said in anger as he walked back up to the head table.

Harry and Professor Sinistra walked down to the kitchens. She asked the house elves to bring them dinner, and sat down in front of her student. "Mr. Black-Potter, I must level with you. As you know Albus did not want me to do this, but there is no doubt that whatever room you will be staying in will be bugged with listening charms. I was originally a Slytherin student, and quite frankly I am very glad to see that you had the courage to take him down."

He didn't say a word to her because he could tell there were listening charms all over the castle. He looked at her with a smirk. "How do I know I can trust you?"

"What do you mean? Right now I am the only person you can trust."

"Oh really? Then if I can trust you then why don't you disable the listening charms in this room." He said as he took another bite of his chicken.

His head of house took out her wand and scanned the room to find six listening charms around them. "How did you know this?" She asked as she disabled them.

"I am not at liberty to reveal my secrets, but answer my question. How would you know how to scan for them when you are just a simple Astronomy professor?"

A smirk came across her face. "I graduated with your parents Mr. Black Potter. I worked for the Ministry of Magic as a hit-witch until one of my assignments went completely wrong. You see I was to hunt down Regulus Black, but I was nearly killed when five Death Eaters found me and my team. I was lucky when the last of my team rescued me, and brought me to your mother at St. Mungo's. She healed me and told me to get out of my dangerous life of being a hit-witch. So she came up with the name that I'm using right now. My real name is Carmen Vazquez, and I left everything behind just to

teach kids about the long and boring subject of Astronomy."

"I see. Do you expect me to reveal one of my secrets since you revealed yours?" He used the focal point of his staff to disable the listening charms, "Now that we're not being spied on...you can call me Harry. One of my secrets is that my Godfather, Sirius Black, was framed by Peter Pettigrew the night of my parent's murder. That vindictive slime was finally murdered by Voldemort when he failed him for the last time. I know your asking yourself 'how do I know this?' I have a curse scar connection with that bastard since he tried to kill me as a baby."

She was in shock after she heard about Sirius. "You...you mean he was sent to that hell hole for twelve years without a trial!? Why didn't Dumbledore do something to get my fiancée out of there?"

"Because he thought that it would be better to use me as his useless pawn that would go crawling back to him on all fours with my tail between my legs. He never told me you were his fiancée."

Her anger started to get the better of her as she stabbed her piece of chicken with her fork. "Never would I have thought that old man would do something like this...Now I'm glad I refused his invitation to his 'Order of the Phoenix'. I am on your side Mr. Black-Potter..."

"Harry." He interrupted her.

"Excuse me?"

"You can call me by my first name. Calling me by my titles makes me sound like that vindictive old man thinking I'm important." He said with a grin.

"Thank you...Harry. Before I was interrupted I was saying that I am on your side, and I'm not going to let anyone know about our conversation. He proposed to me the day before your father named

him his best man. You see we actually met in Auror training...Aurors and Hit-Witches and Wizards train in the same programs at the Auror Academy. But it's all just a happy memory now." She blinked back a couple tears, took out her wand, and re-enabled the listening charms. "I know the spot where you will be staying. Blinky..."

A female house elf ran straight up to the Astronomy professor. "You called Blinky?"

"Yes I did...would you be kind enough to clean up the room on the fourth floor behind the portrait of the winged demon sitting on a hilltop." Professor Sinistra asked the young house elf.

"Blinky will do it." She bowed before them and disappeared with a snap of her fingers.

He looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Any particular reason you asked for that room?"

"Well for starters it's near my office, and also I wouldn't want you too close to Gryffindor tower. I imagine that most of your old housemates wouldn't hesitate to curse you for leaving them. After all that Weasley moron should be thrown out of this school, because he didn't do too well on his O.W.L.'s. From what I've heard from Minerva he's been trying to pay more attention to Granger's breasts than his studies."

Anger surfaced on his face once again after hearing about how low Ron truly was. "Yes...what a shame. When I get into my room, will I have to let the prefects and the Head boy and girl know my password? Or do I only have to let you know?"

"For now only I'll know what it is. When Blinky comes back we'll head up there. I'm going to request that you be retested for your O.W.L. exams. For some reason I believe that you are much smarter than the rest of the staff led us to believe."

Blinky came back with a few of her fellow elves, and bowed before them. "Blinky is finished with the room. Is there anything else Mistress Sinistra for Blinky to do?"

"No there isn't, but thank you for helping. As soon as you're done Harry we'll go up there."

Seamus and his fellow Gryffindors were in their common room and wondering what just happened in the Great Hall. "Why would Potter leave us? Why did you attack him Ron?"

Hermione put her book about magical families down. "He attacked him because he is upset that he didn't get what he wanted. Harry left Gryffindor...because we as a house betrayed him in some fashion. Some more than others and I'm not going to deny that I did as well."

"How did we betray him? I remember always supporting him even when others turned their backs on him." Neville informed them.

"I don't get it...how did all of us betray him?" Dean scratched his head.

"If you think about it this house is built on nothing more than backstabbing, prejudice, and racism. How many of us thought that he put his name in the Goblet of Fire? How about how many of us didn't believe him that Voldemort was back? How many of you believed the Daily Prophet when it told nothing more than lies about him? What about the time when the Chamber of Secrets was opened...how many of you turned your back on him thinking that he was the 'heir of Slytherin'?" She asked all of the students present in the common room.

Most of them hung their heads out of shame. "What did you do to betray him Hermione?" Lavender spoke up.

"I spied on him for Professor Dumbledore along with that spineless

coward and his sister." She hung her head in shame. "He promised me that I would get my own library of rare tomes and books, along with being Head Girl...I didn't know that he would give me a vault filled with money he stole out of Harry's family vault."

"So you mean to tell us that you did this to him...and the Weasley's too?" Colin asked with anger in his words.

"Yes...and I've regretted it ever since I started informing the headmaster about Harry." She hung her head again in shame.

Neville looked upset because most of the younger students didn't know about what the Weasley's did to his friend. "Your betrayal wasn't as bad as what Ron and Ginny's was. At least you didn't act poor and pretend to be his friend while making a good living off of his family's money. It's getting late you lot...we can talk about this tomorrow. I want to talk to you in private Granger."

Most of the students headed up to their dormitories, but there were a few that stayed in the common room. The two prefects walked over to the corner for some privacy. "What did you want to talk to me about?" She asked.

"I know that you talked to him on the train...he didn't forgive you that easily did he?"

"No he didn't...instead I gave him a blood oath that I would never betray him ever again and never to reveal his secrets." She raised her head to look at his shocked face.

"Are you stupid Hermione? Do you have any idea what a blood oath signifies?" He nearly shouted at her.

She shook her head. "He told me that a simple witch's oath wouldn't suffice."

"Merlin Granger...you're lucky that my gran told me about blood oaths. By giving one to another witch or wizard...you just signed your freedom away to Harry. Legally you've just become his servant, and if you betray your oath you bleed to death."

"I would've bled to death if he didn't accept it. But I'm curious to ask...is it possible to be forgiven even if you gave a blood oath?" She tied her hair up in a ponytail to ease her emotions.

"I've never heard of anything like that, but it could be possible that he could forgive you thus ending the blood oath. Listen...you should be very lucky that all of us didn't turn on you; however the other two won't be so fortunate. I bet by breakfast tomorrow they will be wishing that they transferred to a different school. Now I'm going to go to bed."

"Neville, I don't mean any offense but when did you become so confident?" She asked with a small smile.

He smirked at her. "I can thank Harry for giving me that confidence boost. After all I never thought I would be fighting along side him against V-V-Voldemort. Besides it's not everyday that you realize that Harry was as good as my brother before Dumbledore screwed it up, and my gran broke all the blocks on my magic that he put on me as an infant. Good night Hermione."

"Good night." She sat down in her favorite chair, but she couldn't help but feel empty inside because Harry wasn't there. 'It's just not fair...why did I do something so stupid just for him to forgive me? Maybe what Sirius said in his will was true...I really don't know anything about this world...and now I am legally my best friend's servant...what have I gotten myself into.'

Meanwhile Harry walked with his head of house up to his new dormitory. He couldn't help but frown as he saw the guardian portrait of the winged demon on top of a hilltop. "Are you the new owner of

this common room?"

Professor Sinistra smiled at her student's frown. "Yes he is. Go ahead and place your hand on the border of the portrait. When you feel a little pull on your magic go ahead and say your password in your mind, then write it on parchment so I know what it is."

He did exactly as she said. The demon's eyes turned to the same color of Harry's. "Name your password human."

"Judgment" He said in parseltongue.

"Very well...password has been changed...you may enter." The demon said as he swung open.

The common room looked like a mix of all the common rooms combined with the over all color being gray, white, and black. "I like it. Now Professor I am going to let you know that I will be leaving this place at 5 am for my morning exercises, and on certain days I will be in the Chamber of Secrets training myself in my magic. Is that acceptable?"

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "It sounds perfectly acceptable, but I will be escorting you to your morning exercises. I wanted to ask if you could train me how to use a sword?"

"I could teach you...but we would need a place to train away from certain eyes, and I don't have a spare sword on me." He said as he took his trunks out of his pocket, and let his wolf cubs come back out.

"Harry, you keep wolf cubs with you?"

"Yes Professor I do, and they're names are Lyan and Eli. But I believe I'm going to have to call it a night."

"Good night and I'll see you in the morning." She said before walking

out of the common room.

"Master, how come you had that lady with you?" "Yeah are we going out for a run?"

"That lady is my head of house in this school, and yes we're going out tonight. I just hope we can leave this castle without setting off any alarms. Alright let's go." He transformed into his albino shadow wolf form and disappeared into the shadows with his pups.

Professor Dumbledore was seething at how Harry beat him again. He decided to call a staff meeting to find out some clues on where he's been, and whom he's been living with. The other Professors came in to see their boss sucking on one of his disgusting lemon drops. "Ahh hello my fellow colleagues...would any of you care for a piece of candy?"

"Albus, please stop eating those disgusting things. None of us like them...now what are we to discuss?" Minerva scolded him.

"Always straight to the point as always Minerva...I know all of you have your lessons to plan, but I was wondering if you found any information regarding Harry Potter. Is it me or does he not seem himself?"

Snape scoffed because he knew what the old man was doing. "Had you opened your eyes you would've seen that he isn't a Gryffindor anymore. How is it that we never knew of the fifth house? Nor the fact that Merlin was the fifth founder of this school?"

"In all my years of being headmaster at this school...I have never heard of this house." He summoned the sorting hat to him, and placed the hat on his head. "How is it that the fifth house was never mentioned? Why was Mr. Potter sorted into that house?"

"There never was a single student who possessed the qualities of

Merlin's house. The fifth founder was very picky about whom he taught as his apprentice not as a student. Mr. Black-Potter was the perfect candidate for his house, but I still stand by my original decision for him to be in Slytherin." The hat informed him.

"Personally Headmaster, I saw no fault in his behavior. He was surprisingly calm when he addressed the situation with Mr. and Miss Weasley. However, I believe detention is not the way I would've punished them." Professor Flitwick piped up.

"I agree with my colleague. I think that certain privileges should be revoked to prove a point." Professor Sprout commented.

"His prefect privileges have been revoked..."

Minerva glared at her boss. "No Albus...this has gone on for far too long. Both Weasley's shall be placed on a Quidditch ban for the rest of this year for their actions. No more will I just sit around and allow them free access to whatever you had planned. It is time they realize the punishment for their actions, and Mr. Weasley was about to be kicked off the team for his dismal OWL grades."

Dumbledore sighed heavily before turning his attention to Professor Sinistra. "Where is your student's common room?"

"It is located on the fourth floor behind the portrait of a winged demon sitting on a hilltop."

The headmaster's twinkle came back full force. "What is Mr. Potter's password? I have to have a conversation with him about his actions in the Great Hall."

"I'm afraid that I couldn't even tell you much less understand what words he used in parseltongue." Sinistra informed him.

Snape had to admit that his enemy's son did have a Slytherin side. "If

I maybe excused I have a very important potion that I must get to Madame Pomfrey."

"Very well this will conclude our staff meeting for now. However, I must ask that all of you report to me about how he is in his classes."

"Oh Headmaster I would hold off giving Harry his schedule tomorrow. I will be requesting that he be re-tested for his OWL's. Before you start telling me that it cannot happen...it can. You know that it is the student's right to be retested if they are resorted. Therefore I will be taking my student to the Ministry of Magic tomorrow morning. Good night." She couldn't help but smirk because she got her boss on that one.

Dumbledore fumed as the teachers walked out of his office. 'Where is Fawkes when I need him?'

Harry and his wolf cubs returned to their common room to get some sleep. "Did you two have fun out there tonight?"

"THAT PLACE WAS SOO COOL! CAN WE DO THAT EVERYNIGHT? PLEASE?" Both of them said in unison.

"I don't see why not, but I don't want you two to stay up here all day like common dogs. While I'm in those stupid classes you two can run around in the forest, but if there's any sign of danger come back here ok?"

"OK!" They replied before lying down on the floor.

He turned back into his albino shadow wolf form, and looked at them. "Please be careful and don't run into any other wolf packs. I'm sure that they would kill you on sight without me there."

"Don't worry Master we won't do anything stupid."

"Alright I'm going to go to bed so if you want to explore just be careful, and I'll see you in the morning." He transformed back into his normal self and scratched them behind the ears before changing and going to sleep.

It was nearing 5:30 am when Harry woke up to begin his exercises. He went inside his trunk, put on his sweats, and snuck out of his common room. He didn't get any further then the staircase when he felt another presence behind him. "I suppose you want to have a conversation with me Professor?"

"Yes I do Potter, now it would be prudent for us to go into your common room." Snape commented.

He looked at the Potions Master with a calm but deadly anger. "I'm afraid that is not possible unless you want to me mauled by my familiars. However, we only have a half hour until I leave with my head of house for the Ministry of Magic."

"Very well Potter." Severus said as he turned around and started walking with his traditional robes billowing behind him.

The two of them were very silent until they walked into the potions lab. The Potions Master withdrew his wand and placed privacy and locking spells around the room. "What is it that you wish to discuss with me, sir?"

"You read my note and I must say that your acting skills were very good. I'm not going to beat around the bush anymore Potter. I never had a grudge against you, but I was forced to 'hate' you by the headmaster to keep his little weapon angry against Slytherins." He informed him.

"Sorry to interrupt you sir, but who said I was acting. You may say that you don't hate me, but that still doesn't mean that I don't hate you for raping my mind during our Occlumency lessons."

Snape sighed heavily at his words. "This was the entire plan that Dumbledore cooked up to keep you 'compliant' in his grand scheme. You don't understand how far he is willing to sacrifice you as his martyr. If you still hate me then I cannot change your mind, but I am asking for a truce. I see more of your mother Lily in you than your father, and that is why I don't hate you. You also have other people in the Order that are on your side. Moody, Minerva, Shackbolt, and I are willing to help you in your training."

Harry chuckled when he heard that. "As much as I appreciate the training you're willing to offer, I must decline. I've been training ever since I left your precious Order meeting that fateful night with my mentors. Have you noticed that Remus and Tonks haven't been at your meetings of the fried chicken?"

"Bellatrix has been training you as well hasn't she?" He asked.

"Sorry sir but I am not at liberty to say."

He couldn't help but smirk at his words. "I understand now. Since you've become the head of the Black family you made her your charge after dissolving her forced marriage. I have a favor to ask of you...would you be willing to take Narcissa as your charge as well?"

"Now why would I want to do that when I disowned her and her bastard child to begin with?"

"Harry, please reconsider this. If you don't then she will be sold into prostitution to get galleons for the Dark Lord. Do you not know that my godson Draco cares for his mother more dearly than his Father?" Snape pleaded with him.

"I will think about it, but don't hold your breath."

"I understand, however can you tell me why you look so...Slytherin?"

He asked with a raised eyebrow.

Harry sneered at the Potions Master. "I did nothing more then take the appearance of my ancestors. Now how do I know that you won't be saying anything to the Headmaster?"

"I am a master of Occlumency. Not even he can break through my barriers, but I want to test you to see if you've improved. Legilimens!" He made his way to Potter's barrier, and saw something that really scared him. He saw nothing but a huge inferno of red and black flames everywhere. He didn't even notice that a huge silver dragon was glaring at him from above.

"Be careful Professor...there are many more traps then what you're witnessing. However, I think your time is up...GET OUT!"

Snape blinked several times to regain his mental balance. "How...how did you learn Occlumency like this?"

"As you said sir, I practiced everyday the right way through meditation, and read the books that were in my library. Now was there anything else that you wished to discuss with me?"

"I'm still grasping the concept of how you've progressed this far in less then four months. Now I know why the Dark Lord is obsessed with trying to kill you." He got up and poured himself a small glass of aged bourbon.

"Why is that Professor? Because I live to piss him off or the fact that I've foiled every attempt to kill me which has failed? Maybe it's the effect that every time I can see everything inside his head during one of your little meetings. Only now I can successfully close the link on my end, but I can still spy on him. It is only a matter of time before I end that pitiful bastard. My time is up. Good day to you Professor Snape." Harry said getting up from his seat.

Severus got up from his own chair, and held his hand out for him to shake. "I look forward to seeing you in class, Mr. Black-Potter. Also it's Severus in private."

He shook his hand and smiled. "Thank you and you may call me Harry. I look forward to your lessons. However, before I leave might I ask what charm you used to make your robes billow behind you when you walk?"

For the first time the Slytherin head of house grinned. "How did I imagine that you of all people would ask me that? It's just a combination of a little levitation spell, and me walking. I trust that you will not tell my secret?"

"Locked away in my mind, and I'll see you in class."

Professor Sinistra met up with Harry at the Castle Doors. "Are you ready to go?"

"But of course Carmen. How will we be traveling?"

She gave him a small smile. "Only use that name in private Harry. We'll walk outside the Hogwarts gates and we'll apparate together."

"No I have a better way that won't make me feel sick." He grabbed her arm and both of them disappeared into the shadows...

Chapter 11: Back to Classes...

Professor Sinistra and Harry arrived just outside of the testing room. He had to hold his head of house up until the grogginess went away. "Wow...that's certainly a new way of traveling."

"Yes, but quite handy when you want to get somewhere fast that bypasses all wards. Give yourself a few minutes to calm your nerves. So who am I re-testing with?"

The office door behind him opened and a woman in her mid 40's addressed him. "Carmen, are you going to be sick?"

She looked at her old friend with a smile. "It's nice to see you too Kathy. Harry this is Kathy Ward my friend and my Slytherin classmate. We're here to have him re-tested for his O.W.L.'s."

Mrs. Ward shook his hand and ushered both of them into her office. "Alright Mr. Black-Potter...I've reviewed your previous scores, and I don't think you need to retake the Defense against the Dark Arts exam. After all you did have the highest score out of all who were tested. Now this will probably take the next few hours so follow me so we can begin."

"I'll wait for you here Harry." Professor Sinistra told him as her friend and her student walked into another office.

Tonks was in her office looking at her watch and groaned when it was 7:00 am. Trying to stay awake she walked over to the coffee pot and poured herself a cup. She took a sip and nearly spit it out. "Kingsley, did you make this coffee?"

"Yeah, and do you have a problem with my coffee?" Auror Shacklebolt asked.

"How many times have I told you that your coffee sucks? You make it

too weak!"

He stood up from his cubicle to glare at her. "If you don't like it then go to that coffee house in muggle London!"

"Maybe you should learn to make a good pot of coffee." She shot back at him.

A grin formed on his face before he replied. "Are you a witch or not? Just conjure the damn thing."

She dumped her cup out and threw it at him. "Maybe I would if the muggles didn't make such good coffee then I wouldn't have to conjure up some."

He started chuckling at her excuse. "So Tonks, how come you and Remus didn't come to the last Order meeting? Or has Harry forbidden you to come to them?"

"Excuse me? He may be the head of my family, but he trusts me because I've never turned my back on him...not once. I don't go to Order meetings anymore because I refuse to be manipulated by that old man. He took my favorite cousin away from me, forced me into suicide missions against Death Eaters, and tried to make me stay away from him. Dumbledore will understand why the Black family was to be feared." She stated not even knowing who just walked through the Auror office doors.

"You got that right 'Dora'."

Kingsley and the other Aurors turned around to see a different Harry Potter being tackled by one of their own. "What are you doing here kiddo? You're supposed to be in Hogwarts and you're already breaking major rules even on the first day by ditching. Sirius would be so proud of you." Tonks wiped a fake tear from her face, and got off of him.

Professor Sinistra smiled down at her former student. "Actually Auror Tonks, I am the reason why he is here. He just re-took his O.W.L. exams since it would be a waste of his time to be in classes that he really doesn't need to be in. I must say that he did extremely well, and he might have surpassed Ms. Granger in overall scores. I know that he didn't study Ancient Runes or Arithmancy...who trained him in it? I know it wasn't you since you were only in Runes class."

She grinned at her former professor. "Actually it was Remus Lupin, my mother, Belle Van Tassel, and I who helped him in those areas."

"So have you missed me that much that you had to give me a concussion?" Harry laughed as he rubbed the lump on the back of his head.

"Even you know the answer to that kiddo. So how did you do?" She asked as she ruffled his hair.

He growled at her, but Sinistra spoke for him. "His old scores were 9 OWLS, but his score now is 16 since he received O+ scores for his 6 main subjects. He also received three magnificent OWLS in DADA, Charms, and Transfiguration."

Needless to say Tonks's jaw dropped after hearing that. "Congrats little brother...wow...I think you just set a new record. I think Remus and Belle will be glad to hear about this...after all we did tutor you."

"Yes you did, and I will send notes to all my tutors. So Auror Shacklebolt, is it alright if I steal her away for some breakfast?" He asked.

Kingsley walked up to him to address the young prodigy. "Of course I don't mind...but can I talk to you in private?"

"Yes I already know about you four from the potion source. Also I

appreciate and accept your help in this situation. However, it would be prudent for you to resume your role as before. After all I wouldn't want you to get in trouble."

His words struck deep into the mind of the tall Black Auror. "I understand Mr. Black-Potter, but please don't bring her back in any other different colors then she can already turn herself into. Have fun."

Tonks growled at her superior, and disappeared into the shadows with Harry and Professor Sinistra. "GET ME OFF OF THIS RIDE! I'M GOING TO BE SICK!" Dora and Sinistra yelled in unison.

He smiled as they arrived behind the three broomsticks. "Come on it's not that bad. It's nothing more then a different way of apparition."

"Yeah...you just keep telling yourself that bro."

The three of them walked inside the pub, and sat down at a table. Madame Rosmerta saw her new customers and smiled at Harry. "Well hello there Mr. Black-Potter. I knew I recognized you from when you were in here before with your cubs. So what can I get you folks?"

"How about we just have three of your breakfast meals with a round of coffee?"

"I'll get right on that order for you. Thorne can you bring three breakfast plates and a pot of coffee." Rosie said to the house elf. He bowed before his master and disappeared with a pop. "He's one of my trade secrets since I don't get many customers this early in the morning. So how have you three been?"

Dora smiled at her favorite bar maid. "I've been ok...just everyday working at the ministry, and checking up on him."

"Just been pissing off the manipulative bastard at every chance I get

by not being his little weapon against Riddle. You should've seen his face when I was resorted into Merlin's house. Although I do feel bad that I left McGonagall's house, but I refused to stay where those spies reside. I never would've realized that Granger would be so stupid...she sacrificed her freedom to ask to be forgiven."

The bar maid and the Professor were completely shocked to hear that, but Tonks wasn't. "It figures that Sirius's words didn't sink into her head. He said that she didn't know jack about the Wizarding world or its customs, and she gave you a blood oath didn't she? Well the only way that it can be cancelled out is for you to forgive her...if not she has to be your servant until you do."

The house elf came back with their order, and presented it to each of them. He poured everyone a cup of coffee to their liking. "Thank you Thome." Rosie said to him, and he disappeared with a small pop.

"It's a shame that it won't happen anytime soon. She made her bed, and now she has to sleep in it. If she wants me to forgive her then she will have to work for it. Don't give me that face...I'm not going to make her do sexual acts..." He said.

Dora smirked at him, and patted his shoulder. "I'm not your mother...but please don't bring her home with you bearing the news that she's pregnant."

Harry swallowed his coffee hard and started choking. Tonks couldn't help but start laughing as she started slapping his back. "You are one sick and demented individual Nymphet. Do I have to inform your mother about this conversation?"

She glared at him, and smacked him upside his head. "I warned you about saying my name kid!"

"You don't scare me 'Dora...after all I could kick you out of the family..."

She grabbed him by his collar and forced him to look at her. "DON'T YOU EVEN THINK ABOUT JOKING LIKE THAT!"

The two older women broke into silent giggles when they saw the Auror's uniform start changing with the color of her hair. He padded his 'big sister's' shoulder and smiled. "You know I wouldn't do that to you."

"If you want to continue using your normal way of urination then you better not." She threatened.

"Even if you did that 'Nymphie' I would just have to curse you with 'It's a small world' playing as you walk."

Her eyes went wide with shock, and a piece of egg fell out of her mouth. "You wouldn't!"

"Now I maybe sarcastic, dark humored and sometimes downright mean...but I'm not that cruel. I might do it to a few people, but not to you...unless you really piss me off." He smirked at her.

Professor Sinistra and Rosie couldn't help but go into uncontrolled laughter. "I'm sorry Harry, but I don't think that anyone would want that to happen to anyone. Maybe Sirius or your father would have they didn't feel guilt about doing it either..."

He shook his head. "You see Professor that is where people come up with the idea that I am weak and always following the simple misconceptions that I'm like my father and godfather."

"I didn't mean it like that. Actually I see more of your mother inside of you then anything." Sinistra blurted out.

Tonks smiled and ruffled his hair. "Well I gotta get going or else Kingsley will force me to file paperwork for him as punishment."

Thanks for breakfast kiddo, and don't forget about your big sister!"

He got out of his chair and gave her a hug before she apparated away. "Merlin, she's going to be the death of me."

"We better get back to Hogwarts before anyone notices that we were gone Harry." His head of house informed him.

"Right...well Rosie it was wonderful having breakfast with you." He put a few extra galleons into her hand. "Don't worry the secret is safe with me...oh and on some disturbing facts...you know Ron Weasley fancies you. I think when I saw into his mind he imagined you wearing a skimpy black lace nightgown holding two bottles of firewhiskey..."

The bar maid felt the bile in her stomach reach the back of her throat and quickly pushed it back down. "Why thank you Harry for that...information. But don't worry I'll make sure that doesn't happen. Now drop by anytime for a butterbeer on the house."

"I think I'll take you up on that offer. But I prefer purple silk, and Dragon's breath whiskey." He said with a smile before he walked back into the shadows with his Professor back to Hogwarts.

She couldn't help but laugh at his comment. "Now you are acting like your father and godfather, Harry."

Dumbledore and the rest of the staff were having a meeting when Professor Sinistra walked in. "Sorry I'm late. I just got back from the Ministry of Magic with my student. Could you tell me what Granger's score was?"

Minerva looked at the official transcripts in shock. "Hermione had 14 O.W.L.'s, but she never received magnificent owls...this is utterly mind blowing that he received 16."

Snape was very proud of him even though his emotionless mask didn't show it. 'Now I expect nothing but perfection from you Potter.'

Tiny Professor Flitwick smiled at the scores. "I always knew that he would be very good at Charms like his mother. After all she had a magnificent owl in my class, and if I'm not mistaken James received a magnificent owl in Transfiguration."

Professor Vector didn't know what to believe. "I cannot believe that even he who didn't take my class would receive an 'exceeds expectations?' I wonder who trained him on it."

"I believe Remus Lupin or Miss Tonks did." The headmaster thought out loud.

"If that is true then I believe that Auror Tonks helped him in Ancient Runes, because she was my top student."

"Yes...it makes sense because his records said that he was the top student in Arithmancy." Vector said with a smile.

"Regardless I'm going to put him into his main five core subjects along with Arithmancy, Ancient Runes, Dueling, Swordsmanship, Care of Magical Creatures, and maybe basic healing." Sinistra informed them.

"Eleven courses? I'm afraid that we no longer have a course for swordsmanship anymore much less have anyone to teach it." Albus commented.

Severus sneered. "If Potter wants to learn how to wield a sword then I will personally instruct him to see if he has the will to keep up. Also I would advise not to make this a public subject."

"Why is that my boy?" Dumbledore asked.

"Headmaster, is it such a problem to ask not to make this public knowledge? It is one thing not to trust Potter as far as I can throw him. However, I would prefer not to have an entire class spending time in the hospital wing for loss of limbs from a sharp object."

A few of the other Professors snickered, but their boss wasn't convinced. "I'm sorry my boy, but I cannot do that unless Mr. Black-Potter is willing to become your apprentice. Until then it will be a weekend elective course. Is there any other business to discuss? Very well then let us go down to breakfast."

Inside the Great Hall, the students started piling in. However, for Hermione she was looking for her friend so she could talk to him. Unfortunately she didn't see him anywhere as the teachers arrived behind the head table. Before the students got to eat the heads of the four houses handed out the schedules.

The resident Gryffindor know-it-all was delighted to see her 10 course schedule in her hand. "What are you so happy about?" Ron spat out at her.

Before she could answer Harry walked in with a frown on his face. She overheard a few giggling girls around her saying: 'he is so cute. I want him as my boyfriend. I wonder how he is when he's alone with someone.'

Even Cho looked at him with pure lust in her eyes. 'Oh my gosh...he is looking really good. Why did I give up on him? He and I would've been so good together...'

He walked up to his head of house and gave her a slight smile. "Good morning Professor. Do you have my schedule ready?"

"Yes Harry, here it is. Just so you know your swordsmanship is only going to be held on Saturday mornings as an elective." She handed her his schedule, and he looked at it. He gave Professor Snape a

nod and proceeded to walk out of the Great Hall.

"Mr. Black-Potter! Your sword is not permitted outside of your common room." Dumbledore spoke harshly.

Harry turned around and looked at his headmaster with cold eyes. "It is not against the original rules of the Founders of the school under Article 5 section 32 paragraph 1a. 'Any student of this school can bear a sword or any other defensive weapons as long as they are safely secured.' My weapon is inside the sheathe so you have no ground to stand on. Good day."

Daphne Greengrass caught him before he walked out. "I have something of yours in my common room. My father is still very happy about the Basilisk skin you gave him."

"I am glad to hear that he had enough. Do you mind if we get my order now?"

"Sure, but let me get some toast first." She said before he stopped her.

"It will be taken care of when we come out of your common room. The kitchens are not that far away." The female Slytherin and the former Gryffindor headed out of the Great Hall together.

Sheer jealousy was burning in Hermione's eyes, but she realized that she had no control over her former friend. But that wasn't the case with his other former friends. Most of the Gryffindors didn't agree with him simply making friends with the Slytherins. The only person from that house that didn't complain was Neville. "So what if he's making friends with other students! I don't see a problem with it because he's not in our house. If all of you opened your eyes he's a dragon not a lion! He's gotten over the blind prejudices that we all share, and moved on."

"It doesn't matter! Nobody makes friends with those Snakes! Besides he attacked my sister!" Ron nearly shouted with bits of food flying out of his mouth.

"So is that our problem? Is it our fault that you and your sister were more concerned about money then friendship?" Colin shouted back at him.

"That wasn't the original intent Creevy! I was suppost to marry him!" Ginny countered.

Malfoy decided to come over to put in his two cents with his two cronies. "Sad to say Weasel you had no chance with Potter. I think your loudmouth mother would have him drinking heavily in no time. Besides he would be better off with someone from my house. We actually take care of our own instead of trying to bleed them dry."

Ron's face turned as red as his hair. "Get out of here Malfoy!"

"Oh and what is the big and powerful thief going to do to me? Steal my last knut from my pocket?" He sneered at him before walking away with his bodyguards.

Hermione sighed heavily and started poking at her food. 'I hope I'm in some classes with Harry so we can at least talk...but I don't see why I'm trying since I'm bonded to him now.'

Meanwhile Blaise had just woken up from a good night sleep when Daphne came barreling into the girls dormitory. "Take it easy Daphne. What's the hurry?" She said as she opened the door not knowing that Harry got a good glance at her in her pajamas.

"I would take it easy if I didn't bring Harry down here to get his order."

"Why is he in our common room?" She asked her fellow Slytherin.

"Because I made a purchase in Druid's nightmare for Basilisk skin battle robes. I must say Zabini that you are definitely not a morning person...after all look at that bed hair." He said like a true Slytherin, and scaring the daylights out of her.

Daphne started laughing when Blaise gave her a nasty glare before turning her attention back onto Harry. "So you think that you look any better in the morning?"

"I'll be honest when I say that I'm not a morning person. I don't think I could fit into your pajamas besides they're not in my color."

She walked right up to him and came so close to slapping him. "Leave Potter you're pissing me off."

"Oh it seems that it's someone's time of the month. No wonder you're cranky." Daphne came back out with his battle robes and burst into giggles at the look of horror on her friends face.

"Thank you Miss Greengrass and I shall see you two in potions." He smiled at the both of them and walked out of the Slytherin common room.

'Damn you Potter!' Blaise stormed into the 6th year dorms to get ready for classes.

"At least you weren't moaning his name..." Her friend remarked before bursting into uncontrolled giggles, before 6 pillows smacked her in the face.

Snape had to put on his emotionless mask when he noticed he had his first NEWT level class with the 6th years. "What are all of you waiting for get inside before I start docking points!"

The 6th years who made it into his class quietly walked in and sat down wherever they saw fit. Hermione made sure there was an open

seat next to her for Harry, and unfortunately for him it was the last one. "Good morning my lord."

He looked over at her with his cold blue-green eyes with catlike slits at her happy face. "What's good about it? I trust that you know what a blood oath means now."

"Yes I know what it means, but I meant everything I told you on the train. I want to be your friend again without any strings attached, and I will do anything to gain your trust back." She whispered to him as Snape drawled on.

"BLACK-POTTER! GRANGER! DID YOU HEAR A WORD I JUST SAID?"

"I apologize Professor, but it seems that I paid more attention to this Gryffindor than to you." Harry said with true honesty. The rest of the class gasped and looked between him and Severus like an explosion was going to happen.

The Potions Master smirked internally but kept his emotionless mask up. "Five points from Merlin for your cheek! Now move from Granger and sit next to Zabini, and Bones sit next to Granger. For the rest of you split up, because this is your partner for the rest of the year. The potion that you will brew is called 'The Anacrede eclipse'. This is a powerful flesh restorative for those who have lost a limb, and wish to grow it back. The potion was recently created by Potions Master Tsume Shinokowa of Japan. According to his notes it will have to be brewed over the course of two months. The directions are on the board and I suggest that you write them down. Failure to brew this potion properly will result in your expulsion from my class! Get to work!"

"Listen up Potter...you write down the directions and I will prepare the ingredients. Do not screw this up or else I will kill you myself!" Blaise glared at him.

Before she walked off he grabbed her hand. "I wouldn't worry about me screwing this potion up. Instead make sure you don't foul things up when you begin the preparations." He said with a slight sneer.

She tried to say something back at him, but she couldn't help but have some fear while looking in his eyes. She smirked when she saw him holding her hand. "Are you going to kiss my hand since your still holding it?"

He continued to sneer at her, and too her embarrassment he did kiss her hand. "If there is anything else you need kissed just let me know, but you better get on those ingredients."

Hermione's jaw dropped when she heard him say that. 'What the hell has gotten into him? He's never flirted like that before!'

Even Malfoy dropped his knife at his archenemies words. 'HOW DARE YOU SPEAK TO ONE OF MY SLYTHERINS LIKE THAT? NO WAY WILL SHE EVER BE WITH HIM!'

Over the course of the double period Blaise was amazed about how easy it was to work with her partner. She was totally expecting him to be against her since she wore the crest of the Serpent house, nor was she expecting to be able to use his first name. "What's the next step, Harry?"

"Add in the pedals of the lunar flower, and stir clockwise three times. The potion should turn to butter yellow...after that stir counterclockwise and turn down the heat to allow the potion to simmer for 5 minutes."

"Can I ask you a question? Why are you acting like this to me?" She asked barely above a whisper.

He simply smirked at her as he began preparing the next set of

ingredients. "If this is too much for you to handle then I guess I could return to being the stupid Gryffindor once again, but that would just ruin the whole clothes setup I bought...stir these in a figure 8 slowly for a few minutes until the powdered elk horn is poured in."

"You do know that I will get revenge on you for embarrassing me." She glared at him.

"You can go as far as you like but I would have to give you my honest opinion...you would look better in soft blue or purple for your sleep ware." Blaise's eyes went wide at his comment and she tried so hard to hide her deep crimson blush from coming across her face, but failed. 'I...AM...GOING...TO...KILL...HIM!'

Daphne Greengrass, who was sitting behind the two, snorted and tried to hide it by coughing. Blaise turned and glared at her friend which sent her into an even bigger coughing/giggling fit. Snape was glancing at the pair for nearly the entire time of the double period. "Is there a problem Miss Greengrass?"

She cleared her throat and looked up to her head of house. "No sir...just choked on my spit that's all."

"You should be stirring in a figure 8 motion by now. All of you have less then five minutes to pack up what you are doing, and clean your area. I would advise that you put your potions under a stasis enchantment to keep them fresh, label your cauldrons, and place them on the shelves in the corner." He said as he walked back to his desk.

Harry did as he was instructed and Blaise cleaned up their area just as the bell rang. He gathered his things and walked out of the Potions lab to head up to Transfiguration. It wasn't too long before Hermione ran up next to him. "I hope you don't mind that I'm walking with you, but can we talk like we normally did?"

"I believe that you are. Is there something on your mind? Don't agree with me flirting 'with the enemy'?"

She sighed heavily at his words. "That's not what I meant. You're a guy and there are many good looking girls that you can flirt with. I'm not going to stop you, but I don't want you to get heartbroken either."

He crooked his head to the side and brought his hand to his face. "I'm shocked to hear you say that Hermione. What's next are you going to make sure that I wipe my arse when I go...hmm what's the American phrase...ah go number 2? Or did you want me to do that for you?"

Her face broke out into a small grin. "You could give Professor Snape a run for his money with your sarcasm. I don't think I would let you wipe my arse nor would I let anyone just yet. Just so you know everybody in Gryffindor has turned against the Weasley's."

He sneered at her words, but a small smile grew on his face. "It's about time that everyone saw the vindictive scum that those blood traitors are."

Malfoy and his goons started laughing at the comment. "I couldn't have said it better Potter. It's just a shame that it took you this long to figure it out."

Harry turned around to the 'Slytherin prince' and silenced them with his stare. "Unfortunately so, however I still do not communicate with the junior followers of a mudblood sociopath of a 'dark lord'. Now if you excuse me I have class to attend."

The group of Slytherins was ready to curse him behind his back. Blaise Zabini watched from the back of the group with a slight smirk on her face. 'Let's see what happens now...I wonder why he's not acting like his 'light sided self anymore'. He could still be Dumbledore's lackey.'

Pansy Parkinson got in his face and kept her wand in her hand. "You think your so big don't you Black-Potter? Your no better then Dumbledore himself and his false ideals of this world! The Dark Lord is the salvation we need! And its people like you 'light sided people' that screw it up for everyone."

Hermione thought that he was going to explode at her from his facial expression, but she saw him smile then burst out laughing. His ice cold emerald catlike eyes bore into Pansy's crystal blue orbs. "Know this you ignorant fool. You are nothing more then a useless tool to Voldemort as is every one of his Death Eaters. Also you will choose your words wisely next time and open your eyes. Everything in this world is not based on light and dark. I walk the path of the 'gray', and if your little brain can't process that information then I suggest you mate with someone of your mental capacity. Now get out of my way."

She looked in horror as she moved to the side to let him pass. Snape watched from the doorway and silently applauded his ally. 'Well said Potter...really it is a shame that nobody else can understand the real meaning of what you meant of the Gray path.'

Malfoy and Zabini followed the former Gryffindor to the Transfiguration classroom in silence. Hermione tagged along with them without saying a word to the Slytherins. "What other courses have you taken this year Lord Black-Potter?"

"Ancient Runes, Arithmancy, Swordsmanship, Basic Healing, Dueling, Care of Magical Creatures, and the other five main courses."

"You honestly believe that you can wield a sword?" Weasley spat out at him with pure jealousy in his eyes when he saw his ex-girlfriend and his former friend walk in together.

Draco was itching to lash out at the blood traitor, but he was beaten

by his rival. "Why yes I can and fortunately I can pick my fights which I can win as well."

Professor McGonagall walked into her classroom to see the former best friends glaring at one another. "Weasley sit down this instant or else I will have you removed from my classroom! Is that in anyway unclear?"

"No professor." The jealous Gryffindor replied through clenched teeth as he sat down.

Minerva looked to her two favorite students with pride in her eyes, before walking up to her desk. "Mr. Black-Potter, I must congratulate you on your retaken O.W.L. scores. Never in all my years of teaching have I seen a student score a 'magnificent' before in Transfiguration. Not even your parents achieved that high of a score."

Hermione and the rest of the class minus the Slytherins and one jealous Gryffindor were very pleased to hear about Harry's achievement. However, the resident 'know-it-all' was greatly disappointed because she didn't get any magnificent score on any of her tests. He took a seat next to Neville before replying. "You're welcome Professor McGonagall."

She gave him a tiny smile before beginning her lesson. "Now today we will be discussing the theory of becoming an animagus. It is a hard process of learning the selfless art of self-transfiguration. A Metamorphmagus is a person who is born with the gift of self-transfiguration to suit their needs such as hair color, height/weight, and appearance. It is on a very rare occasion that a metamorphmagus can become an animagus. Can anyone tell me how it is determined how to become an animagus?"

Harry raised his hand when he saw nobody raise theirs. "There are two ways of learning the animagus process. The first and easiest technique is brewing a potion that would induce the drinker into a sort

of 'vision quest' to see which animal he or she would become. The second way is through a deep meditative trance which would perform the same 'vision quest' as the potion. After one of those ways is performed then it basically becomes a matter of will power to become that particular animal or animals."

"I couldn't have said it better myself...fifteen points to Merlin. There are many of you here that have the possibility of becoming an animagus; however you will not be tested until your seventh year. Can anyone here tell me the difference between an animagus and a true animal?"

Neville raised his hand proudly before he was called on. "The animal has a primal instinct of its nature and knowledge of its surrounding. However, animagus's have difficulty with becoming a true animagus because of the fact that there is a chance that they may never retain their mind in their animal form."

She looked very pleased at him for his answer. "A very good answer Mr. Longbottom, but that wasn't the answer I was looking for. 5 points for Gryffindor...anyone else want to take a stab at it?"

"When the person transforms into his or her form they assume the characteristics of that particular animal. But if the person is not skilled in any fashion of Occlumency they will succumb to the animal's primal instinct until they are able to re-gain control over their body. The difference between the two is that an animal won't hesitate to kill you whereas an animagus will hesitate thus blowing their cover." Blaise answered for her.

"Correct Miss Zabini and take five points for Slytherin. You see the true nature of becoming an animal is to be a spy. For all you know that your owl, cat, or toad is an animagus. Mr. Black-Potter's owl for example was smarter then any ordinary owl. She protected and looked out for him while she stayed with him. Would you be willing to call her to you?"

The look on Ron's face was one of horror whereas Harry's was one of triumph. "Hedwig, could you come here?" He spoke in Pyre-tongue. After a moment in complete silence a flash of blue flames...and a silver looking Phoenix flew down to his shoulder. She rubbed her head against his cheek, and he stroked her feathers with a small chuckle.

"Oh my goodness Mr. Black-Potter! Is that a Phoenix?" Professor McGonagall exclaimed as she clutched her chest.

"Yes she is, but don't look so surprised Professor...this is Hedwig." He said as he glared hatefully at his former best friend.

The jealous Weasley felt like running out of the room, but he didn't want to give himself away by acting like a coward. 'Damn! I was sure that I got rid of those ashes!'

"I know that she isn't an animagus. She is just very protective of me since she is my familiar, and that's why she was smarter then the average owl." He said while stroking her feathers again. "Harry-mage, these students here are looking at us strange? I want to pluck the person's eyes out who killed me before I became a phoenix."

"Don't worry Hedwig; I'm not going to stop you if you want to. I'll see you later on." He said to her. She rubbed her head against his cheek, took flight off of his shoulder, and pecked Ron's head hard before bursting into blue flames.

Ron cursed loudly when he felt the pain at the top of his head and the blood on his fingers from his wound. "Bloody 'effing hell!"

"TEN POINTS FROM GRYFFINDOR FOR YOUR CRUDE LANGUAGE MR. WEASLEY! Now I want all of you to think of the animal you would be...and I don't mean an animal to make you look cool. Not everyone has the talent of becoming a magical animal."

She glared at the jealous Gryffindor in front of her.

'Gee that shouldn't be too hard since I already know my three animals...it would throw her for a loop to know that all of my forms are magical creatures.' Harry smirked to himself.

"Well now it seems that Mr. Black-Potter knows what animal he would relate to...would you care to share with the entire class? Or would you rather I put the spell on you?" McGonagall asked.

"Whatever you wish professor." He replied back with a smirk that would rival 'Padfoot.' 'I might as well play a prank on 'Minnie.'

The class watched as the Transfiguration professor pointed her wand at her former 'lion'. "Grafican Revelous Animaguim!"

Harry was instantly surrounded in a gray mist that slowly disappeared over the matter of thirty seconds to reveal none other than himself. A few people in the class sniggered because Potter didn't transform into anything. Professor McGonagall was a little disappointed that nothing happened since his biological father and adopted father were unregistered animagus. "Well it seems Mr. Black-Potter does not happen to have the gift of becoming an animagus."

A smirk came across his face when he showed her his shadow wolf canines. Neville looked up at him and gawked at his friend's teeth. "Professor it may appear that you were wrong since his teeth have changed."

She walked over to him, and glared at her newly appointed favorite student that said 'stay after class.' "Yes it appears that you are right Mr. Longbottom. His teeth do resemble a 'canine' species...so this would mean that he would either turn out to be a common dog to a wolf. Is anyone else brave enough to take a guess at the animal they would represent?"

Daphne raised her hand. "I believe that I would be a calico cat." Unfortunately she was very wrong when she turned out to be a blue jay. It took a few students to catch the hyper bird before she was restored to human form. Blaise decided to take a stab at it, and she was transformed into a gray spotted timberwolf. Hermione became a tan coyote which really threw the class for a loop.

However, the funniest part of the class was when Ron claimed that he would be a fox. Unfortunately he was wrong...very wrong when he turned into a red ferret. Draco was no better when he became a gray squirrel. Before anyone else could be tested the bell rang. "I want everyone who wasn't or didn't fully transform during this session to write a foot essay of what animal they would transform into. Stay behind Mr. Black-Potter!"

A smirk came across his face as the class filed out of the classroom complaining about the homework they received. "Tell me the truth Potter, are you an animagus or were you just fooling the spell?"

"I would like to answer you Professor, but I like to keep my secrets to myself rather than read it all over the Daily Prophet or the Order knowing everyone of my moves." He said with a cold edge to his voice.

She sighed, and gave him her oath of secrecy never to betray what he was about to tell her. "Now would you be willing to tell me? Ever since you were little I wondered what animal would represent you. You know what your father and godfather were, and your mother was a white owl...so you can't blame me for not being curious."

He did a magical sweep of the room to find it clean of listening charms and other spying spells. "Very well then Minnie." He transformed into his shadow wolf form, and looked up at the shocked expression on his former Head of house's face.

"Oh my dear lord...I thought correctly that you would become a wolf, but a SHADOW WOLF!? Harry, do you know what this means? You are the first in many generations of the Potter line to be a magical creature. I wish James, Lily, and Sirius could see you now." She said as a happy tear fell from her eye as she petted him.

He transformed back into himself with a smirk on his face. "You shouldn't cry Professor. Think about your seventh years that are standing outside your classroom."

She tried to glare at him, but couldn't help smiling. "You've certainly have thrown me for a loop, and if you keep doing that then I will be forcing you to become my apprentice! Now move onto your other class."

"Yes ma'am, but if I may venture for a guess I think Professor Flitwick will also be motioning for me to become his apprentice as well." He smirked back at her before heading off to Charms.

'I swear that boy will be even worse then Sirius or James combined. I just hope that he doesn't kill anybody...I would hate to see what they would look like.' She mused as her 7th years came in.

Dumbledore was pacing around in his office fuming. 'How can Potter get away with ruining my reputation like this? With this stupid probation I can't properly manipulate him into battling Voldemort. Not to mention that I have to swallow my pride and acknowledge that Severus was right.'

He walked over to the fireplace and threw in some floo powder. "Department of Magical Law Enforcement, Amelia Bones's office."

"What do you want Dumbledore? I am in the middle of a meeting with two of your vigilante group discussing why they would willingly abandon their posts as Aurors."

"Now Amelia I'm sure that we can discuss this without having to cost good people their jobs."

"Well now we won't be discussing anything since your words have no meaning here. Until you realize that your 'grand design for the greater good' of sacrificing people to turn Death Eaters back onto the light side will not happen then we have nothing to speak about. Goodbye."

The headmaster's mood did not improve after the fire call. "Can't these people just understand the fact that I am just trying to help the world!"

"Perhaps if you took more action instead of cowering behind your desk manipulating people then you would still be in power, but no all you Gryffindors think that your 'holier than thou' and can do no wrong. How do we even know that you defeated Grindelwald?" One of the Slytherin headmaster portraits spoke up.

He pulled out his wand and silenced all the portraits. "I don't need to hear it from all of you. I have my design in motion and I won't allow anything to disrupt it."

Meanwhile in Charms class...Professor Flitwick was teaching them about animation spells and enchantments for inanimate objects. "Now you see these spells are helpful for self-cleaning tools...and other household items. However these spells can also be used for defense, for offense, and protection. We will be trying this spell on the objects in front of you. The spell is Agito Inservio...off you go then."

Hermione was sitting next to Harry once again, and instead of trying it out she observed how he was going to approach his task. 'That's odd...what happened to his wand? It looks different then the last time...I've never seen these kinds of runes before...I have to do some research on it.'

Harry couldn't help but smirk when he looked around the room, and seeing everybody failing at their task. 'This is positively funny that they can't even get a simple task done to a rock. Good thing Bella, Tonks, and Remus taught me everything above N.E.W.T. level. I just hope that she won't kill me when I see her at home...'

"Mr. Black-Potter, I noticed that you haven't been working on your task. Would you like me to help you with it?" Professor Flitwick asked.

He smiled at the tiny Charms professor, before he waved his wand in an 'S' motion then flicked. The stone sprouted tiny arms, legs, a mouth, eyes, and red hair. Everyone in the class looked over at his stone to see it doing a short tap dance and breaking out into a song:

"Oh you may think I'm not pretty, oh you may think I'm not smart, do you honestly believe that I could look anymore then a taller version of a pea-brained Weasley? Did you know that he fancies a certain bar maid at the three broomsticks that is just as old as his own mother? Just remember that 'Weasley was born in a bin, he'll always let the quaffle in, and that's why Weasley is our Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiing!"

Everybody in the class burst out in laughter, except for the person it made fun of. Ron became so enraged he nearly leaped over his desk to punch Harry in the face. However he was restrained by two of his housemates, because they didn't want to loose anymore house points. Flitwick wiped the tears of mirth from his eyes. "Oh that was wonderful work my boy, and you have the talent of your mother. I personally trained her to become a master of Charms. Keep up the good work."

"Thank you Professor. I'm sure my mother would be proud that I've inherited her talent."

Throughout the class period only two other students besides Harry

completed their task...one Gryffindor and one Slytherin...Hermione and Blaise. While he was walking alone to Lunch someone fired a curse at him. With quick reflexes he put up a shield that absorbed the curse. "You must really be a coward to attack someone from the back Weasley."

"Think you're pretty funny don't you! Always finding new ways to gloat about yourself! You're nothing more then a bastard who's obsessed about his fame and fortune! Why don't you go back to your master and kill more innocent people like you're ordered to!" Ron spat at him.

A dark grin came across his face, and he turned around to face the stupid Gryffindor. "Sounds like you're speaking from experience now doesn't it? Only in your case you're licking Dumbledore's boots instead of Voldemort's. But then again I guess you can't do anything without trying to look down a female's shirt to feel important."

The Jealous Weasley growled and threw a punch at his former friend. However his fist was caught, he was lifted up by his throat, and slammed against the wall. "I'll just say this you imbecile, you are and will never be in my league due to you being blind and stupid. Do yourself a favor and go mate with Parkinson at least she is at your mental capacity. I would feel sorry for any other girl who ends up with your sperm." He dropped him to the ground and calmly walked away.

Chapter 12: Duel in the Chamber of Secrets

Voldemort was not having the best of times since his connection to Potter was destroyed. Some of his most loyal inner circle were having problems keeping their composure in front of their dark savior without suffering at the end of one of his most favorite unforgivable spells. "Severus, have you gotten into Potter's mind?"

The Potions Master knelt down before him, and kissed his robes, playing the faithful servant. "No my lord I haven't been able to break into his mind. I don't know how but the boy has learned and successfully mastered Occlumency since his disappearance over the summer. Not even the 'old goat' can get near him enough to attempt an attack."

"This news displeases me greatly. What is the status of our alliances, Lucius?"

The sly Blonde aristocrat straightened his back before addressing his lord. "The Vampire elders and their clans refuse to join you. Their reasoning is because they do not want to be involved with our war. The Werewolf clans have left your service as well so they can rejoin their Lycan brothers in their blood war with the vampires. The Giants are returning back to their native lands because their new leader will kill us on site. We have lost sixteen of our brethren trying to sway him back to our cause."

"CRUCIO! You just better pray that we get more support or else your head will be delivered to the Daily Prophet!" Voldemort was about to start ranting again when he felt something slam hard into the former connection with Potter that caused him intense pain. "All of you leave me right now...consider this a kind gift from your lord."

He watched as all of his followers quickly left his chambers, and he closed his eyes to focus on his mental connection to Harry. Inside his mind he saw his enemy standing before him in the chamber of

secrets. "Hello Riddle. I thought I would pay a visit since you're such a special friend of mine."

"MY NAME IS VOLDEMORT AND GET OUT OF MY HEAD POTTER!" He snarled mentally at him.

"Now why would I want to do that? After all I just conjured myself a bottle of butterbeer. Surely your ancestor taught you the simple rules of not letting a good tasting drink go to waste? Oh yes that's right...you've never spoken to your ancestor's portrait now have you? That's right you were so self-centered on yourself to get revenge on Dumbledore then to do some actual research. Then again a half-blood bastard like yourself would've known that."

"I swear on my blood that I will make your death the most painful when I get my hands on you! Either get to the point or leave!"

Harry nearly laughed at his opponents words. "Tell me why did you choose me as your equal? Because of the prophecy you heard from your spy... because my parents were a threat to you...or was it that you believed that I was the heir of Gryffindor that was destined to face the heir of Slytherin?"

Hearing this made his interest spark when 'prophecy' was mentioned. "What is in it for me if I tell you? You are Dumbledore's golden child that could be manipulating the truth like he does."

"I'll think of something you truly want back...like Nagini..."

Anger was surging through the Dark Lord at the sound of his familiar with his enemy. "Alright Potter...I marked you as my equal after noticing the bloodlines of the other potential and your family. At one time I had my personal healer at St. Mungo's test your magical cores as infants before Dumbledore tampered by putting blocks on the both of you. You can thank Pettigrew for suggesting you since he had a crush on Alice Longbottom who was your godmother. After all I never

would've thought that Longbottom would be with you at the Department of Mysteries...he still has the active blocks on him that is leaving him as near squib status. Now that I have answered you with the truth...you will hold your end of the bargain."

"Very well then Riddle...I'll give you something that you've given me for years...ENJOY THE PAIN YOU CAUSED ME TO HAVE NIGHTMARES AFTER YOUR LITTLE TEMPER TANTRUMS!"

Voldemort tried to re-fortify his Occlumency barriers, but was very unsuccessful when Harry's burst of raw hatred and anger shattered his shields. The pain and suffering that he gave to Potter was returned 10 fold and caused him to yell his lungs out before passing out. Some of his loyal servants rushed back in to find a small trail of blood dripping out of the slit in his nose, and out of his ears. None of them dared touch him for fear of being put under the torture curse for long periods of time, and they left once again.

Meanwhile back in the Ministry of Magic...soon to be Ex-minister Fudge sat in his holding cell in a very bad mood. Not only did he fail to get a successful spy into Hogwarts, but now both of them were facing criminal charges that Potter submitted. 'How can this be happening to me? Have I not done my job properly? This is his entire fault, and I should've killed the little bastard before he became a threat to my political standing! Not to mention that Dumbledore is to blame as well for always going over my head to ruin my reputation! The only way that I can get out of the trial today is by either ending my life... running away...or getting Lucius to assist me.'

"This is your entire fault Dolores! If you had listened to my plan then we wouldn't be in this mess, but of course you could never understand about how to use 'power' properly. Instead you let it go to your head and look where it's got us!" Cornelius yelled at his former senior undersecretary.

"MY FAULT?! YOU'RE SAYING THIS IS MY FAULT! I DON'T THINK

SO CORNELIEUS OSWALD FUDGE! IF MY MEMORY SERVES ME RIGHT THIS WAS YOUR ENTIRE PLAN TO BEGIN WITH SINCE YOU BELIEVED DUMBLEDORE HAD HIS OWN PRIVATE ARMY THAT WAS GOING TO TAKE OVER THE MINISTRY!"

"You were supposed to do your job! Not threaten Potter with the torture curse or use Veritiserum in his tea! Not to mention that you used an illegal blood quill that I never authorized, and also showing your hatred for half-breeds! You are a disgrace to all our kind, and no better of that than a Death Eater!" He bellowed at her.

"HOW DARE YOU! YOU CALL ME A DISGRACE WHEN YOU ARE MAKING BACK-ALLEY TREADIES WITH THOSE DEATH EATERS THAT ARE PAYING YOU OFF TO MAKE ABSURD LAWS AGAINST THEIR ENEMIES!"

Throughout the entire fight between the former Minister of Magic and his former employee...Auror Tonks and Kingsley Shacklebolt were laughing at their stupidity because they were recording their argument. "Merlin...how stupid can they get? You would think that they would know that they were being recorded."

"You would think so. Good thing that Director Bones gave us authorization to use this against them." The black Auror chuckled. "So have you heard anything from Harry?"

"Not since he took me out to breakfast that day. I can imagine that Dumbledore has been trying to come up with a new scheme to control him. That manipulative bastard really pissed him off, and now he's reaping what he's sown...but there's something I'm worried about."

"What's that?" He asked.

"If Belle is going to send him a howler since she is at Beauxbaton's Academy of Magic...she wasn't too happy about it." She started to

chuckle.

Kingsley looked at her weird. "Who's Belle? And why is she at Beauxbaton's?"

"Sorry King...it's a long story and I can't tell it to you. Besides it's Harry's story to tell."

"You're no fun Nymph." He chuckled until she smacked him upside his bald head.

"I warned you about calling me that! My little brother and my mother are somewhat allowed to call me that." She growled at him.

For the first time in Percy Weasley's working life...he didn't show up to work. Instead he was at the Leaky Cauldron at 9 in the morning with a blank look on his face as he remembered about his illustrious career shattered all around him. 'How come I was so stupid in believing in the Ministry over my family? But how could they have been so blinded by Dumbledore's influence?'

Tom the bartender walked over to the fallen red-head. "Say lad...I couldn't help but ask you if you needed something. Breakfast...or perhaps someone to talk to?"

"Johnny Walker Red Whiskey, and leave the bottle if you could."

"I have to warn you that muggle liquor is very high proof." He warned him. "After all we can't have a highly intoxicated ministry official walking around."

"It's alright...I need something strong at the moment. Who knows if I'll be thrown into Azkaban with Fudge...so can I have that drink?" Percy asked.

The bartender nodded to his customer. "It will take a few moments to

fill your order. That muggle whiskey hasn't been seen in these parts for some time."

"That's fine." He said as he downed the last of his bitter tasting tea. 'My life is so messed up right now. I can't go back to my family after what they've done, and I can't go groveling to Penelope to take me back after I broke up with her over that stupid job. Maybe the sorting hat was right and I should've been put into Slytherin for my ambitious nature and my thirst to prove myself. I have no bravery whatsoever...maybe I should've been disowned if I didn't request a resorting right away.'

Professor Snape thought that the headmaster had restrained himself from making this class open to the public, but that thought died when he saw fifty-six students standing outside waiting for him. 'Let the games begin...I hope Pomfrey has a lot of restorative potions handy.'

Ron had just got done stuffing his face and walked outside with his blunt blade in hand. "You think just because you're the 'boy-who-lived' that you're special? I'm going to prove you wrong by kicking your arse."

Harry turned around to face his former friend with the same ice cold expression that sent chills down his spine. "Try all you want Weasley...I'm growing tired of the same song and dance you've been spitting out at me since that fateful day outside of Charms. Frankly, I grow very tired of hearing it like a broken record."

Ginny came out from behind her brother and slapped him hard across his face. "How can you be like this? I loved you, and then you tried choking the life out of me in Diagon Alley! You were arranged to marry me!"

A smirk came across his face as he ran a finger across the spot where she slapped him to heal it. "As they say...love hurts, but I was not aware that you were to be my wife. My parents did not have a

signed marriage contract with your family...as for 'loving you' that was just a dream inside your head. After all...why would I want you when there are other red-heads in this school who don't fantasize about a fancy title? Just remember that you still owe me a life debt after the Chamber of Secrets incident."

She looked horrified when he brought that back up to her attention. "No...you can't do that to me!"

"I can if I want to...after all it wasn't specified how I can claim it. But if you don't want me to call in that debt then keep your brother on a leash and I won't use it against you...just yet."

Snape walked up behind the furious red-haired dunderheads with his usual murderous expression on his face. "Get in line...now. The art of Swordsmanship is a very elegant way of dueling when your wand has been summoned or knocked out of your hand. The way of the sword is very easy to understand when the blade is in your hand...however for those who are too dumb there is more to the sword than swinging it dangerously. Longbottom, I see you have the required sword for this class...get up here."

Neville was terrified to be in his presence since the boggart incident during 3rd year. He had his practice sword in hand as he approached his instructor. "Do you want me to attack, sir?"

"If I am going to attack from above how would you counter? Don't answer with words...show me with your sword." The potion master spoke as he mock attacked the Gryffindor 6th year. For the first time in his career at Hogwarts he was actually proud of the Longbottom heir even if he didn't show it. 'Good...you've learned well from your grandmother...even if she has no fashion sense whatsoever.'

"I could do better." Ron blurted out as he tried to show up Harry who just yawned.

"I highly doubt that Weasel...at least your fellow Gryffindor is showing promise." Malfoy countered.

Harry sat down on the grass observing the mock battle until it ended. Neville ignored the two bantering idiots to join his true friend. "You've really changed there...um...do you mind if I join you?"

"Not at all Neville, but I must admit you're pretty good. It must be from cutting your plants for potions right?" He joked with the Gryffindor.

"Oh shut up pretty boy. Do you honestly know how freaked out I was up there? Everyone knows that Snape scares me, and I know he's still out for my blood since that boggart incident."

For the first time since he returned to Hogwarts he laughed with his friend. "You had to admit that was pretty funny. So how have things been with you since the trial?"

"Really well...I visited my parents and I mentioned to my mother that you could've been my brother...she actually looked at me. She looked at me without the insane look in her eyes Harry...it was the best feeling I've had in a long time. I know it sounds selfish but would you go with me the next time to visit them?"

"Just let me know Neville and I'll go with you but not like a date because you're not my type." He replied as Neville glared at his friend before he cracked up laughing.

The potions master walked over to Harry with an incredibly small smirk on his face. "I want all of you to pair up and start working on how to parry attacks. Black-Potter, you will join me for a little match of strength."

"Whatever you wish sir." Harry said as he withdrew his sword from his sheathe, and lowered himself into a defensive stance. Without any words spoken the two allies began testing each other for any

weaknesses.

Draco and the other students were completely shocked to see the two of them go at it like trained professionals. "There's no way Potter could be at this level! It took me years of fencing just to match my godfather for speed!"

Daphne couldn't help but stare at them in awe, but nudged her friend Blaise in her side. "I bet that you'll be saying his name in your dreams tonight...eh Zabini? If I wasn't in my current house I would be drooling openly about him."

Her fellow Slytherin glared at her. 'Well for once she is right...he is pretty cute and the way he's swinging his sword. Why am I even thinking about this! I'm going to curse her for making me think about him that way!'

Snape blocked another strike to his right side, but left himself wide open on his left side where his opponent kicked him in the ribs, and swept his feet from under him. 'Damn this kid is good...Bellatrix taught him well.'

'Hopefully he will realize that I'm just toying with him.' Harry smirked as he dodged another blow from his professor. "Keep swinging and you might give me a cold."

"What are all of you looking at? Start practicing or else I start docking points! We'll continue this later Mr. Black-Potter...for the time being you will assist me with these dunderheads." He commanded.

Madame Pomfrey was not a happy person when lunch came around. She let off the biggest rant to her colleagues without caring who else heard about it. "I command as this school's healer that this swordsmanship should end. Thirty-six! Thirty-six students are in my hospital wing from this morning! I don't care how it happens but this will stop or I will go to the School Governors about this!"

Dumbledore put on his famous grandfatherly act for the angry mediwitch. "Now Poppy it was bound to happen since we haven't taught this subject for a very long time. Trust me the students..."

Snape smirked because he was right about this from the beginning, but the Headmaster wouldn't listen. "I warned you Albus...but then again you like to endanger students."

Minerva and the other professors looked at the resident Potion's master with shocked expressions. "Severus is entitled to his opinion Professor McGonagall..." The old codger started to babble when he took notice of a brown hawk flying into the Great Hall, interrupting Harry's conversation with Neville and Luna by landing on his shoulder.

"Harry you better leave here...the bird has a Howler in its beak." 'Loony' Luna Lovegood informed him.

'Oh great it's from Bella too...I thought I told her not to write to me here.' He took the Howler from the beautiful creature, and gave some of his food to it for payment. The brown hawk didn't leave his shoulder yet because it was waiting for a response. "Well I shall see you two later." He said to them before leaving for his common room. However the Howler didn't want to wait anymore, and exploded into raging French gibberish. He knew it was in code, and waited until it ripped itself apart to translate it.

"HARRY JAMES BLACK-POTTER!

WHEN I GET ON THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL PORTKEY I WILL STRANGLE YOU TO DEATH! BECAUSE OF YOU I DO HAVE SOMEONE NAMED PIERRE STALKING ME DAY AND NIGHT!

THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT AND YOU WILL PAY THE PRICE FOR

IT!

Moving on...Madame Maxine has been very kind to let me accelerate my classes so I can 'catch up' to everyone else, and Fleur's little sister is still dreaming about you being her hero in shining white armor while riding a gray steed. Stupid really because you don't even know how to ride a damn horse, but anyway...you better still be training yourself every day! If you haven't then I will kill you literally.

Have you talked to Tonks into leaving the Auror's yet? If not please get her out of there, because I fear that something might happen to her. Just so you know Fleur bought me 'Jasper' and he should warm up to you since you're my family. Let him rest before sending him back, because it's a three day journey to get back here. Another thing for you to know is that Dumbledore is up to something involving our school and Hogwarts during the Christmas Holiday. I don't know what it is, but I'm sure it's going to be some stupid dance. If it does turn out to be one...you owe me a dance buddy, and if it isn't then I'll see you at home.

Belle."

"Harry, what did that Howler say?" Dumbledore asked as his shadow overcast on his from behind his former weapon.

"We are still not on first name terms Headmaster. If I wanted to let you know about my secret love letters so badly then why not try using your skill of Legilimency on me like you do to other students. However, you're violating your punishment from the Wizengamot." He said with a sneer that would cause Malfoy to go green with envy.

"I think it's time that we have a little chat in my office about your attitude Mr. Black-Potter. This charade of yours has gone on for too long. You will be serving detention for the next week with me." Albus declared with a few of Harry's enemies smirking.

His sneer grew into a grin at the head of the roasted chicken. "I'm sure you are well aware that I am an adult since I am emancipated. If you wish to talk to me then I'm sure my lawyer Mrs. Andromeda Tonks-Black would be more than happy to speak to you about this unjust punishment."

Dumbledore's usual grandfatherly act was fading quickly with his patience with his former weapon. "You will go to my office now, and that is the end of discussion!"

Meanwhile Professor Snape whispered over to Sinistra, "If Potter isn't a true Slytherin then I'll gladly donate two hundred galleons to the house elf freedom fund."

Minerva looked right at the Potions Master with a small smirk. "I'll take that bet Severus, but you know as well as I do that he is a true Gryffindor."

"I have to disagree with you Professor McGonagall. He is a true Ravenclaw that takes well after his mother Lily...even though she was a Gryffindor. By all rights she should have been in my house like Miss Granger. From what I've heard so far he has been the top of his class so far." Professor Flitwick commented.

Professor Sprout chuckled at the chatting as most of the students started leaving the Great Hall. "I agree with you to some point, but it has only been one month into the school year."

Sinistra glared at all of them for their stupidity. "You people are acting like giddy twelve-year-olds...do grow up. Now if you excuse me I have to keep my student from doing something stupid."

As Harry walked up to the fuming headmaster's office he paused just before the guardian statue. "Hedwig, can you come here for a minute?"

With a bright flash of blue flame the beautiful white phoenix flew to her bonded. "What did you need my Harry-Mage?"

"Would you please take this to Andromeda as fast as you can? I'm going to need her council, but you're more than welcome to join me if you want to." He held out the letter. She took it in her beak, and disappeared back into blue flames. "I'm not going to bother to guess the blasted password. Open up or become foundation concrete."

Dumbledore's guardian statue looked at him, and revealed the spiraling staircase. Inside the office the headmaster put up numerous charms that he thought would help to get his weapon back under control. "Enter and sit down."

"I believe I would rather stand, and don't bother offering your tainted candy drops." He said as he noted all the portraits were glaring at him except for one that resided in his home.

"Very well then...your attitude towards me will cease this moment. If your parents were alive then they would be ashamed to see how you have turned down the dark path."

Harry looked at the manipulative bastard with a glare that could melt a glacier. "What a wonderful speech coming from the person who signed their death warrants by claiming that it was for the 'greater good'. I know that you're trying to sway me back into being your controlled weapon by blackmailing me about my parents and godfather's death."

"Enough of this Mr. Black-Potter! This charade will end here and now! Either you will do as you are told or else I will expel you from this school! You forget I allowed you to get away with so many unjustified rule breaking, privileges, and favoritism during your stay here!" Dumbledore roared. "Don't you glare at me boy!"

"You wouldn't expel me because then I wouldn't be under your control, but then neither is Hogwarts. As for you allowed me such privileges...you were the one who purposely put my life in danger just to make me act like the perfect martyr."

The headmaster tried putting on his grandfatherly act once again. "I have done no such thing Mr. Black-Potter. All I have done was to ensure your safety since you were only a year old. I am merely just a human and I am prone to make mistakes. Will I ever be able to gain your trust again?"

"Oh yes you do make a lot of mistakes, and many of them cost people lives. Good try on trying to manipulate me, but you will never earn my trust ever again. Not only did you steal from my family vaults to pay off people to be loyal friends, but now I find out that you signed a forced marriage with Weaselette? So you tried to ensure that my wealth would go to her once you killed me off...nice plan." He said as he walked out of the office.

Dumbledore sighed heavily because he knew that there was nothing he could do, because he needed him more than Harry needed him. 'Why can't anything go according to plan? How am I able to get him to be the person I need to defeat Riddle when he is this guarded? How did he get this sort of knowledge, and who trained him on it? Ahh yes now I have some blackmail on him with what he did at the Department of Mysteries.'

Professor Sinistra caught up with her student just as he walked into his common room. "Harry, what's the matter?"

"Your employer is greatly driving me up a wall with his attempts to get me back under his control again. He even went as far as to sign a marriage agreement with the 'Weaselette'. Shouldn't he be doing his job instead of this?" He ranted as Hedwig arrived and sang him a song that calmed him down slightly.

"Harry-mage...she said to make her a copy of your memories and send them to her." She said in Pyretongue, and flew to her perch.

"So what are you going to do?"

He sat down on his chair and rubbed his eyes. "I would love to have some firewhiskey at the moment."

She looked at him and chuckled. "You are Sirius's godson alright...everything with him always involved alcohol whether it was muggle or wizard. Sorry kid, but you can't have anything but butterbeer. I'll come back a bit later, but just so you know the other heads of houses are betting on what house you represent the most."

"So what's the pool up to, Carmen?"

"Minerva and Severus have the bar set at two hundred galleons at the moment." She said with a smirk before walking out.

He got up and ruffled Hedwig's feathers before coming up with an idea to check up on Basil and Nagini. "Well girl this is shaping up to being one boring year so far. If you need me I'll be in the Chamber of Secrets below the school."

"Alright Harry-Mage, be careful." She said before he walked out of the room.

Malfoy wasn't having the best of times after walking out of his godfather's office for an afternoon chat. He wasn't too pleased that he was losing control over his emotions concerning his mother. He didn't even bother to harass some first year Hufflepuffs that passed him, but he rounded the corridor that lead to Myrtle's bathroom to see his rival walk into it. 'Interesting...now why would Potter walk in there?'

Quickly he ran to the bathroom door and opened it just enough to slip

in to see Harry standing next to the column of sinks. Just as he was closing the door...it squeaked. He turned around to see a sword pointed at his throat. "Why are you following me Malfoy?"

"Me? Follow you? You must be imagining that one Potter, because I don't follow anyone without my lackeys. Why are you in here of all places?" He fingered his wand in his pocket.

"I suggest that if you want to curse me then we go somewhere where nobody else will bother us." Harry spoke in a cold tone. "Open."

Draco felt a cold shiver down his spine when he heard Parseltongue being spoken, and felt a slight touch of fear when he saw the column of sinks separate to show the entrance to the chamber of secrets. "What the hell are you playing at?"

"If you want to curse me without setting off any alarms then get in the hole. After all why miss an opportunity as big as this?" He walked over to the hole waiting for him to go in first.

The designated Slytherin Prince sneered. "Fine Potter, you've struck my interest. Why are you making me go in first?"

He waited for this moment for a long time. "I thought you might enjoy the ride down there." He then pushed his rival down the dirty and slimy pipe tunnel. "Stairs." Not after the fifth stair he closed the entrance so nobody followed them.

After a few minutes of walking down the stairs he saw Malfoy's black uniform covered in slime, grime and grease that was giving off a bad smell. "DAMN YOU POTTER! LOOK AT THIS! YOU DID THAT ON PURPOSE!" Malfoy roared at him.

"Well if you were a friend then I would let you take the stairs, but since you're neither, you deserved it. Now follow me since we still have a bit to go, and from this point on no more shouting unless you

want to cause a cave in." Harry said as he started walking to the seal of the Chamber.

Draco growled, but walked alongside his enemy. "You owe me a new uniform when we're done with this."

The two of them trekked down the path passing by the ancient basilisk skin, and stopped at the partial hole in the former cave in during his second year. He took out his wand, transfigured the fallen boulders into a concrete wall, and then transfigured an archway in the middle.

His rival had to give him credit but wouldn't admit it in the open. Both of them continued walking until they stopped in front of the seal. "Welcome to the Chamber of Secrets, Malfoy." He smirked before changing to Parseltongue. "Open up."

"You-you mean that the myth is real?!"

"Did I stutter?" He asked as he walked through the seal, and walked down the ladder. "Basil...Nagini, where are you two?"

As the blond Slytherin aristocrat came down to join his opponent he had to cover his eyes when he saw an albino Basilisk, and Voldemort's former familiar slither out to him. "What the hell are you doing Potter!? I would love to curse you into oblivion, but what's the point if you're dead by staring at the Basilisk that is at your feet!"

"Oh why Draco I didn't know you cared about my safety. However, if you would've paid attention and done some research instead of playing tonsil hockey with your dog...I mean Parkinson then you would know that I won't be killed by my familiar." He stroked Basil's head as he addressed her. "Did you two find anything?"

"Yes we found the library along with something else that you should see with your own eyes, because I think the room is what you

consider a personal vault that is guarded by Salazar's own portrait. Why did you bring him here with you?" His familiar asked.

Nagini got a good look at his classmate. "I remember this person's face. He has the exact look of his inbred father, and liked to lick my former bonded shoes."

Harry chuckled when he heard her comment. "Well said Nagini. Thank you two for finding this out for me, but you two can go hunt now if you want to. I'm sure that both of you are hungry...just be careful and don't accidentally bite Eli or Lyan, because they're in the forest as well."

"We will. To get to those chambers you have to speak the password to the statue, and enter its mouth then walk down the hallway until you see the portrait. The library is down the tunnel on the left side of this pool of water. We'll come back once we're done hunting." Basil said as she and Nagini slithered down one of the pipes to get to the surface.

"Are you done hissing yet Potter? I'm getting tired of waiting." Malfoy commented with his eyes still closed.

"When you're done being a coward you can face me." He spoke in a cold monotone tone as he withdrew his wand.

The young aristocrat opened his eyes, turned around, and fired a borderline pain curse. "CAECUS POENA!"

He smiled at the blood red curse flying at his chest, and easily sidestepped it. "Surely you could do better then borderline curses."

"STUPIFY! EXURO! ACIDUS!"

With his training he did with Bella he had every advantage with

endurance, and ran to dodge the curses. "CONCUSSIO!"

Draco never heard of this spell, and tried to jump away from it. However, the curse struck his shoulder, and he was blown into one of the serpent statues. 'Damn what the hell did he hit me with?'

"You look very confused at the moment Malfoy...that was one of my special concussion curses. So are you going to continue or just fall asleep? I'm not going to drag you to the hospital wing to get fixed." He informed his opponent.

The blonde Slytherin got back up to his feet and leveled his wand at his opponent. "OSSEIN DIFFINDO! NEKEN! PETRIFICUS TOTALIS!"

Harry instantly remembered the bone shattering curse, and the nasty internal bleeding curse. He immediately put his 'absorbing shield up' at the last moment. 'Well if he's finally dabbed into the dark arts then so will I.' "SECTEMSEMPRA! MORENDO! STUPIFY! PYRE NOVUAS!"

The weak protego shield that Malfoy put up...shattered instantly at the onslaught of curses. He now sported a bleeding shoulder, a deep cut on his thigh from the spikes that shot out of the ground, and he didn't even have time to avoid the 'fire bomb' spell. Slowly...very slowly he got to his feet to fire off one more curse at his opponent after summoning all of his pure hatred for him. "CRUCIO!!"

The former Gryffindor quickly dove to the ground to avoid the unforgivable curse. However the pool of water that was behind him had acid floating at the top of it...and the spell struck it head on...setting it on fire. The silver haired lord stood up, and sneered as the inferno behind him. He unsheathed his sword, and charged at the young aristocrat.

Draco couldn't do anything to defend himself because his opponent

was fast. His weak spells missed the target, and he found himself banished against the stone wall with a sword pointed at his neck again. "H...how...did...y...you do that? There's no way you could do wandless magic!"

"How would you know what I can and can't do? For instance I could kill you now, or I could let you bleed to death...however I won't allow you to die...yet." He put the Malfoy heir down, and began to heal his injuries.

"Potter...as much as this pains me to say this...will you place my mother in your charge?"

He glared at his rival. "I don't see why I should. She has done nothing for me or my family to be kind to her, and you have done the same."

"I know that we've had our differences in the past, but if you don't then she will be forced into prostitution by my father so he can give the money to the Dark Lord. I have no love for my father, but I don't want anything to happen to her."

He sighed angrily at the Slytherin. "As I have told your godfather I will think about it. If you keep hounding me on it then I will discard it immediately. I also forgot to mention to you that you put too much power in to your curses, but you're more or less healed for the moment."

Malfoy was suddenly yanked upside down by an invisible hand around his ankle. Out of anger he yelled, "SECTUMSEMPRA!"

Harry was lucky that his rival was such a bad shot, but he didn't even feel the gash in his leg. "What a shame that your father never taught you how to aim."

Draco growled at him. "Since when did you become so Slytherin Potter?"

"That is for me to know and you to find out. Now if you're done asking stupid questions I'll let you down before your blood rushes to your head and you pass out." He said as he turned his back on his enemy to sheathe his sword.

"CRUC..." Malfoy started to say when his ankle was released and fell hard on his shoulder.

He re-transfigured his wooden ring back into his staff. "Since you were trying to curse me with a torture curse...then I hope you enjoy this. I've found this particular spell in the Black Library...and this is my first time casting it on somebody. MAELSTROM SATOREM!" The chamber of secrets was filled with the blonde Slytherin yelling himself hoarse.

Draco never felt anything more painful in his life. To him it felt even more painful than his father's training/torture sessions. He was finally released from the curse, and had a hard time catching his breath. "P...p...potter...how? You've...changed...from...my...old...rival."

Harry conjured up two bottles of butterbeer, took a pain reliever potion from his pocket, and poured it into one of the butterbeer bottles. He gave it to the wounded opponent, and took a long swig of his own. "It's not poisoned, but drink it slowly. You should be proud of yourself because you did wound me out of our scuffle."

"How did you become so powerful Potter? Last year you could barely survive the battle in the Ministry, and now you could take on the Dark Lord himself."

The young lord scoffed as he re-transfigured his staff back into his wooden ring, and put it on his finger. "Everybody has secrets Malfoy... and some people don't need to know mine."

He took another drink of his potion-laced butterbeer. "You may be my

rival, but what makes you think that I care about it if somebody knows that you have a staff, and you use the dark arts."

"I wouldn't expect any less than that, however if you let anything slip about what happened down here...your mother better stock up on muggle condoms and anti-pregnancy potions." Harry said as he took a long swig of his drink.

The words finally sunk into his head. "Alright Potter, I won't say anything about what happened down here. I, Draco Lucius Malfoy, hereby state a wizard oath of my honor and magic to Harry James Black-Potter not to speak a word of what took place in the Chamber of secrets nor of even knowing the location of the Chamber of Secrets...so mote it be."

When he felt the magic of the oath take place he extended his hand to his rival. "Consider your mother in my charge, but your not. I can't have your father loose his spy in Hogwarts."

"So how are you going to protect her when she's around my father?"

"Since she is of Black blood...so she will have to come to the head of the family if she is summoned. When we meet then we'll discuss how to keep your father out of the loop. Now when we are in the girls bathroom...go to Madame Pomfrey, and bluff her by saying you're suffering from a spell backlash. Let me deal with Severus if he questions you." He pulled the Slytherin to his feet, and they headed out of the chamber.

Meanwhile inside the Slytherin common room...

Blaise sat in her common room observing Pansy going off on the confrontation with Harry earlier that day. 'Merlin is this girl stupid...I never would've thought that I would actually agree with him. Perhaps Weasley and her are a good match.'

"ARE YOU EVEN LISTENING TO ME ZABINI!?"

She looked at her fellow irate dorm mate with a blank look. "Sorry did you say something?"

Daphne came into the room just in time to duck out of the way when the irate Parkinson stormed out of the 6th year dorm. "Good job on pissing her off. So are you having romantic thoughts about your 'silver haired dragon'? Come on be honest...I saw how you were blushing during his spar with Professor Snape."

"Why would I be dreaming of him, Greengrass? Potter is still Potter...nothing has changed other than his looks." She said without looking at her best friend's eyes.

"Come on Blaise...how long have we known each other? If you can't look me in the eyes then I'll assume..."

She finally looked at Daphne's eyes and spoke less than a whisper. "I might have a crush on him."

"Sorry I couldn't hear you..."

She sighed heavily before speaking again. "I said I might have a crush on him, but I swear if you tell anyone I will curse you to oblivion. After all I'm not sure if it's a true crush or not because of my mother's veela blood in me...then again I didn't know that Italy had veela's."

"Are you sure you're not using that as an excuse? I thought they were only in Bulgaria and France, but they do have other tribes throughout the world. From what I've heard they are very attracted to powerful people...or those with last name of Potter."

Zabini hit her friend in the face with a pillow. "That is not funny Daphne."

"What? I'm just stating the obvious. So what are you going to do? Hunt him down until he shags you far into the night until your craving is fulfilled...or make little Potters?" She joked at her friends' expense.

Blaise glared at her, but then smirked at her. "Well then I guess you'll have to baby sit them now won't you?"

The grin that was on Greengrass's face fell instantly. "You would torture me like that wouldn't you?"

"In a heartbeat."

Chapter 13: Meeting Salazar Slytherin...

Madame Pomfrey was still in a bad mood as she attended to her patients in her hospital wing. 'I don't care what they say...that barbaric art should be banished!' She walked over to Parkinson's bed to change her bandages when the hospital wing door opened to reveal a battered looking Draco Malfoy. "Oh my goodness what happened?"

He didn't get a chance to answer before he was rushed to an empty bed, and forced to change into the familiar gray pajamas. The stern medi-witch glared at him as he laid down on the bed...still waiting for her answer. "It was a spell backlash."

"You do know, Mr. Malfoy that I am required by law to report any case of magical backlash to the Misuse of Magic department. Unless you tell me what type of spell caused this type of bodily damage." She bluffed.

"I was confident that I could create a spell that my father would be proud of...but you see what happened."

She pulled out her wand and began to diagnose his injuries. 'Hmm...magical exhaustion...various cuts...borderline mild concussion...little internal bleeding...post torture trauma...I know he's lying about this being a magical backlash. Guess I better stuff potions down his throat like everybody else.'

Draco groaned because of a sharp pain in his arm. 'Damn...I can't believe that last spell that Potter hit me with was so powerful...where did he get that stuff from?!'

His musings were cut short as a very nasty potion was poured down his throat. "Now are you going to tell me the truth or would you rather have me summon your godfather with a vile of truth serum?" Madame Pomfrey asked.

"A Hufflepuff medi-witch trying to get information forcefully I think not..." He arrogantly boasted.

"Sleep Mr. Malfoy." She glared at him, poured another potion down his throat, and headed back to her office to firecall Severus. 'Never in my whole career have I ever met someone so arrogant and narrow-minded like their father. Even Potter isn't as arrogant as his father...then again I'm surprised I haven't seen him in here...he's usually in his designated bed within two weeks to a month with some injury.'

She walked into her office, and threw some Floo powder into the fireplace. "Potion Master's office, Hogwarts."

"Why are you Flooing me this late at night Poppy? Do you need more potions?"

"I have enough potions for now Severus, however I would like to inform you that your godson is in my care at the moment. He claims his injuries are from a spell backlash, but I don't believe him."

"Spell Backlash? Very well I shall be down there in a few moments."

She cut off the fireplace and gathered other supplies for her other patients. 'That is the reason why people underestimate we Hufflepuffs...we are the loyal kind...but we have control over everyone in our care.'

Severus wasn't too pleased to hear that his godson disobeyed him. 'That fool...I told him to go back to his common room and to leave his mother to me. He could've deliberately destroyed any chance of keeping her safe.'

He was lucky that the hospital wing wasn't too far away from his office. Quickly he put a stasis charm on all of his cauldrons, and

walked out. 'Good to know that there are passages out of the dungeons to get there faster. If it turns out that he fought with Potter I will hurt him in more ways than one...all of those cauldrons need muggle scrubbing.'

The feared Potions Master walked through the corridors until he reached the portrait of Graeme the sentinel. "Greetings Professor Snape...you wish to pass? Then answer me this riddle...Until I am measured, I am not known. Yet how you miss me, when I have flown."

Severus smirked, because the riddle was about logic...one of his favorites. "Time."

The portrait bowed to him, and slid open to let him pass. "Next time I'll give you a muggle riddle that you can't figure out."

"You can try, but so far there hasn't been one that I haven't figured out." He said as he walked into the passage. 'Tch...those damn house elves could've gotten rid of these spider webs. Then again this was the new area where that moron Dobby was to start cleaning. Or maybe my enemy Potter and Black made these stay here just to piss me off. Draco better be ready for this...'

The passageway opened up and he met Madame Pomfrey outside the wing. "Five minutes Severus? I thought you would've come sooner."

"I might share what he tells me for a price." He sneered as he walked past her to go to his godson's bed.

Draco was about to have a good dream when he was rudely awoken by his head of house. "Professor..."

Snape pulled out his wand to create a privacy ward around them. "I don't want to hear excuses from you! You blatantly disobeyed me

when I told you to go directly to your common room! Give me one damn good reason why I shouldn't expel you right here and now! You were in a duel of high caliber weren't you?"

"Yes...I dueled Potter in the Chamber of Secrets...and lost. He told me that my mother will be safe from father...but he's much stronger then he was last year. How did he get stronger then me?" He sighed angrily.

Severus glared at his student. "That is none of your concern. You should worry about what will happen to you when you leave Madame Pomfrey's care! Godson or not you will be punished for disobeying me! Is that in anyway unclear?"

"Yes sir."

"Good...because when you're healed you will be cleaning cauldrons..." He saw the smirk on Draco's face and winced in pain from his dark mark. "The muggle way...now if you'll excuse me."

At the Malfoy Manor...Narcissa wasn't having the best of times at her 'home' with her husband. Dread was filling every fiber of her being since her son left to go back to Hogwarts. 'I'm glad that Lucius isn't here at the moment...I have a terrible feeling. For some reason my husband has been acting very strange.'

"Mistress Malfoy...dinner is being served in the parlor."

She looked at the magical creature wearing the Malfoy crest on her uniform. "Thank you Misty, however I would like to eat here."

"Misty will be back in five minutes."

She watched her house elf 'pop' away, and she got up to pour herself another glass of red wine. 'I have been drinking too much lately...am I really that much of an alcoholic?' She laughed to herself as she took

a sip...but spat it out when a blue flame exploded onto the table, and took the form of Hedwig. "If a phoenix has a blue flame then I'm not drinking this stuff anymore."

The white phoenix looked at Lucius's wife and trilled a note to her as she lowered her head to her leg. Narcissa understood to remove the letter, but she was amazed to see a rare looking magical bird in front of her. She was very curious to see who had written to her.

"Narcissa Black-Malfoy,

I know I am the last person you would think of getting a letter from, but there are issues that we need to discuss. Frankly, I am disgusted that you a former Black have ruined your reputation and personally swindled my family's accounts just to pay for your husband's half-blood master. To me your lust for Lucius's manipulative power has warped your thoughts, and your greed among other things has me calling for your permanent banishment from the Black Family.

You are very fortunate that I have only temporarily disowned you from the family finances. However, with your son and his godfather's persuasion...I have temporarily placed you in my custody. I'm sure that Draco talked to you about your husband's idea of turning you to prostitution to give him more funds to support that filth that you call a 'dark lord'.

We will meet in a private parlor in the Hogs Head on October 31 at 10pm. My phoenix Hedwig is waiting for your response.

Lord Black-Potter

Head of the Black Family"

She had to re-read the letter several more times before noticing the name. 'Potter? How did he become the head of the family...wait...Sirius had something to do with it. I guess I don't have

any choice but to meet my new head of family.'

Misty returned with the dinner she prepared for her Mistress. "Dinner is served, Mistress."

"Sorry but I've lost my appetite for now, but please do not throw it away." Mrs. Malfoy remarked. The house elf bowed and disappeared with the tray of food.

Voldemort was not in the best of moods. His inner circle was afraid of failing because two other members perished when they failed in their latest missions to assassinate key members in the Ministry. "How many more have come to our side McNair?"

Walden McNair bowed before his lord, and kissed his robes. "My lord I was able to recruit another fifteen, but they are not up to your standards."

A vein started to throb on his forehead when he heard this. "Fifteen? Only fifteen? CRUCIO! FIFTEEN ISN'T ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE SLACK FOR THE LOSS OF MY ALLIES!" He yelled as his Death Eater was yelling himself hoarse.

"My lord...I pay you no disrespect, but we were successful in gaining a new report from one of our spies. We've moved up to phase two in getting into the Department of Mysteries. It's possible that the prophecy that we tried to recover is a fake. Everyone knows how manipulative Dumbledore is...he could have planted it with Sybil Trelawney." Rookwood spoke up.

'This could be true...I wouldn't put it past the old fool.' Riddle's ruby eyes bore into his eyes. "Are you calling me a fool for going after it?"

"No my lord I would never..."

"CRUCIO! NEVER CHALLENGE MY METHODS OR WOULD YOU

LIKE TO JOIN THE UNDERWORLD IN A MATCHBOX! Lucius get our allies from that blasted school in Bulgaria. When they arrive then we will pull out all the stops on our raids. No more will we just kill a select few mudbloods and fools of our kind. I will not lie to you my servants...your raids were baby steps to my grand design. No more will we just stand by and wait for the Ministry to attempt to stop us. Kill, maim, sever, stab, butcher, and slaughter any of our enemies in the worst way possible. If you fail I will hunt you down and gracefully open the doors to hell for you. Leave me." He ordered with pure malice dripping from his words. "Except you Snape."

His inner circle of Death Eaters bowed before their lord and left quickly. "You wished to speak to me, my lord?"

"Yes...have you taught the boy Occlumency?"

A bead of sweat formed underneath his mask. "I attempted to open his mind to your manipulations, my lord...it seems someone else has taught the boy to master the subject, and it wasn't the old fool."

"This displeases me greatly Severus. Potter has been a thorn in my side longer then your pitiful rivalry with his father. He has stolen my revenue for this 'civil war', ruined my plans, and he has destroyed Dumbledore's credibility. I want detailed reports on the boy...I want to know how in the nine levels of hell he has gotten this powerful!" Riddle spat angrily.

"My lord, my godson dueled Potter...and lost. I could tell from what I was told that they used dark spells against each other."

The self-proclaimed dark lord put his hand under his chin in thought. "Interesting...what has been happening in the order?"

"Nothing as of yet, however it seems that the headmaster is scheming something for his 'former golden boy'. I haven't been informed about what his plan is, but I hardly believe it will be

enforced. Potter has too many allies in that school, and few contacts inside the Ministry that are not Order members. Since the end of his fifth year he has turned into a complete Slytherin, and isn't afraid to exploit it."

Voldemort nodded at this bit of news. "Is there anyway to exploit his contacts or 'friends'?"

"Highly doubtful. He considers the 'weasels' dead to him, but in a new light he holds the female weasel on a tight leash due to her life debt with him. No offense my lord, but not even his fan girls would work." The Potions master remarked.

"Very well, your dismissed Severus." The dark lord said as he contemplated his thoughts. 'If the weasels were killed he wouldn't care less...there was that bushy haired friend of his...and that Auror that left the Order. If I was able to get to them then he would come easily into my plans. Now to lure her out...'

Severus walked through the corridors and out of the manor to apparate out. 'If that fool thinks he can use Granger or Auror Tonks...he will be sadly mistaken. I'll let Potter know about this tomorrow morning.'

Back at Hogwarts...Harry reentered the Chamber of Secrets to discover what rare books were in Slytherin's personal library. 'Well before I go read for a long while I wonder what is in his chambers.' He stood in front of the large statue of the school founder and held his hand out. "Speak to me Salazar Slytherin, greatest of the Hogwarts four."

The statue's mouth opened like it did during his second year...only this time a giant basilisk wasn't coming out to kill him. It took him a few moments to crawl into the passageway, and walk down the corridor until he saw a strange looking portrait. "WHO DARES TO COME INTO MY CHAMBER AND SLAY MY BASILISK!"

Harry walked in front of the irate portrait, and it slightly disturbed him that he had the same features as him. "Obviously that would be me since nobody else has come down here since the dark moron calling himself your heir. Also I apologize for having to slay your pet, however you should know one of my familiars is an albino basilisk."

Salazar was about to come up with over 1,000 sarcastic ways to reply to his statement, but was surprisingly curious to know that the young man had that particular serpent as his familiar. "Indeed...I have seen her accompany another snake along by here. Why should I believe that my supposed heir is a 'dark moron' as you call him, peasant!"

The young student smirked at the founder's statement. "I would advise you to choose your words carefully Slytherin. If I were just a mere peasant as you say then how would I be speaking in parseltongue?"

"Only ones with my bloodline are able to speak the language of the serpents...then that must mean that you inherited it from my family."

He couldn't help but laugh mentally from that statement. "I'm afraid that is only half right...because I received this gift from a curse by your heir when he tried to murder me when I was a baby. However, from what I've seen in his memories he was a half-blood orphan that grew up in an abusive orphanage, and his dark side started to grow during his days at Hogwarts. He unsealed your chamber and killed a student with your basilisk. It was during his last few years that he learned how to make Horcruxes, and further himself in the 'dark arts' to become immortal all the while praising himself as the 'heir of Slytherin' and his war for the restoration of the pure-bloods. So far from what I have figured out three of his Horcruxes have been destroyed. Not to sound too much like a typical Gryffindor, but he really needs to die."

"Interesting story boy...and I take it that his followers are fellow students from my house." The portrait sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Unfortunately so and I'm afraid that they were all manipulated by Tom Marvolo Riddle to be his servants bound to him by his 'dark mark'. I can only guess that when the Horcruxes and he are destroyed anyone who has his mark will suffer his fate. However I noticed one flaw in his design...he cannot be your heir since he did not talk to you to confirm it, much less confirm his status with Gringotts."

"You are well informed...you would have done well in my house. What is your name so I can acknowledge you?" Salazar asked.

"I am Lord Harry James Black-Potter."

The portrait of the snake speaker had a dark grin on his face. "I see...now what is it that you want of me? My family vault? Known as my 'new' heir? Dangerous potions? Parseltongue magic? True history from an un-biased view? Or a new way of killing your threat with my knowledge of battle magic?"

"To be perfectly honest...I would welcome any new sources of magic that would aid me in this war. Unlike certain power hungry fools I won't abuse it. There is more at stake then just the biased view of the 'light and dark' factions. This 'civil' war is tearing our world apart and sooner or later the muggles will find out and exterminate us all. I know you couldn't honestly care less about what happens, however I do." Harry spat out at the founder.

"True words spoken from the pure-heart...very well I shall allow you access to everything in here. Also keep an open mind when reading the true history from my point of view. Tell me...there is something different about you young one...which one of my brethren's blood runs in your veins?"

The silver haired dragon smirked when he imagined the look on the portrait's face at his answer. "From my father's side I carry the blood and magic from Merlin Ambrosia and Morgana Le Fay. I do not know about my mother's side at all."

"...the heir of the light sorcerer and dark sorceress...yes you resemble them greatly. Tell me, what did your mother look like? Perhaps I can be some enlightenment on this issue."

"Her name was Lily Rose Evans-Potter. She was very beautiful, long red hair that curled at the ends, emerald green eyes...I see her being killed everytime so I apologize for having to gather myself." He responded.

"Emerald eyes...and red hair...Evans...yes I remember her...always being chased by your moron of a father every hour on the hour of everyday of their time at this school. Don't give me that look...I'm not always in this damned portrait!"

Harry glared at the founder. "You mean to tell me that I was foolish to believe that you didn't know anything."

"You never asked if I knew what was going on now did you. I'm going to warn you now young Potter...do not let anyone know that you are down here much less going into my personal library. I have a feeling that if word got out it could spell trouble for the both of us."

"I understand, but what safeguards did you place on your books? We were told that you were paranoid like you were going to be kidnapped and sexually assaulted by Dementors." He said.

Salazar's portrait glared at the young punk in front of him. "If I still had my body I would be strangling you! Obviously all of my texts have been translated in parseltongue so only they could read it. Also you will find inscriptions above the doors. They should be easy to

translate to let you in."

"Thank you, but what is behind your portrait?"

"It is my personal potions lab with ingredients with preservation charms on them, and also extinct serpent eggs under stasis. Your familiar already told you where my library is. So I'll leave you too your explorations, however just be grateful that I am allowing you this privilege." Slytherin informed him.

"Only because nobody else can have the nerve to say that they like speaking like a person with a forked tongue that got caught in their teeth." He remarked not even noticing the slight smirk on the portrait's face as he headed to the library.

'Oh man this is going to be one end to a crazy day. Gee what else is going to happen next...oh my dear lord..."Speak the name of the serpent with the most toxic poison to enter." Gee it's a basilisk... could the founder be any more lame in his passwords? Whoa...this must be the place where bookworms have their orgasms.' Harry thought to himself as he started to browse the titles.

He picked up a tome called 'Parselmagic: Things you should know as a serpent speaker. By Salazar Slytherin'. After browsing a few chapters he definitely made sure to take this with him to study immediately. He put the book down and pulled a very large tome that he could tell was the history book that the portrait spoke about. His curiosity got the better of him and he opened up the old tome, and started reading.

Dumbledore was once again pacing around in his office thinking of a scheme to get back at his former weapon, and so far the only evidence that he had was using an unforgivable in the Department of Mysteries. 'The only thing I have to go on is just what I saw in his memories of that event. If only there was a way of convincing the right people to see my way...'

He decided to summon his spy in the DoM, Hestia Jones with his phoenix necklace. A few moments passed before his fireplace roared to life, and she stepped out. "You wanted something Dumbledore?" She asked as she pulled her hood down.

"Yes Miss Jones and I would advise you to show some respect to your elders. Now I need information about the incident between Mr. Potter and Bellatrix Lestrange in your department."

"I'm afraid that is classified information, and I do not have the proper clearance to obtain it...sir." She remarked.

He stroked his beard in an arrogant manner. "Well then I'm afraid that you will have to get that classified information or else more then your reputation will be on the line."

She was deeply angered at his words, and smirked mentally because an idea crossed her mind. "Then if this information is so dear to you then would you mind telling me why you need it so badly?"

"Unfortunately that is all you need to know, and bring it to me as soon as possible." He dismissed her as he walked back to his pensive.

She put her gray hood back on, walked over to the fireplace, and threw in some Floo powder. "Ministry of Magic."

'This is a calculated risk that I am taking...it must succeed at all costs.' He thought as he watched the memory of that particular day again.

Hestia didn't waste anytime going into the Department of Mysteries. Some of the Auror's that she passed gave her weird looks since the DoM workers never walked though the main floor of the Ministry. 'The boss definitely needs to hear about this.'

She entered into the circular room, walked up to one of the slow spinning doors, and pressed her badge against the wall. "Dragon's Office." The wall stopped spinning, and one of the doors opened to expose a long dark hallway. Not wanting to waste any time she headed down the hallway. 'I hope that pervert isn't busy right now.'

She knocked on the door three times, and opened the door. "Sir...I hope you don't mind me walking in without making an appointment first."

"Not at all, but you are lucky that I have a few moments to spare. I was just about to leave, and I'm sure my wife would be upset if I was late. So what is on your mind, Miss Jones?"

"I thought it was understood that we never spoke any of our real names here, sir?" She asked since she still felt like a newbie after only a year of being recruited.

The man behind the desk chuckled at her words. "When we are in my office we can speak normally, but when we are outside this office we speak only codenames. Now I can tell something is troubling you."

"Yes there is...Dumbledore summoned me to his office demanding classified information regarding the incident between Bellatrix Lestrange and Harry Potter last year. I told him that I did not have the clearance; however he threatened me saying if I didn't get this to him 'a.s.a.p.' more then my reputation is on the line. But before I left I asked him what this info was that he needed so badly...he said that was all I needed to know. Also that old man was standing over his pensive before I left."

Her superior folded his arms across his chest. "This is a dangerous game you're playing Hestia. I warned you to leave that pathetic Order when I personally recruited you. Hmm...but in a way this could work

better in our favor...knowing him, he's scheming to get Harry back under his control."

"What do you have planned sir?"

"The only thing that I can think of so far is that he used Legilimency on him to find out about the incident...Dumb-as-a-door will do anything to discredit Lord Black-Potter to make himself look better in the people's eyes. For now play along with his game...however if our target is going to be arrested we will bring him here. You have the clearance to bring him that information, but make him sweat a little before you do. Now I must be going or else my wife will kill me." He said as he got up from behind his desk.

"Yes sir."

Harry paused his reading to look at his watch. 'Hmm looks like its five to midnight. I guess I better pack things up.' He shrunk 17 books, put them in his pocket, and made his way out of the Chamber of Secrets.

Blaise was promoted to Prefect since Pansy wasn't able to do her job. She turned down the corridor that led to moaning Myrtle's bathroom. She wasn't going to bother going down there until she saw someone walk out of the bathroom. "Stop right there or else I will...Potter?! I never would've imagined that you got off by going into women's bathrooms."

A smirk came across his face when he recognized the voice. "Isn't it past a Slytherin's bedtime? After all I wouldn't want to be the victim of a woman's scorn because she didn't get her beauty sleep."

She pointed her wand at him with a smirk on her face. "Well you are interrupting that since I had to come and find you. So what shall I do with you since your not a prefect and not the head boy...I think detention should be in order...but I think I can come up with something better."

"That's interesting...I didn't know that you had a kinky side...but you might want to be careful because Filch likes to fondle his cat in a certain broom closet, and I really don't want to find mangled cat hair on my clothes."

Her eyes widened at that statement, and she had to cover her mouth. "That's disgusting."

"Yeah well now you know why they're so close."

She couldn't believe that she started giggling from his sarcasm. "I take it that you didn't hear about the announcement today? There is going to be a Halloween ball, and the students from Beauxbaton's have been invited."

'Damn...so she was right. This is not going to be good especially if they get mentally probed by Dumbledore...'

"And guess what Potter...as your punishment you're going with me without complaint and you will be dancing with me whenever I want. Got it?" She smirked because she was expecting him to explode.

Too bad for her he only smiled. "That's my punishment? Are you going to bring handcuffs as well so I can't escape? Or urinate without your permission?"

'I can tell my heritage is still manifesting...maybe this is why I came up with this idea because of my crush on him. Nah I'll blame Daphne as usual.' She thought, but continued to smirk. "Glad you see things my way...now you better go to bed before you get busted by a professor."

He watched her take a few steps back down the corridor when he blurted out. "What? No good night kiss?"

She turned around and saw him cup her face with his hands. 'Oh my god...he's going to kiss me...'

He leaned in to brush his lips with hers, but then he moved to her ear and whispered. "You've got cat hair on you...you naughty girl."

She blinked a few times and saw red when his words rang in her head. Immediately she grabbed her wand and was about to curse him into oblivion when he suddenly got away. "You are a dead wizard walking Potter." She said with a smile.

Chapter 14: Trick or Treat!

Hermione was having trouble sleeping since the students were told about the balls that were taking place at Halloween and Christmas. Like any other girl she should have been ecstatic about going to one with her date, but she wasn't. For some reason she knew that some idiot would ask her only to end up being hurt when it was over.

'I just don't see the point of those stupid things anyways. I probably wouldn't even get a date...especially after what that arsehole did when I went with Krum.'

She snapped back to reality when Parvati and Lavender waved their hands in front of her face. "Stop doing that!"

"Sorry Hermione, but you were spacing out again. What else can we do to get your attention besides burning 'Hogwarts: A History'?" Parvati joked.

The Gryffindor bookworm glared at her for that comment. "What do you two want?" She said while safely locking her copy of her favorite book away in her trunk.

The two gossips laughed at her antics. "Come on, we're going to Hogsmeade to get dresses and you're coming with us." Lavender commented.

"Yeah, no more spending all your time in the library and drowning yourself in books. Look at the paper cuts you have, and not to mention the blisters on your hands."

She scowled at the two of them, and gathered her things for a shower. "I don't feel like it you two...now if you don't mind I'm going to have some time to myself."

Parvati linked her arms with her soon to be 'shopping victim'. "Now

we know that you're a prefect, but you're not getting away that easily."

Hermione quickly removed her arm from the gossip's hold and went into the bathroom. 'I could surely use Harry's invisibility cloak right about now...speaking of which I have to talk to him about certain things. I'm not sure how he's going to react though.' She got the water nice and hot, and let it melt away her problems. She wouldn't admit it to anyone, but she always loved to have a nice hot shower in the morning to ease the tension away.

Lavender was snickering to her friend. "Do you think she will notice the little improvement we made to her hair care products?"

"Well I'm sure that she will when she dries it...but do you want to leave just in case she starts cursing us?" The Patel twin asked.

"Nah, we'll survive...I don't think she will notice. But we should stay in the common room if she screams so we can fix it." She said.

30 minutes later the Gryffindor bookworm finished getting ready for the day, but when she came down into the common room people were looking at her...especially the single male students. She really didn't pay any attention as she made her way down to the Great Hall for breakfast.

Harry was down in the Chamber of Secrets in Slytherin's library reading an old Tome about Arcane magic that was lost throughout the ages. 'Interesting...all of this knowledge from Riddle's ancestors and he's missing out. What a shame. I never actually knew that there were even more spells and curses labeled as 'Black and Forbidden' instead of dark. I know that Snape would have an orgasm at all the potion recipes and books down here. I better pay him a visit outside of class...speaking of which I better get ready for it.'

He put the tome back onto the shelf, and walked out of the library. He

rounded the corner to pet his familiar when someone shouted his name. "SPEAK TO ME SALAZAR SLYTHERIN, GREATEST OF THE HOGWARTS FOUR!" He muttered something about stupid passwords as he maneuvered to the founder's portrait.

"Took you long enough to get over here."

"Gee, who pissed in your cereal this morning? Oh sorry you can't eat..." He said with a smirk.

The portrait glared at him with pure venom in his eyes. "When you resurrect me I will gladly pay you back 10 fold!"

"Uh huh...anyways what did you need me for?" He asked.

"Because I like you...so much I spied on the Headmaster for you. There is a plot that involves you on the night of the Halloween ball. Watch your back young dragon."

He looked at the portrait with a frown. "Must you be so cryptic? And here I thought we were friends since I'm only the first person to find your portrait in nearly a millennium."

Slytherin glared at him once again for his cheek, but he had to admit that the boy was interesting. "The conversations with your familiar were better then the ones we've had. But then again your ego is much bigger then your brain."

"However, I'm not in a place that would resemble a muggle sewer, and all alone in your portrait." He said with another smirk as he started walking away.

Salazar continued to scowl at Harry's retreating form. "Potter, before you leave answer me this question. What house did the sorting hat say that you would do well in?"

"I would've been in the house of the Serpent, however due to a brainwashed son of a pureblood supremacist or better known as a Death Eater I asked to be put anywhere other than your noble house. I have to go or else it will stir suspicion. Farewell for now." He walked away from the founder's portrait.

He made his way out into the main chamber and saw his familiar waiting for him with Nagini. "Master, we heard from the other snake speaker that there is a plot that involves you...shall we follow you?"

"No Basil I don't want you to follow me. If you and Nagini were found there is no doubt that you two would be killed and be used for potion ingredients. You know I don't like ordering you around, but if something should happen I want the both of you to stay hidden in the castle. Make sure that Lyan and Eli don't cause too much trouble, and don't get caught."

"Don't worry Master Harry we'll take care of them." Nagini assured him.

"Thanks you two." He said as he stroked their scales, and headed out of the Chamber of Secrets.

Blaise was walking down the same corridor that she did the night prior because she had a feeling that she would be running into Potter again. She took out her wand and waited outside of the girl's bathroom that leads to Slytherin's secret chamber. Her assumption was correct when she saw the door open and he stepped out. Quickly she put her wand right at the base of his neck, and had a devilish smile on her face. "What do I see here? A dead wizard walking if I remember, and I am really going to enjoy wrapping you around my little finger Potter."

"Looks like I didn't interrupt your beauty sleep then. I guess I'll just keep imagining you with the bed hair and in your pajamas. After all I do have to admit you are very cute with the bed hair."

Her smile turned into a slight frown as she folded her arms over her chest. "You still haven't gotten off the hook for that yet!"

"So why did you come down here again? Coming to exclaim to the entire school that I'm a pervert who likes to stay in a haunted bathroom with 'moaning myrtle'?"

She didn't even know how to answer that statement. "Potter, why do you always have to be such a smartass all the time?"

"Better then being a dumbass..."

Her frown turned into laughter that was pleasing to his ears. "That you are...did you get your dress robes yet?"

"Actually I was planning on using the robes from fourth year with added frilly strings to the seams."

She glared at him, and raised her wand. "You listen and you listen well! I will not look like a fool in front of the entire school because you were too lazy to get new robes!"

"As I recall you said as punishment that I had to go with you. It's not my fault that you failed to notify me of the terms of purchasing new dress robes." He sneered.

Her glare only intensified and she grabbed him by his collar. "You...are...going...to...Hogsmeade...and getting new robes! DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?!"

He reached up and tucked a piece of her long black hair behind her ear. "Don't worry your little head one bit...after all I know you have to go there to get those magical binders to keep me by your side. You better go before people think that I've kidnapped you and I'm having my way with you in my common room."

"And you're saying that you wouldn't do that to me?" She asked with a raised eyebrow. 'Why did I say that?!'

"Miss Zabini, you must keep your daydreams to yourself." He took her hand and kissed her knuckles.

She fought the blush that was creeping onto her cheeks as he walked away. 'He better look good for me or else.'

Everyone was inside the Great Hall eating breakfast except Harry who constantly ate in the kitchens. Dumbledore finished his conversation with Professor McGonagall and turned his attention to Professor Snape. "Severus, would you do an old man a favor by getting Mr. Black-Potter? I have an announcement that all the students will hear."

If the Potion's master could glare anymore then the old wizard would be staring death in the face. "I am preoccupied Headmaster. Why not summon an elf since he spends all his meals with them."

Albus's eye twitched at his insolence. "Tabby!"

With a small pop the house elf arrived next to the elderly wizard. "Master Albus summoned Tabby?"

"Yes, tell Mr. Black-Potter to come to the Great Hall with the other students." He demanded, and the house elf 'popped' away to complete its order.

After nearly ten minutes of waiting Harry finally walked into the Great Hall and noticed that there were 4 and a half grand tables. 'Must be for Beauxbaton's students...I hope that nobody suspects Bella when she gets here.'

The Headmaster stood up and gently tapped his goblet with his

spoon to get the student's attention. "I have an announcement to make. As all of you know the Halloween Ball will be upon us, and later today we will have special guests that will be staying at Hogwarts for one week. Now I gave my word to Madame Maxime that my students will be on their best behavior. Those who have permission to go to Hogsmeade will be able to enjoy their time in the village...without causing trouble. That is all."

Harry was about to walk back out, but someone touched his arm. "Will you join us...my lord?"

He turned around and saw Hermione looking...different. "Very well then, but I would like to talk to you in private later on. By the way I like the new look."

Parvati and Lavender shared a quick high five before turning their attention back to their food before curses were sent their way. Ron was still glaring at his former friend and girlfriend with pure jealousy in his eyes as they sat down at the end of the Gryffindor table. A few of his former housemates were actually happy to see him sitting at their table again.

"Thank you Harry, but it was a 'prank' by those two." She huffed.

"I think it looks good to be honest, and I think you should keep looking like you do now. I wonder if they can do anything for those book-calloused hands..."

If the blood oath wasn't still in tact she would've struck him. She sighed angrily before speaking to him again. "I can't help it if I love books."

"But you can't marry them. Information is good fore knowledge and research...but what are you going to do once you've read everything? Don't say re-read everything." He asked with a raised eyebrow.

She couldn't help but fight the blush at his words. "How did you know I was going to say that?"

"I know you better than you think I do. Is it lonely in the tower since I'm not there for entertainment?"

Neville got up from his spot to join his friend and fellow Gryffindor. "Good to see that you finally decided to join us for breakfast."

"If I didn't know that you missed me that much then I would've stayed away longer." He said with a smirk.

Hermione laughed at his sharp sarcasm. "My lord, are you planning on going to the Halloween ball?"

He sighed as he looked at Blaise at the Slytherin table. She looked right back at him with a smirk. "Yes I'll be attending this dance against my will. Have you two found someone to go with?"

"I'll be going with Luna since she is my girlfriend after all." The Longbottom heir replied as he winked at his love at the Ravenclaw table.

"I haven't found anyone to go with yet, but I'm sure that someone will ask me." She said.

Harry raised his eyebrow at her as he stole a piece of fruit from her bowl earning him a scowl. "I'm warning you now you are not going with Corner or Weasley. Meet me on the 4th floor corridor just outside of Professor Sinistra's office when you're ready." He said as he stole another piece of fruit.

"Yes sir." She mock saluted him. "Now will you please stop stealing my fruit?" He shook his head at her as he walked out of the Great Hall.

Hermione didn't know what to expect when she left with the other students after breakfast ended. 'I better go meet him before all of us get ready to go to Hogsmeade. But why would he even suggest that Michael Corner or Ron would ask me...frankly I wouldn't want to be caught dead with either of them.'

She contemplated her thoughts as she made her way to her lord, when she was stopped by Professor Sinistra. "Miss Granger, are you going to meet with my student? Then follow me I'll show you a shortcut." Both of them walked to the wall with the painting of Cheza the Wise, and walked through the hidden passage to her office.

"Thank you Professor." She said as she met with Harry outside of the office door.

"We'll go in my common room. Judgment!" He spoke as he walked past his guardian portrait.

She followed behind him, but was amazed at how different it was from Gryffindor Tower. "This is amazing...I've never seen anything like this before. Are all of these books yours? Can I look at them?"

"If you wanted a tour all you had to do was ask." He remarked with a grin.

She looked really embarrassed and paid attention to her feet. "I'm sorry...my curiosity got the better of me."

"Don't worry about it, but look at least look at me. It's not like I'm going to take off my belt and use it on your arse...unless you're into that kind of thing."

Her eyes went wide and her face turned as red as a tomato. "I...I...am not into that Harry, I assure you!"

He sat down on the couch and motioned for her to sit next to him. "Pity...and here I thought you had a kinky side." He saw her jaw drop and he started to smirk, "Alright, the reason why I wanted to talk to you is...that I am willing to give you another chance. I would like to be the same way we were before, but..."

"I understand that you can't really release the blood oath, because I might betray you again. Thank you for giving me another chance though."

"Your welcome, but please don't make me regret this." He said as he hugged her.

She returned his affection with interest, but she didn't know what came over her when she kissed him. 'Oh my god why am I kissing him?! Well to be honest he's a good kisser...I'm sure that he would make any girl happy.'

He broke the kiss and looked at her. "I didn't expect you to jump the gun like that...I guess I should order the whips and chains..."

She slapped his arm as she glared at him. "Would you be serious for a change? So who are you going to the ball with?"

"Now I wouldn't want to ruin the surprise Hermione. I take it that you've been scouting for someone?"

"To tell you the truth I was hoping to go with you, but I didn't know you were going with somebody. Maybe I'll just stay in the library that night." She sighed.

He put his hand underneath her chin and forced her to look at him. "You'll go to the ball even if I have to drag you there in your school robes. I'll save a dance just for you, but don't go with those two people I told you before ok? Let's get out of here because you have a dress to buy."

"Harry, something has been bugging me since I saw you like this in Flourish and Blots...how did you do that wandless magic?! TEACH ME PLEASE?" She begged him like a hyper two-year-old.

"I'll think about it." He remarked with a smirk, but overheard some noises outside. "I wonder what those idiots are doing now."

Professor Sinistra walked through the portrait with a serious expression on her face. "Knock off your make-out session with Granger. Beauxbaton's just arrived and we're being forced to look nice, prim, and proper."

Hermione's jaw dropped and she was ready to argue, but stopped when she saw him grin. "It was one kiss, and now we're being burned at the stake for it?"

Harry's head of house grinned as well because she was so gullible. "You should've realized that I was teasing you both, but you just incriminated yourself. Even Sirius and I weren't that dumb when we were here at Hogwarts."

He saw her about to ask twenty questions so he stepped in. "Her real name is Carmen Vazquez, and she was Sirius's fiancée. My mother came up with her current identity to leave her old career as a hit-witch after her team was killed by Death Eaters. Now that you know about her you cannot say anything about it."

"I promise that I won't say anything, Harry." She assured him.

"Good but stop dawdling, we have to go." Sinistra told them and walked out of the common room with both students following her.

The Hogwarts students were greeted with the familiar sight of a Pegasus flown carriage being tossed around like a rag doll in the sky like two years ago. Hagrid was waving what looked like large red

ping pong paddles to direct the horses to the right, but had to leap out of the way of being trampled by the flying horses.

Dumbledore walked out to greet the students from Beauxbaton's Academy of Magic as they exited the carriage. "Welcome to Hogwarts."

Bella walked out with Fleur who gave her shoulder a little squeeze of assurance before leading the manipulative headmaster in 'friendly conversation'. 'I know she told me not to worry about that bastard in front of me, but I better keep up my Occlumency without him knowing.'

She watched as her 'friends' grabbed her and walked into the castle. She spotted Harry in the crowd not looking pleased about something. "M'excuserez-vous pendant une minute? Je vais rendre visite à mon ami." (Will you excuse me for a minute? I'm going to visit my friend.)

Harry started walking away from the crowd after being dismissed, but someone grabbed his arm. "Bonjour Monsieur." (Hello Mister.)

He turned around to see none other than Belle Van Tassel aka Bellatrix Black. To put up a show he smiled and kissed her knuckles. "Bonjour Madame, Comment avez-vous eye?" (Hello Madame, how are you?)

Some of the other students were clearly shocked to see a foreign student and their own student being on good terms like that. Draco on the other hand only had envy when he saw his rival talking with the hot looking Beauxbaton's girl. 'Great...another thing that Potter can rub in my face, but not this time!'

Belle noticed her nephew coming over, and she decided to walk away with Lord Black-Potter. "We better get out of here before that idiot makes an ass out of himself." She whispered to him.

Dumbledore stopped Harry from sneaking away with her. "Mr. Potter, would you be so kind as to escort our guests to the guest quarters?"

'Like I would know where they're at you moron.' He thought before voicing his opinion. "Wouldn't it be better if you assigned a prefect or the head student's to that? After all I don't know where they are."

Professor Snape kept his amusement behind his cold scowl. 'Nicely handled.'

The headmaster looked quite miffed at his former weapon's insubordination. "Very well. Miss Zabini and Miss Granger will escort your students to they're quarters, Miss Delacour."

"Thank you, Profezzor Dumbly-door, but ve will be staying inside ze carridge until ze departure." She replied trying to hold back her frustration with the man before her.

"Then we will be seeing you for meals and classes." He bowed smartly before walking away to resume scheming once his plan goes into effect.

"I'll be in the carriage, but you know how to get in there. I still have a bone to pick with you." Belle whispered to him.

Sinistra put her hand on her shoulder, and on Harry's. "Well you must be Miss Van Tassel I've heard about. Would you like to join me for some tea?"

He nodded to her and she smiled at his head of house. "I would ve honored."

Belle, Harry, and Professor Sinistra walked into her office to begin some serious discussions. "You don't have to worry Bella; whatever you say in here is between us. The privacy wards are in place so nobody will be able to eavesdrop on us."

"How did you know who I am? Damn it, I thought we had an agreement on this!" She yelled at him.

"You don't have to yell at my student. I figured it out since I remembered what you look like since we did share a common room together when we were here. The only thing that doesn't give you away is the blue eyes instead of violet."

Harry was silently laughing when he saw his charge's face as she tried to think. "Carmen, please don't play mind games with her...she might have a few broken blood vessels from thinking so hard."

She smacked his arm and followed up with a glare. "Wait a minute...the only person that I know by that name was Sirius's fiancée."

"Correct in one Lestrage." Sinistra replied rather coldly.

She looked at her with surprise at the sound of her voice. 'Great...'

He could tell that this was going to turn out badly. "If you two want to settle your differences then I'll leave. There is no sense in me getting involved."

Bella was very uncomfortable being in the same room with her former classmate/Sirius's fiancée. On instinct she grabbed his hand. "Harry, you don't have to go..."

He gave her hand a reassuring squeeze. "Professor, I just want you to know that I've forgiven her over my godfather's death since she was forced to take an imperious potion since she was taken out of Azkaban. Please keep that in mind when you two are talking."

"Sit down Harry, because I don't want to do something that I'll regret." His head of house informed him.

"Very well." He took his place back in his seat, and used his wand to summon both of theirs. "We can't have any destructive spells being used that would alert the 'dumb door'."

"If you say that you were being controlled then why did you kill him? Surely you a high ranking Death Eater could've overcome something as that." Carmen said with controlled anger.

Bella sighed heavily before coming up with the truth. "I was forced to drink the potion by my husband that night, but when I started dueling Sirius...I started fighting it but I sent a stunning curse at him instead of the usual curses that we were using. I saw my spell make contact...I thought that he would just slump down to the floor. When I saw him fall into the black veil my heart broke because I sent my cousin to his death. You should know the events that happened after that, but once we left for the headquarters...I acted the same way so I didn't raise suspicion. The Dark Dork babbled on and on about how we failed to get the prophecy, and then tortured us with his favorite unforgivable curse.

Missions and raids were assigned, but I was forced the same blasted potion on the night that Harry broke away from that manipulative goat. When I confronted him I was possessed, and then I remember puking up blackish liquid. Since that day that I was set free I trained 'my lord' in his magic. I knew that my death sentence was coming when I felt a pulse in the dark mark. So I brewed the de-aging potion and used it to turn me back before I received the cursed tattoo. Harry told me that I would be discovered at Hogwarts if I went with him this year. So he used one of his contacts to get me to Beauxbaton's until I could transfer next year. I can understand that you hate me for taking your love from you...trust me my own guilt has been doing a good job of that."

Sinistra walked around her desk, put her hand on her shoulder, and sighed. "It may take a while for me to get over my re-opened wounds

from listening to your words, but Harry told me this from his point of view. I guess I can't really blame you for his death. It was his dream to go down fighting."

She looked up at her to see a few stray tears fall from her eyes. The two women hugged each other, and Harry took his cue to leave. 'They need this more than I do.'

Professor Snape was walking from his potion's lab to the front gates totally oblivious to his house student's ramblings about going to Hogsmeade and causing trouble. He couldn't honestly care less about their juvenile behavior, but he had to go to refill his potion stores. 'Damn ingrates...you would think that they would act their age instead of their shoe size. Not to mention that I thought that little spat with Potter would've given Draco some intelligence to stop this pitiful rivalry with him. Now it started back up thanks to this French girl who for some reason looks familiar but I cannot place the name.'

He had to keep his frustration in check because he had to be going with these brats. One in particular was getting on his nerves, Ron Weasley. The arrogant arse was acting like the fool again and it was irritating the Potion master's nerves. 'For the love of muggles I'm putting a stop to this right now!'

"So then I went up to her, and asked for her to go with me. Merlin was she hot, and she actually smiled at me." He boasted to some of his fellow Gryffindors who were trying not to listen to him.

He kept going on and on until Snape's shadow was over him. "Weasley, do us all a favor and keep your mouth shut. Miss Delacour left your brother for a reason, and tell me why she would want to go to a dance with you? You have nothing to offer her, and you never will besides your enlarged ego. Do what you need to and get back to the castle."

"Why should I? I'm allowed to come here grease ball!" He shouted.

Harry was smirking from the shadows. 'Oh this is going to be enjoyable.'

Blaise walked with her friends and had to stop when she saw her head of house pull out his wand. She stopped when she thought she saw a flash of silvery/gray hair. Almost on instinct she snuck up to where she saw it, and pulled. She heard the said person cuss. "You know you should work on your hiding Potter."

He took his hair out of her hands and rubbed the spot on his head where it hurt him. "Was that really necessary to pull so hard? I'm trying to observe some entertainment."

Daphne was wondering where her best friend went off to. She was about to search for her, but then she saw her with Potter. 'Looks like I'm going to win that bet after all. 50 galleons to me, and I owe it all to him for hooking up with her!'

Millicent and Tracey looked to where their friend pointed. Both of them were slightly miffed because they lost the bet that Blaise wouldn't hook up with Black-Potter. "You do realize she's only standing next to him and nothing else." Tracy spoke up.

"Oh stop being bitter and give me my money. You don't know that they've been meeting up together in the castle since last week." She said with a triumphant grin.

Milly was very doubtful about that statement. "We'll see Daphne, but until we see them together like normal couples the bet is still on."

Snape glared menacingly at the arrogant brat in front of him. "Wand out Weasley now!"

The red head gladly took out his wand and got into a dueling stance, but his sister came out of the crowd to stop him. "Ronald! Stop this

right now!"

"Stay out of this!" He said and pushed her out of the way.

Severus sneered as he threw his spell at the fool. "Surely your stupidity could help you in this. After all aren't Gryffindors supposed to be brave and wearing their hearts on their sleeves?"

"STUPIFY!"

"That was pathetic...this obviously shows you how much you have learned in six years." The Potion master sneered.

Basking in all his stupidity he started yelling spell after spell only to have his opponent simply bat them away. 'Damn it why isn't this working!'

Ron was caught off guard when something grabbed his ankle and yanked him into the air hanging upside down. Blaise looked up at Harry who had a devilish grin on his face. He took out his wand and silently sent a spell to show everyone his underwear like his father did to Snape. Severus looked for the culprit and knew it was Potter that did that. 'Leave it up to you to stir up bad memories again child! But at least I do not wear ferret briefs...damn you brat you beat me to it!'

Everyone in the vicinity started laughing so hard they were crying. Blaise had her hand over her mouth to keep herself from laughing, but she lightly smacked his arm. He continued grinning and put his wand away. "Just ruin all my fun, besides I thought you would enjoy joining me in humiliating him. After all I thought all Slytherins had vendettas with Gryffindors?"

"Who says we don't, but there's nothing saying that I won't." She took her wand out and sent a curse at the brainless red-head to turn his hair green to match her house, but she also made him start singing

the words 'I love Slytherins'.

"Impressive Zabini...I think I'm starting to like you."

She smiled at him, and put her wand away. "Well then I guess I'll have to make you divulge your undying love for me next. In the mean time you are going robe shopping while I pick out my dress."

"Don't forget your handcuffs." He said as Snape was dragging Ron back to the castle in an oversized match box.

She gave him another smile before joining her friends. Belle walked up behind him, and put her hand on his shoulder. "I never would've seen the day that you would ever go after a Slytherin girl, and I thought all Potter's were suckers for red heads?"

"Who says I'm not, but there's always muggle hair dye." He yawned and rubbed his right eye. "Can I buy you a butterbeer, Miss Van Tassel?"

"Of course, but it's a shame that you 'Hogwarts' students are only allowed to drink butterbeer. We Beauxbaton's drink wine with every meal." She boasted trying to irk him.

"What do you want, a medal?" He remarked as they walked into the crowded Three Broomsticks.

Madame Rosmerta was having an interesting conversation with a few of the Hogwarts staff. She looked at the door and smiled at the person who walked in. "Why Lord Potter this is a surprise. What can I get for you and your friend?"

"Two butterbeers and a shot of Dragon's breath firewhiskey."

Belle looked at him like he was crazy, and sat down at an empty table. She acted like she was putting a language translator spell on him to

fool everyone into thinking she needed help speaking English. "Don't you think that is a bit much?"

He gave Rosie a smile when she brought the drinks. "How much do I owe you?"

The owner of the place winked at him and put his money back in his pocket. "It's on the house Harry. Didn't I tell you that when you came here before?"

"Thank you, but take it as a tip for giving me such great service." He took his money back out and put it in her hand.

Belle grinned and shook her head at his antics. "You never cease to amaze me, you flirt."

"I can't help it if certain women are attracted to my charm. Besides I wouldn't want to get involved with one of my Professor's girlfriends." He said as he downed his shot, and pointed his head upwards to belch out the twelve foot flame.

Both of them started laughing when the bar became deathly quiet after watching what he did. "That was hilarious. I can't believe that you got a twelve footer, but do you want to tell me why you haven't been sleeping? I can tell from the shallow shadows under your eyes."

"I've been keeping up with my training, and I've been studying from the books in Slytherin's personal library. Did you know about arcane and black magic spells when you were part of them?" He asked.

"Actually, we didn't know about them besides dark spells that we learned on our own, and the unforgivable spells. What did you learn, because you sparked my curiosity?"

He took a sip of his drink. "I'll get you tonight so you can read them. Have you heard anything about Tonks? She hasn't sent me a letter

since the second week into the school year."

"The last time I got a post from her was about a week ago, but she did say that she did miss her 'little brother'. She also asked if you got Granger pregnant yet." She took great pride in making him choke on his drink.

He glared at her as he wiped his mouth with a napkin. "When I do find her I will put a spell on her that will cause nightmares for weeks. I think she will enjoy listening to 'it's a small world' when she goes everywhere, and seeing the little children marionettes singing it. I can't believe that she told you about that!"

"Is that a faint trace of her lipstick still on your lips? Or have you been kissing some other girl?" She teased him.

"Well even if I did I certainly wouldn't tell you Belle. Since you're here do you wish to accompany me to my appointment at the Hog's head?"

She shook her head at him and laughed. "I really don't want to be involved with your 'booty call' as the muggles call it. But sure I'll go with you as long as there is a cuter guy there than you."

He scoffed at her. "Maybe de-aging yourself damaged your hormones."

Blaise was eyeing Harry and his 'French' friend laughing and teasing. She couldn't help that she was having jealous thoughts. 'Why is she speaking with him? Potter is mine!'

Daphne could tell that something was bothering her best friend. "What's with the jealous glare?"

"Must be from the way Potter is talking with that 'French girl'. They seem very friendly though." Millicent blurted out without looking at

her friend.

The group of Slytherin 6th year girls watched as Harry and Belle walked out of the three broomsticks together, and saw a spark of flame come together in the half-Veela's hand. All three of them remembered the warning that Mr. Zabini gave them about his daughter's powers manifesting. "I am going to get an answer from him!"

"Wait Blaise! Come on we have to go after her before she does something really stupid!" Greengrass said as she quickly paid for her drink and went after her best friend.

Harry and Belle/Bella walked into the dreaded and dirty pub. "Geez, good thing this place never changes." She commented, but he put his hand over her mouth to be quiet.

"Alright, don't say anything because my appointment is in the first private room. I'm sure that you will recognize her though. Barkeep, two butterbeers and two shots of Dragon's Breath in room 1, and I want them in clean glasses." He said as he put the money on the counter.

Meanwhile Narcissa Black-Malfoy was sipping her white wine waiting for Lord Black-Potter to arrive. She was nearing her second glass when the head of her family and a hooded guest walked into the room. "I thought this meeting was between us?"

"Oh yes this will be between us, and my friend here will be observing. She's not a threat to you...yet."

Belle/Bella was overwhelmed to see her sister again, but she had to stay put. "Harry, you could at least make me take off this damned hood, and say hello!"

She stared at him and took another sip of her wine, as the barkeep

brought in the drinks. "What did you want to discuss?"

"Well first off your son's godfather came to me asking for me to take you into my protection. I told him that I would think about it, and then your son decided to duel me in the Chamber of Secrets. Needless to say he had his arse handed to him, but he did beg me to protect you from your husband...or should I say soon to be former husband. Narcissa, I can sympathize about your situation with that murderer...however I want to know if you have his mark or not." He said as both he and Belle/Bella took a shot of Dragon's breath, and belched the flame in the air.

She raised both of her sleeves to show no dark mark or any other blemish for that matter. "I was never given the mark because I was deemed not worthy enough to carry it by the Dark Lord or the Half-Blood murderer as you put it in your letter."

"That's very interesting to hear. What would be your intentions if I did bring you back into the family under my supervision?"

"I would do what you ask since you are the Patriarch of the family. Your word is law, and if you see fit you could impregnate me...I couldn't refuse. My magic would be limited to the ground rules you set for me, but to be frank it would be weird to be your charge/daughter...I'm more then half your age older." She joked, but he wasn't laughing.

"I already knew about the rules about the head of the family, Narcissa." He frowned.

She took another sip of her drink, and turned her eyes back to him. "No I don't think you do. Because I honestly don't believe that you are ready to assume everything that is entitled to be a lord to two families. There are a lot of political standings that would bury you for even breathing too loud. Not to mention that you still haven't assumed your seats in the Wizengamot."

Inside the Hogs Head Pub, a jealous Blaise Zabini stormed up to the bar. "Have you seen Harry Potter and a French girl come in here?"

"Potter yes, French girl no. The person that he came in with wore a black hood, and they walked into the first private room. Now buy a drink or get out." The bartender barked out.

She ordered a glass of red wine to keep the fool happy. She grabbed her drink and poured it out when she went up to the private parlor. 'Stupid fool...I refuse to drink out of a dirty glass.'

Three Slytherin girls walked into the bar looking for their friend. They caught a break when the Bartender pointed to the staircase. The three girls made their way up the stairs and found their friend trying to listen in on the ongoing conversation inside the room. "Blaise, what are you doing?! We're going back!" Daphne hissed at her friend.

Her best friend put her finger on her lips to keep quiet. "Shh! Something is going on in there and I want to find out what it is." She whispered harshly at her.

Greengrass was about to retort when they heard someone speaking with a raised voice that sounded pissed. "Don't tell me that I don't know what I'm doing Narcissa! I already know what the hell I'm doing, and I certainly don't need to hear any of your bad mouthing! I may be sixteen years old in this world but I sure as hell don't act like it thanks to that half-blood bastard and the master manipulator Dumbledore!"

"Harry, that wasn't what I was getting at and you know it." Mrs. Malfoy argued.

He rolled his eyes at her knowing what her answer would be. "Oh yes I totally forgot that I am considered muggle-born, and don't know anything because I don't fit the Pure-Blood qualifications for my new responsibilities because I'm a half-blood. Well get this newsflash, I

promised your son that I would protect you after I dueled him no holds barred in the chamber of secrets. After he lost he also told me that if I didn't then you would be forced into prostitution to raise currency for Riddle's reign of terror. If you don't like how I'm doing things then the door is right there for you to stock up on muggle condoms, and anti-pregnancy potions."

'I can't believe that son of a bitch! He was going to force my sister to do that?!' Belle/Bella thought, but she heard a noise outside the door. She came close to his ear and whispered, "I think there's someone outside the door."

Narcissa looked down at her lap before looking back at him. "I'm sorry Lord Black. I don't hold anything against you, but I was just stating a concern that's all."

"I appreciate that, but my guest here was one of the people who trained me along with her sister and daughter in many subjects including politics, etiquette, and how to put Dumbledore in his place." He got up from his chair and silently went up to the door. He quickly opened the door to have Blaise lose her balance, and fall on top of him.

She was extremely embarrassed to be caught, but now she was on a total different level when she was lip locked with her date. Her friends weren't helping when they started cat calling and whistling. "SHUT UP YOU THREE!"

"Being a male I do happen to like this position that we're in and what we shared but get off of me. Now if you want to continue our make-out session then let's go outside." He got up off the floor and ushered his classmates out of the room.

Narcissa finished her glass of wine. "Who would've thought...Potter and Zabini?"

Outside the room, Harry was not in the best of moods. Clearly he showed his frustration on his face. "You four are interrupting my family meeting, and if you four wanted to talk then you should've said something at the Three Broomsticks. Now if you'll excuse me."

"I know for a fact that French girl is not someone in your family." Blaise countered. "Who is she?"

"Since you are so nosey her name is Belle Van Tassel, and that is all you need to know. Shouldn't you be buying your dress? After all I have my dress robes."

She raised her eyebrow at him. "Really? I don't see them."

He grinned and cupped her face like he was going to kiss her, but he moved to her ear. "How do you know I don't have them shrunk in my pocket? I certainly wouldn't want any cat hair on them."

She grinned when she remembered their passing that one night. "I am going to kick your ass Potter..."

"Now why would you want to do that? I've been told that it was pretty and you wouldn't want to ruin a pretty thing now would you?" He remarked as he walked back into the room, and closed the door behind him.

She glared at him through the door, and walked away with her friends. 'Merlin I am going to either snog him senseless or I'm going to strangle him.'

Harry sighed as he sat back down and drank his butterbeer. "I apologize for that interruption, but to continue where we left off. I will be signing the order to terminate your marriage, and you will resume being a Black again. Yes I disowned you because I was angry; however I have corrected that mistake."

"I understand, but what about Draco? Lucius would still be in control of him and would force him to become a branded slave to that murderer!" She exclaimed.

"He and I will have to work on an idea to hide himself from the tyrant that is his father. If I were you I would go to your sister Andy and live with her for a while or you could live at the ancestral house with Remus."

She had to repress the urge to lash out at him for speaking of the werewolf. "Harry, Andy and I aren't on the best of speaking terms. We fell out after I became a big bitch because of my ego."

He nodded his head and pulled down Belle/Bella's hood. "Why not say hello to your sister? After all you have been very quiet for far too long."

The 'French girl' glared at him. "Just ruin the surprise you moron. Long time no see 'Cissy."

"I'll let you two get re-acquainted." He said getting up from his chair.

The former Lestrangle grabbed his arm, and forced him back down in his seat. "We're not done yet...so sit your butt back down."

"Bella, is that you? Merlin it is you! What have you done to yourself and why are you dressed in a Beauxbaton's uniform?" Narcissa exclaimed.

Harry and Belle/Bella sighed at the same time and started to tell their story.

Over the next hour of explanations and two more rounds of drinks the story was complete. The blonde Black got up from her chair and hugged her sister tightly. Harry wasn't expecting to drink so much at a meeting and was feeling buzzed as he wrote two quick letters.

'Geez I shouldn't mix drinks like that...'

"Hedwig, could you come here?" He said in Pyretongue. His feathery familiar arrived in a flash of blue flame and landed on his shoulder. "Hello girl, can you do a favor for me and bring this letter to Bloodrune at Gringotts and take the second letter to Andromeda? I'll still buy you the owl treats you like... if you still like them."

The phoenix rubbed her head against his cheek, took the letter in her beak, and disappeared in a flash of blue flame. 'Good to know that these robes I'm wearing are fireproof.' He smirked at the sister's faces. "What? Haven't you seen a phoenix before?"

He received two glares and was ignored until a regal looking goblin appeared thirty minutes later. "Ahh, Lord Black-Potter, it is a pleasure to see you again. I have read your letter, and I have brought the necessary paperwork for you to sign."

"Very well, let's get started. I guess I better visit Madame Pomfrey after I get done signing this stack of paper." Harry complained as he grabbed the quill from the head goblin, and began signing his life away.

He completed the paperwork after an hour, and true to his word his hand did hurt. Bloodrune smirked at his misfortune, and looked at the former Malfoy. "Well you are officially a Black once again, and your ex-husband will be notified soon. We have determined that the Malfoy family breached the marriage contract by consummating his son with Rastaban Lestrangle's wife, Linda before her death. Because of this breach he will be forced to pay you the sum of 175,000 galleons and he will forfeit the Malfoy family vaults for the debt that Jermaine Malfoy owed Orion Black which now transfers to you."

"That is interesting to hear...what are Draco's options since he wouldn't have any currency as a Malfoy?" He asked because this

news hit her hard.

"He would have the choice to stay with his father or he could be blood adopted by his Godfather. However, I must be getting back to do other business." Bloodrune said as the paperwork vanished to be filed in the proper areas. The head goblin bid them goodbye and disappeared using his goblin magic.

The ex-Malfoy hugged her sister as angry tears fell from her eyes. "I want that bastard to pay for this! I raised him as my son and I was lied to..."

"I know this is difficult for you, but I want you to do something for me. I was told that there is a plot that involves me in the school...would you be willing to stand in my place in the Wizengamot and other political standings?"

Narcissa looked at him with tears still falling down her face. "I'll be glad to Harry."

He put his hand on her shoulder in comfort. "Thank you, but we have to go back to the school before the Dumbledork brigade starts the hunting party for me. Oh and somebody wants to see you outside."

She got up from her chair and hugged her 'lord'. "No, thank you for everything and I promise that I won't let you down. But I am rather jealous that you make my baby sister look better than me!"

"Well no offense but she is posing as a Dutch girl in a French school for magic, and from what I heard they have some pretty good looking girls there. Besides if I didn't know she looked like that at sixteen I would take a run at her heart. It just sucks that we're related now..." He said wiping a fake tear away.

Bella couldn't fight the blush until she heard the sarcasm. She couldn't help but punch him in the shoulder. "Jerk."

"I love you too, but we gotta go." He said as he headed out the door with Belle.

The ex-Malfoy sighed as she watched them go. She was a little saddened to know that her sister de-aged herself, but it was for a good cause. She had nothing better to do so she headed out of the room only to be confronted by her oldest sister. "Hello Andromeda, it's been a long time."

"Yes it has 'cissy. I'll take you to my home so we can talk."

The next five days went by in a simple routine for Harry: reading, eating, practicing, pissing off Slytherin's portrait, dueling with Bella in the Chamber of Secrets, flirting with Blaise, and talking with Hermione. Unfortunately today was the day of the Halloween Ball, and every girl in the school above third year was freaking out trying to get ready for their dates.

The student of the Dragon house was in the potions lab having a cup of tea with the double agent. "So what did you need to talk to me this early for Potter?"

"Professor Snape, I'm afraid that I have some bad news for you. I have kept to my word about keeping Narcissa Black safe, but the bad news is that you have to adopt Draco as your son to keep him away from Lucius."

The Slytherin head of house was confused at that statement. "Why do I have to adopt him? Why didn't he become a Black when you took her in?"

"He couldn't become part of my family to begin with since he doesn't have any Black blood. His true mother was Linda Lestrangle..."

Severus's hands came up to his face, and rubbed his temples before

a migraine exploded in his head. "You know that is going to be very hard for him to accept. On the other hand I did act more like a Father to him as a child, but I won't do anything without his consent. Why did you have to push this on me? I was having such a good time in here before you showed up, and now I'm going to have headaches for days."

Harry looked at him with a blank expression before thinking of snide remarks. "Like it would trouble yourself to brew a simple headache potion and here I thought you were a potions master. Or do you not have enough courage to go down to Madame Pomfrey's hospital wing for a simple cure?"

He glared at the student in front of him. "Remind me why I'm even bothering to talk to you."

"Because I'm the only source of your entertainment...but then again if I had to look at bubbling and simmering colored liquids in cauldrons I would go batty. At least you're not reading porn while giggling like a schoolgirl."

Unknowing to Harry his professor slowly closed his top desk drawer. He cleared his throat and took another sip of his tea. "I want you to be on your best behavior tonight."

"Um...sir it's 10 am. We still have another seven hours before it would be considered 'tonight'."

"Damn it Potter stop mocking me! You are taking one of my students to the ball and I expect you to act accordingly." Snape yelled at him.

"Yes mother."

It was taking every ounce of his self control to keep himself from cursing the teenager into oblivion. "Get out of here before I make you into potion ingredients!"

"I don't think that is possible unless you are using them for arcane potions. Speaking of which I meant to give you these a while ago, but I got sidetracked." Harry said as he took out shrunken potion tomes out of his pocket and handed them over.

There were several things he didn't like in his life; People with the last name of Potter, being surprised, Dumbledore, and stupid Hogwarts students. "Where did you get these from Potter?"

"From a very close friend that lives in a sewer and is afraid those Dementors will abuse him sexually if the lights aren't on."

He looked at the young lord with a blank look. "Must you be a smartass?"

"You know a lot of people have been telling me that lately. Quite frankly I like being one because it's so much fun. Besides must you always be cold, uncaring, and antisocial?"

Severus cracked a smile. "Touché."

"Thank you Sev for the cup of tea, but I better make myself scarce before some crazy Slytherin girl snags me into dancing for hours on end." He sighed and walked out of the office.

'Just be careful Potter.' Snape thought as he poured himself a glass of aged muggle whiskey. "I still can't believe muggles have good liquor."

Throughout the day all the girls 4th year and above were nowhere to be seen. Harry amused himself when he remembered his dreadful time during the Yule Ball in his fourth year. 'If I wouldn't have waited so long to find a date that year I would've had fun, but of course I was the stupid child who didn't know how to dance. Not to mention that I pissed off a very cute Patil by not dancing with her all night. I wonder

if she'll be wearing the same type of dress as last time. I can't be thinking of this right now...there's still another two hours before this stupid thing.'

Neville was walking down from the opposite end of the corridor when he spotted his friend. "Hiya Harry, what brings you down this far?"

"Let me guess, your girlfriend wouldn't let you see her?"

"How did you know? I guess walking through the Ravenclaw territory kinda gave it away huh?" He laughed. "So what are you going to do to kill time before the ball?"

"I don't know...probably take a nap or read a few books in my common room. What are you going to do?"

He yawned and stretched. "I think I'll go to the greenhouses to see if Professor Sprout needs any help before we have to get ready."

Harry stopped his friend before he could leave. "Do you think that you can help me pick out three good flowers for three girls?"

"Sure no problem, but where did you want me to meet you?" He asked.

"Um... meet me in the library in a half-hour. Thanks, I owe you one."

Neville smiled at his friend. "Actually you don't, because if it wasn't for you I would still be a coward."

The Professors were getting the Great Hall ready for the Halloween Ball. Professor Flitwick was in his element as he put his Charms to the test as Hagrid carted in a few of his oversized pumpkins. "'ere ya go Professor. An' I brought ya da bats."

"Thank you, but could you tell Minerva to come over? I need her help

with a few transfigurations." The tiny wizard asked as he started carving the pumpkins.

The gentle half-giant walked over to the Transfiguration mistress to relay the message. "Professor McGonagall, Professor Flitwick was asking for ya."

"Alright I'll be over there in a few moments. Why don't you bring in the little pumpkins to put on each of the tables?"

"Yes ma'am." He said.

Dumbledore came down to check on the progress of the decorations. 'Very nice what my subordinates have done around here. Just a few more things to add and then everything will be completed here.' He took out his wand, and added what appeared to be fake ghosts that flew around the tables.

The weird sisters had shown up in the Great Hall with their equipment to get ready for sound checks. "'ello Albus, So are we on to play for the Yule Ball as well?" Lead singer Boone Swisher asked.

"Nice to see you again, but as to that I'll have to ask your manager if you can come back out. Why don't you setup your things and you can start your show after dinner."

"Righty-o Dumbles." Bass player and former Hufflepuff Chase Ellis spoke up.

Just remembering that child during his time at Hogwarts made his eyebrows crease from the nickname he was given. 'Even now he still calls me that! I swear he will never grow up!'

Neville was a little late in meeting Harry in the Library. "Sorry about that...Professor Sprout needed my help in transplanting a few dangerous plants into new pots. She helped me pick out these for

you, and she also said that they will last for a while out of the ground."

"Hey you gotta do what you gotta do Nev, but thanks a lot. I'm sure that they will like these."

"Can I ask who they are for?" He couldn't help it if his curiosity was in full tilt.

"Alright I guess I can trust you...they're for a friend, a sister, and my date."

The Longbottom heir thought about what he said before coming to a conclusion. "Ok I can only figure out your friend and that would be Hermione. The other two I'm completely in the dark about."

"Don't worry you'll see them at the ball. Just don't hold it against me because she's a Slytherin." Harry said with a coy smirk on his face.

"You know me better then that! I'm not prejudiced unlike most people in this school. Give Hermione the soft blue flower because that is her favorite color. Listen I have to run and take a shower because I smell like dragon dung. See you later."

He watched his friend walk off and turned over another page in the book he was reading. 'Why do they have to put books in here that aren't even worth reading? I still wonder where Rowena's chambers are. Too bad that Salazar didn't know where it is otherwise I could really have good reading material from her point of view. I guess I should follow in Neville's footsteps and go get ready.'

The Halloween Ball was about to begin in less then 10 minutes and Blaise was getting angry...very angry that her date hadn't come to pick her up yet. 'When he gets here I'm going to strangle him until he has no more air in his lungs!'

Daphne came over to her friend to get her to stop pacing around. "You know if you keep doing that then you won't have much of a heel left in your shoes."

"WHERE IS HE!?" She growled as a few strands of hair fell from her loose bun hairstyle.

He was glad to Eli and Lyan for helping him with his 'shadow walking'. 'I'm really going to enjoy making her hate me for this.' He looked at her best friend and put his finger to his lips. 'I didn't know that she looked so good in that dress.'

Blaise began ranting once again and gasped when she felt a pair of hands wrap themselves around her waist. "Potter that better be you or else I'm breaking your arms."

"Do you honestly think you could break my arms?" He smirked as she turned around to face him. Before she blew up...he took out a lavender rose corsage and wrapped it around her right wrist. "You look absolutely beautiful and I hope that you like it since a friend of mine has a knack for plants."

'He looks very sexy in those dress robes of his.' She looked at it and smiled...a true smile. "I love it, but how did you know that this is my favorite color and the color of my dress?"

"A little birdie told me, but don't chew me out when I give these to two special people of mine. I must say that it fits you very nicely, and you look very beautiful." He said as he kissed her knuckles.

She blushed at his gentlemanly gesture and intertwined her fingers with his as they walked together to Hermione and her date. He smiled at his date and at his friend. "Can I ask you a question? Do you have something with international guys? I mean Viktor Krum and now you have a Beauxbaton's date?"

He received a playful glare from her, and a kiss on the cheek when he put a blue rose corsage on her left wrist. "Thank you Harry...it's beautiful, and you look very good in those dress robes. Oh and sorry to disappoint you but my date is a Ravenclaw 7th year, James Thatcher. I'm sure you two know each other by now."

"Well then where are my manners...Hermione and James this is my date, Blaise Zabini a 6th year Slytherin. I'm sure that both of you know her by now." He squeezed his date's hand gently as he mocked his friend.

"Let's go inside Potter so you can get me something to drink." His date poked him in his side.

"I do have a first name ya know." He complained.

She smiled at him again and squeezed his hand. "But where is the fun in using your first name?"

He narrowed his eyes at her, and he turned around and glared at Hermione when she started laughing. The two couples walked inside the Great Hall to find it completely decked out in decorations. Carved pumpkins, spider webs, live bats, black candles, artificial ghosts, ground fog, and the real ghosts wearing goofy looking costumes. 'Geez...overkill much?'

The normal four house tables were once again broken up into six seat individual tables with their own decorations on them. He spotted Belle/Bella with her date sitting at one of the tables, and she wasn't looking too happy. She looked around for some way of getting away from him, and she finally found it when Harry walked up to her with his date. "Hello there, can we join you at your table?"

"Of course you can mister." Belle said.

Her date looked a little bit miffed when she accepted a yellow rose

corsage, and hugged him. "Excuse me sir, but I don't think we've been introduced."

Harry could tell that he didn't like her date. "If you are that curious then I am Lord Harry James Potter-Black. The person that you possibly dragged to this ball is a very close dear friend of mine, and if I hear that you took advantage of her or treated her badly...I will make your trip to oblivion unbelievably painful. Now have a good time tonight."

The disguised Black was very happy to know that she was protected, but she was coming close to seeing her date turn deathly pale. 'There he goes again...but at least he's doing his family head duties correctly. It's just shocking that he's made up with Granger this quickly.'

Drinks were served by animated skeletons in muggle butler suits as the jokes spread around about the servants. "Should we all take bets to see if this was one of the ideas Dumbledork cooked up?"

Blaise raised her eyebrow at them and shook her head. "I won't bet on it I'll just agree with you on that one. I wonder when they're going to start up the band."

Hermione sighed and agreed with them. "So are we going to get a dance with you Lord Potter-Black?"

"I guess that all depends if I'm allowed to, and speaking of the devils they're starting." He was about to take a drink from his butterbeer when his date grabbed his hand and dragged him to the dance floor. "Breaking out the handcuffs already?"

"You better believe it and if you are nice I will allow you to dance with them. You're still mine for the night." She said with a devilish smirk.

As they danced, some of the bigoted students were glaring at the

dancing couple. Pansy Parkinson was ranting to Theodore Nott about how Draco went with another girl besides her. He was trying so hard to ignore her but the sound of her voice was really getting on his nerves. 'Merlin, does she ever shut the hell up?! I hope that she ends up with someone like Weasley or killed by the Dark Lord.'

"How could Zabini think of going with Potter of all people!? He's a bloody Gryffindor with a bloody heart of gold that could do no wrong! It's people like them who ruin the world for we Slytherins!"

"Parkinson, go bother someone else with your petty problems. I'm getting sick and tired of hearing about your constant bitching and moaning. Potter was right you and Weasel would do well together. Merlin knows how anyone in this world could even stand you under one roof together." He shot right back at her. She was about to start another ranting session when he pointed to the opposite part of the room. "Oh look Malfoy is snogging Weaselette."

A dark fire was brewing in her eyes. "WHERE ARE THEY!?" She quickly turned around didn't see him behind her. 'Damn it he ran off!'

Draco laughed at her stupidity when Theodore came over to him. "You gotta do something about her. I don't know how you could have her hang on you all these years."

"Who says I enjoyed it? I should ask you why you asked her to the ball."

Nott sighed heavily. "It was desperation. Who and where is your date?"

"She's in the bathroom, and it's Lisa Turpin. Before you bombard me with questions like a gossip queen, I asked her. Not all Ravenclaws are bad, and she's much easier on the eyes than Parkinson."

His fellow Slytherin's eyes narrowed at him. "I would agree with you

on that one, but I am not a 'gossip queen'."

"Whatever floats your broom, Nott. You better go find your date before she tears this place apart looking for you."

Outside at the castle gates...

"Is your team in place, Chameleon?"

"Affirmative boss...we're in position to intercept the target. The Aurors should be arriving in the next thirty to three hours." The team leader responded in her two way mirror.

"Very well...keep your team hidden in the shadows. Remember that you only have a short window of one to two minutes tops before a portkey can be activated. If you fail at your first attempt then proceed to waypoint gamma to intercept."

The female leader groaned in the magical mirror. "I understand ya old coot."

"I heard that! But I'll overlook that comment just this once."

She watched his cloaked face disappear from the mirror. "Merlin, could he have a bigger pole up his arse? Alright people, keep your eyes open and don't set off the school wards. Move out!"

Three hours into the ball...

Dumbledore was trying to keep his appearances known in the Great Hall but he was wondering when his shining moment was going to happen. 'Soon everyone will look up to me once again when Potter has been brought to justice. I can't believe that Minister Bones approved my idea.'

Fleur was picking up some bad vibes from the Headmaster. 'I wonder

what he is up to. Madame Maxime warned me about being suspicious about him especially after his transgressions were brought before the Wizengamot.'

The Weird Sisters started playing their top single from their new record called 'Witch Hunt'. Harry and Blaise were dancing once again. She normally wouldn't admit this but she was having a fun time with him. "Enjoying yourself Potter?" She teased him.

"Actually to tell you the truth I can't stand dancing with you. You keep stepping on my toes."

She knew that he was lying, but she grabbed his face and kissed him on his cheek. "You can't lie to me Harry. I know you love dancing with me."

"I don't know about that. Hermione and Belle are very good dancers...although you are good at slow songs. But that could all change if you keep kissing me."

She couldn't fight the blush that came across her cheeks. "Are you assuming that I will become your girlfriend if I do?"

"Well Miss Blaise Zabini, are you saying that this isn't our first date? From the look you're giving me I guess I'll have to find someone else who can love me..." He looked dejected, but was mentally laughing.

Fleur's veela nature felt that one of her kind was about to claim a mate. 'Who could it be? I can tell that this person is not a pure-blooded veela...wait that girl with Harry looks familiar. Wait that's the half-veela!'

Blaise put her hands on his face to make him look at her. "You're all mine Lord Potter-Black." She pulled him in closer to kiss his lips...

Professor Sinistra was grinning from ear to ear because she was

about to win the bet that she had with Snape. 'I can't believe that he is so blind to tell that she is in love with him, but won't admit it to his face. Way to play hard to get and win me 100 galleons. Severus may be the Potion's master but he sucks when it comes to gambling...unless it's Quidditch.'

Professor McGonagall was smiling at the couple when the Great Hall doors opened up with a bang. Seven Aurors in full uniform came walking in to interrupt the Ball. "What is the meaning of this?" She demanded.

"We are here on behalf of the Ministry of Magic to arrest Lord Harry James Potter-Black for the charge of casting an unforgivable curse and breaking into the Department of Mysteries. Come fourth now or else you will also be charged with resisting arrest." The squad leader commanded rather loudly, and sent his team to find him.

Harry kept moving in closer and felt her breath on his face. The two of them were just an inch from a lip lock when two Aurors pulled them away from each other. "Sorry to interrupt your moment, but you are coming with us. Surrender your wand and don't give us any trouble or else we will bind you."

The young lord glared daggers at the Headmaster as his wand was taken from him. "Dumbledore will pay for this. Before you take me away...can I give something to my girlfriend?"

"You have one minute."

The Zabini heiress was shocked to hear him say that, but sealed the deal when he kissed her fully on the lips. 'Wow he is a great kisser! Wait what did he put in my hand?'

He smirked at her when she took a few breaths. "I guess we're official now."

"You better believe it Harry. I'll talk with my father about your situation." She said as a tear fell from her eye as he was dragged away from her and out of the Great Hall.

The Headmaster was smiling because his revenge was complete. 'Good riddance and I hope that you will enjoy your stay in Azkaban.'

Blaise walked out of the Great Hall and didn't stop until she walked into her dormitory to get her communication mirror. "Alexander Zabini!"

Her father's face appeared a few seconds later. "Hi honey...what's wrong?"

"Daddy, my boyfriend was arrested by a squad of Aurors just now on charges of breaking into the Department of Mysteries and casting an unforgivable curse. Is there anything you can do for him?" She said as another tear fell from her eye.

"I'll see what I can do pumpkin, but something smells fishy about what they charged him with. I know for a fact that the Aurors would charge and arrest you after the crime was committed...not seven or eight months later."

"Harry said that 'Dumbledore was going to pay for this'. Do you think that he was behind this situation or for revenge about being stripped from power?" She asked.

"It certainly sounds like it, but I'll keep you posted. I have to go before your mother goes postal on me about missing our dinner date. Good night and I love you."

"I love you too Daddy, and good night." She said as she put away her mirror, and resized the object in her hand. It was an origami bouquet of flowers charmed to look real. She noticed a note fall to the floor, and she bent down to pick it up. 'I hope you like these because the

paper cuts were murder. Trick or Treat Blaisey. 'You better come back to me safely Potter, because I'm going to hurt you for calling me that.'

Harry walked with the Aurors out of the school without causing any trouble. 'I wonder if she will like those flowers.'

As the party walked outside the gates they were ambushed by gray cloaked witches and wizards. He was about to take off when someone put their wand at his throat to stop him from running away. "I wouldn't do that if I were you. Be a good little boy and stay put."

"What a shame because I wish I was one so I could look innocent." He sneered at the disguised witch.

The Aurors didn't last long against their enemies. The cloaked people went to work on modifying the ministry worker's minds on tonight's events, and were portkeyed back to the Auror office. "Secondary objective completed. They will remember that their patrol of the school was completed and went back to the office."

"Good work team, and let's head back with our primary objective." Chameleon said as she held onto Harry's arm and held out the portkey. All of them held onto the muggle baseball bat and went spinning off to their destination.

The Head of the Department of Mysteries was busy filing away some files when a team of his Unspeakables arrived via portkey. He had to keep from laughing because their target and one of their own were on the floor in a tangle of limbs. "All of you can leave except for those tangled two, and good work on completing this mission." They bowed to their boss and left his office without saying a word. "Are you two done?"

The Unspeakable agent glared at her boss and watched Harry vomit on the floor. She was nice enough to clean up the mess and helped

put him in a chair. "You alright?"

"I hate portkeys with a passion." He spat out.

"They are not fun I assure you." Her boss said as he took off his hood.
"Now onto business..."

Chapter 15: Unspeakable Simulation.

Previously on Fueled Anger: 'The head of the Department of Mysteries was busy filing away some files when a team of his Unspeakables arrived via portkey. He had to keep from laughing because their target and one of their own were on the floor in a tangle of limbs. "All of you can leave except for those tangled two, and good work on completing this mission." They bowed to their boss and left his office without saying a word. "Are you two done?"

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"I hate portkeys with a passion." He spat out.

"They are not fun I assure you." Her boss said as he took off his hood. "Now onto business...I have asked my associates to bring you in for a proposition."

Harry glared at the person in front of him, "I refuse to be controlled ever again!"

The head unspeakable chuckled and put his hands up to show that he wasn't a threat. "Calm yourself young one. I'm sorry if my words came out in a controlling manner, and I apologize. Now let us start over shall we? You were brought here because if we hadn't interfered you would be packed away inside of Azkaban, and just for information purposes the Dementors returned back to their home. However, we of the Unspeakables know of your strength and maturity and we are offering for you to join us. You can walk at anytime, but if you do then you will have to be given powerful memory charms that could make you turn into a six year old girl."

"What's the catch?" He asked while making quotation marks in the air.

The unspeakable sitting next to the young lord smacked his hand. "Behave yourself."

The Head Unspeakable smirked underneath his hood. "Behave yourself young missy. We can teach you how to become more powerful than Dumbledore and Riddle politically and magically. The only catch is to bring these two tyrants down and we'll take care of the rest, and you have to keep my wife away from me when I'm in the office."

Harry frown turned into a blank stare. "Excuse me?"

"Merlin, your jokes are really lame." The woman sighed and had to dodge a spell sent right at her for her comment. "HEY WATCH IT!"

The old man put his hands together on his desk. "Lord Black-Potter, are you in or out?"

The sixteen year old wizard thought about it for a few moments before making a decision. "Well if I would be put in Azkaban then I would find a way to escape and be on a manhunt for a long time like my godfather...alright, I'm in."

"I'm very glad that you accepted this offer. She will take you to be suited up and when the two of you are finished...please come back up for another chat."

Harry could tell that the person sitting next to him was a girl because of the manicured fingernails that touched his forearm. 'Something doesn't feel right with this disguised girl...'

The disguised operative ushered him out of her boss's office, and lead him back to the circular room. "Now Harry when you come into this room you need to press your hand against this palm reader. Yes we have muggle technology that we've modified with magic. After

you do that you need to bend down and look into this retina scanner. I'm sure you have questions about how the death eaters and your team got past our security, hmm."

"And just how did we get by your security so easily?" He asked as he crossed his hands over his chest.

"It's pretty easy to answer...we didn't have this stuff until a few months after the little incident you people caused." She said as she patted his shoulder in comfort.

He nodded and watched his temporary guard gain access to the 'training' area. "Do you normally have to shout your destination?"

"Not all the time, but it does give a good wake up call though after eighteen hour shifts. Just so you know we have to test your skills to know which department you would fit into. There's Research, Development, Tactical Operations, Medical, and Espionage." She informed him.

"Please tell me that this test isn't going to be some goofy sorting hat that looks like ancient soiled toilet paper. If so I'll have the muggles perform a CAT scan on my head."

The unspeakable agent started out in giggles then broke out into laughter. "Oh that's rich...I think that would be impossible because your magic would destroy the machine they use for it, and then we would have to clean up the mess that you made."

He gave her a dirty look and she patted his shoulder as they walked to the storage room. "This is our storage facility, and this is Kristina Velez. Just sweet talk her and she'll give you anything in this room."

Harry looked over at the desk where he saw a rather good looking girl...not as good as his girlfriend. 'I wonder if it's required to have those damned cloaks on all the time...conversations would get pretty

boring without looking at their faces.'

"Remind me to hand your arse back to you on the training room my friend. Oh...so who's this good looking guy?" The storage witch said as she checked him out.

"This is our new recruit so do your thing and don't grope him either because he's taken already." She warned her co-worker.

"Sure just take all the fun out of my job. Come on let's get your uniform and equipment." 'Kristi' said as she latched onto Harry's arm and dragged him inside.

He groaned because the one thing he truly hated was shopping and being someone's dress-up doll. 'Fate must be laughing at me right now...'

"Alright 'Mr. Sexy' try putting on this cloak...it's pretty standard gray for Unspeakable agents. Let me get you a bigger size with those robes you have on. Why don't you cut your hair? It would look better with this on."

His patience was really getting thin as she kept shooting her mouth off at what he should do to make himself look better. "To be honest I think wearing the hood would make sure I don't want to be seen. This cloak is fine."

"Fine be a spoil-sport." She pouted under her hood and gave him all the other essentials for his uniform. "Now there are some good things about your cloak because it is summon proof along with anything underneath it. So rest assured your wand will never be able to leave your cloak, but we're far from done."

His guide was bored so she decided to take over. "I'll help you with that stuff since you look like your about to loose it. I know you own and use a sword with an iron scabbard, but we will need to equip you

with other items to help you in single combat. Your clothes have protective spells placed on them from minor spells, curses, and jinxes. However, if you want to be totally safe you might want to purchase a dragon hide vest or..."

"I'm already wearing Basilisk-skin battle robes." He commented as he pulled his hood up. "I'm sure that we can come back for other supplies."

"What's the matter? Scared of Kristina?" She teased him, but agreed with his logic. "Come on, we better get up to the old man's office before he has a hemorrhage."

"Don't speak about our employer like that! Do you want to be scrubbing the training room with a muggle toothbrush...again?"

She groaned about being reminded about that. "Don't forget that you still owe me a case of Ogden's fine firewhiskey because you lost that bet!"

Unspeakable Velez frowned at her friend and waved them off, but not before she gave Harry her 'floo address'. He rolled his eyes and set it on fire when they walked out. "So are you going to tell me who you are since we're under secrecy oaths?"

"I will later, but we better hurry before his wife gets to him first. For old people...I don't think I want to finish that sentence." She shuddered at the thought.

Dumbledore was very pleased with himself the next morning because he got one over on the 'overconfident' Potter. 'About time that brat got what was coming to him. His sacrifice of going to Azkaban was a necessary loss, but no matter. I can find another pawn to take Riddle out. After all if it wasn't for that blasted prophecy I implanted in Trelawney's mind then that idiot would ruin all of my plans I have for this world.'

The overconfident headmaster headed down to the Great Hall to relish in his success. He sat down with his colleagues and helped himself to a wonderful sugar filled cup of tea. "Glorious morning isn't it, Minerva?"

His Deputy Headmistress wasn't in the best of moods because of what happened the night before. "Oh yes Albus, it is such a lovely morning that it makes me want to spend all my time running around in the Dark Forest to balance out my day." She remarked, every word dripping with sarcasm.

Severus was glad he didn't have any liquid in his mouth or else he would've spit it out. Never in his career had he ever heard her talk like him to her boss. 'The world must be coming to an end...'

Professor Sinistra kept giving her employer nasty glares until the morning post came flying in through the high rafters. She sipped her coffee as she paid the owl a knut for her useless copy of the Daily Prophet.

"HARRY POTTER ARRESTED THEN ESCAPES! AURORS STUMPED!

The-Boy-Who-Lived was arrested last night at the Halloween Ball. A squad of Aurors was dispatched to transport the young Lord Black-Potter to Azkaban for using an 'unforgivable curse' in the fiasco that occurred in the Department of Mysteries late last year. This reporter received information that during that event Harry Potter's godfather, Sirius Black died that night at the end of his cousin Bellatrix Lestrange's wand.

"We were bringing him out of the wards when my team was hit by spells...after that I don't remember what happened." Auror Squad Commander Johnson reported.

More on this story on page 4."

Carmen's nasty glare turned into a devious grin when she saw the frustration on Dumbledore's face. 'Sirius would be laughing his head off for that kiddo.'

The headmaster wasn't really frustrated he was livid. 'DAMN THAT CHILD! HOW DOES HE ALWAYS END UP ONE STEP AHEAD OF MY PLANS! HE SHOULD BE ROTTING AWAY IN AZKABAN, BUT INSTEAD...wait this means that he is a fugitive of the law...perhaps this could work out in my favor once again.'

Hermione read the paper and was completely floored. "When did he do that? I was there with him."

Neville disagreed with her. "Actually, you were unconscious at the time. When he saw Sirius fall behind the veil...he lost it and tore off after Bellatrix. I don't know what else happened after he left because we were taken by portkey back to Hogwarts."

Unknown to both of them Belle overheard the entire conversation and sighed. 'I hope that he doesn't do anything stupid...wait I never taught him any mind altering spells someone must've helped him.' Her thoughts were interrupted when her falcon came swooping down, and landed on her arm. She took the letter from his leg, put a spell on the post, and read:

"Auntie Bella,

Don't worry about Harry because we got him last night. Just be careful until you head back to France. We're heading to our boss at the moment so I gotta cut this short before he catches on.

Love,

Your beautiful darling niece Tonks."

She chuckled at the letter, but smiled when she knew that he was safe. She didn't really find it fair that he didn't contact her, and was about to send him a howler but thought against it. 'Dumbledore would catch on if any letters were sent...knowing that manipulative goat would intercept it. Hopefully we'll leave soon so I can get somewhat back to normal.'

Daphne's eyes went wide when she read the paper. "Blaise, you're not going to like this..."

Her best friend looked at her strangely as she put the Daily Prophet in front of her. Angry tears started forming in her eyes as she read the article. "How can they do this to him? We just became official and they take him away from me!"

The Slytherin house was shocked to hear that one of their own was Potter's girlfriend. "What did you see in Potter to begin with? He's a bloody Gryffindor by heart!"

"That's where you're wrong Parkinson. He would have been one of us, but was manipulated into being one of the lions." Theodore Nott spoke up.

"I agree with you, and it is because of that old man's scheme that he turned out that way until Sirius's death. Many of you don't know that my mother's cousin was his godfather. It was at his will reading that he found out the truth and finally showed his true self. But I still can't imagine you and Potter." Draco informed them.

Blaise sneered at the 'Malfoy heir'. "If you have a problem with that then you can eat dragon dung. Or maybe you could change the muggle hair gel you use."

"I DO NOT USE MUGGLE HAIR GEL!" He roared at her in front of the entire Great Hall causing a lot of people to start laughing.

Severus could only shake his head at his godson's actions. 'He never learns...'

The head Unspeakable pulled the forms of paperwork out from his filing cabinet when the new recruit walked in with his escort. "Good to see that you survived getting your supplies, Lord Black-Potter. The last new editions couldn't handle the 'shopping demon' sitting next to you."

"She actually saved me from being mauled by Kristina, but would you stop formerly addressing me like that!" He growled at his soon to be boss.

The 'old man' chuckled as he tossed him a 'never run out of ink quill'. "You're going to have to fill out these papers, and sign the final page with a blood quill."

Harry's escort started laughing when she heard him sigh and mutter 'why not transfigure yourself into a goblin with these damn papers I have to sign.' Her boss looked at her and she waved him off. "Don't mind me."

"Yes I know that signing this isn't the best thing in the world, but it needs to be done so you don't have to do it later. Besides it has to be filled out if you want to be paid."

As Harry once again began to sign his life away...he began cussing the old man out over the next hour. "I'm not going to have my signature on the back of my hand, am I?"

The 'old man' walked over and looked at the back of his hand to see 'I will not tell lies' etched in his flesh. "You certainly will not, but who did this to you? Whoever has done this to you put a forbidden spell on the quill to dig into your flesh. A blood quill creates a simple prick on one of your fingers to siphon blood to be used as a catalyst for a

binding magical contract."

"It was Dolores Umbridge and she made all of the people she gave detentions to write with it. However, she is in Azkaban with Fudge." Harry spat out angrily as he signed his name on the final page of the magical contract.

"How long have you been hiding that scar with your metamorphagus powers?" She asked but then cursed herself for nearly giving herself away.

Harry raised his eyebrow at her. "How would you know that I am one? Only select few members of my family know that secret."

"We have our ways." She bluffed.

"Oh really? Do you know how many times I wipe my arse as well?"

Their boss chuckled and then coughed to get their attention. "I will personally see to it that she will pay for this misdeed to you. However, we will discuss that later because we have actual business to attend to. As you know we all are known by 'code names' unless you are in my office. From now on you will be known as the alias 'shadow'. After all from what I've been told you can become a rare shadow wolf animagus. Now I believe that it is time for us to reveal ourselves. I am Nicholas Flamel and the lady sitting next to you just gave herself away when she mentioned your special ability."

"I kinda figured that out Mr. Flamel." He said as she took off her hood and stuck her tongue out at him.

"Please call me Nicholas. There are other rules and regulations that you have to follow, and they are in this book if you feel bored or need some bathroom reading. I mostly use it for a paperweight though...but onto other matters. When you're in the department you will be required to wear your hood unless you want to be taken to

Azkaban." The old man said. "If I were you then I would reveal your face to myself and to your 'sister' before she curses you."

Harry took out his wand and performed the required spell to show his face to them. "I have a question that has been bothering me for a while now...is this supposed prophecy between me and Moldyshorts true?"

"That particular prophecy was a false one that was implanted by my former friend Dumbledore into Sybil Trelawney's memory and was later recorded in our department. However, there is a prophecy that does say a new muggle toilet paper will be invented."

He didn't laugh at the joke. "So what's next old man?"

"Show some respect to your elders...youth these days! I'm going to send you to my wife Perenelle for your testing. Now get out of my office." He said with a grin. 'When she is done testing him...he'll be out for my blood.'

Mrs. Flamel was down in the research department assisting one of her own people with a project when two people walked in. "Well this certainly is a surprise that you come down here Tonks. To think that I trained you...you never call and never write me anymore." She joked as she wiped a fake tear from her eye.

"It's good to see you too, but I was told by your husband to bring our new recruit 'shadow' for his assessment test." Tonks informed her as she patted Harry's shoulder in sympathy.

"Alright then, now let's see how you do in the simulation room. Follow me kiddo." She said with a sickly sweet voice that just filled him with dread. The two of them walked down another hallway until they reached a door. "Inside is what we call the 'dead zone', or if you have a weak stomach it's the combat simulation room. From here on in you will be on your own to show us what you're made of, and where

we can assist you with your training. Harry, before you go in there is some advice I want to give you. Hold nothing back, and don't run away. We'll talk after you get out of there...good luck."

He swallowed hard from anticipation as he walked inside the dark room. The door slammed shut behind him as he started slowly and carefully walking around the arena. 'Something is wrong here...I feel cold, but yet I feel calm even though I'm going to be royally screwed here in a minute.'

Up above the arena spectators were watching the 'new guy' stalk across the grounds. "Well shall we give the kid a run for his money?" Selene Colvin, The head of the 'Tactical Operations' spoke up.

"What did you have in mind? I say go ahead but don't kill him or injure him severely like you've done with the last few recruits." Tidus Wilson, The head of the Medical department said.

Perenelle Flamel, the head of the Research department sighed. "For the record I agree with Tidus, but go ahead. If things get out of hand I'll step in and get him out of there."

Viktor Doyle, head of the Espionage division smiled at what was about to be unleashed at the 'boy-who-lived.' Erika Sorin, head of the Development department didn't want to know what was going to be thrown at the boy. "Heaven help all of us if he comes out alive."

Nicholas Flamel entered the room with a few other associates and conjured chairs for everyone. "I take it that he just started...well who is going to start the friendly bets first?"

All of them gave him a look that said 'are you crazy', except for his wife since she was used to it by now. She sat down on her husband's lap and remained quiet as the excitement began.

Harry continued to walk around and using his senses he heard

people issuing commands. "PIERZE! TAYLOR! WE FOUND POTTER AND THIS TIME WE'RE BRINGING HIS HEAD TO THE DARK LORD!" Lucius Malfoy shouted.

'Oh great...death munchers. Evidently they don't know the simple tactic of being silent when stalking prey.' He thought as he scouted the area to see at least 45 death eaters rallying themselves for a battle.

"Get our allies together so we can separate into different search and destroy groups. Squad 1 will come with me, and the second will serve as our backup. The third group can indulge themselves on some muggles." Rastaban Lestrage commanded as they set out on their hunt. 'Potter will die and then I will deal with Bellatrix for her transgressions!'

'Not likely you moron.' Harry was about to reveal himself when he felt all around him turning to frozen ice. His darkest and most painful memories started to surface when the Dementors came right at him like in his third year. "EXPECTO PATRONUM!" He bellowed only to see that his patronus had changed from his father's animagus form to his silver dragon form.

The Dementors started shrieking as if in pain, but the noise not to mention the light of the spell gave away his location. 'Damn it! I need to stop thinking on my feet!'

"THERE HE IS!" One Death Eater shouted as a volley of unforgivable curses headed right at him.

"Shit!" He cursed as he disappeared into the darkness and began his own assault before anyone else started getting involved.

"I thought we agreed on him not being killed Selene! Death Eaters? Lethifolds? DEMENTORS?! ARE YOU INSANE?" Tidus roared at her. "WHAT'S NEXT? VAMPIRES? SUCCUBUS? WEREWOLVES?"

GIANTS? WRAITHS?!"

"Calm down will you! They're only training dummies bewitched to think, speak, and act like the real things. So don't get your panties in a twist!" She yelled right back at him.

"Both of you be quiet for a moment. Tonks, where did he learn these spells from?" Nicholas asked as he watched the events below.

"I'm sorry sir, but I cannot say without violating my family secrets." She responded. "Permission to speak freely sir? Why are you testing him at the high levels? He's only been in combat against death eaters a few times...its overkill!"

"I agree with her Nicholas. He maybe powerful, but he's still a rookie in the field." Mrs. Flamel gave her opinion.

"Oh puh-lease he's only been in there for just roughly around sixty six minutes. Besides the newbie has to show us what he's learned thus far, correct? We all know he's going to be in my department." Selene boasted.

Erika sighed heavily after that statement. "Please be quiet so we can continue to evaluate the situation."

Viktor rubbed his chin in thought. "What I don't understand is why he hasn't killed any of them yet? Does he not know how to use the killing curse?"

"It appears that this is not his tactic, but it looks like from my angle that he is hunting them down like prey. But maybe I should turn it up a bit." Selene grinned.

Marcus Dirgen worked for her, and was wondering if she was starting to loose it. His partner Dante Stallworth agreed with him, but was wise enough to keep his mouth shut.

"What are his accuracy and power ratios?" The 'old man' asked.

"We won't know until the simulation is complete." Tidus answered him as Harry dodged a bone breaking curse and fired off a 'maelstrom satorum' and stabbed the Death Eater dummy through the heart with his sword.

"Impressive...I've never seen any witch or wizard use swords in a long time. Why didn't you tell me that, Nicholas?" She glared at her husband.

"I guess it slipped my mind...I am 667 years old you know." He complained as his wife laughed at his antics.

"I'm surprised that he's lasted this long...oh wait it looks like this test is over. Better get the medics in there immediately!" Marcus informed them.

Erika looked at him with a slight smirk. "Evidently your vision is going in your old age, because Potter is still fighting down there even after taking a bone breaking curse to his left arm."

Tonks looked over at the number displays as they filtered in from the target dummies in the simulator. "Wow...he's hitting them with 76.6 accuracy and 80-90 range of power. That's pretty high for a rookie like him."

"Yes, but he is slowly starting to wear down from his arsenal of spells. This is just the first area that he needs to work on." Dante said.

Perenelle had a look of worry when she saw Harry get stabbed in his side and through his thigh. "Selene, stop the simulation. We've seen enough to evaluate his performance."

"All of you have weak stomachs! If he is truly Lily Potter-Evans's son

then he is too stubborn to give up unless he passes out." She nearly yelled at them.

"I understand your concerns Miss Colvin, but I do not want him to die of blood loss. I can tell from here that an artery has been severed in his thigh. Hurry up and get down there." Nicholas commanded.

Harry woke up in a white walled room and immediately he groaned. "Why is it everytime I actually get some sleep I end up in a hospital wing?"

"The reason for that is because you were reckless in the simulation room." Perenelle said with a smile as she redressed his bandages. "You've been out for two days straight after magical exhaustion and not to mention your other wounds."

"I see...You know I thought that was a test not a battle for survival. Do you always try to kill your recruits or do you just enjoy the screaming and yelling?"

She patted him on his head like a little child. "The only screaming and yelling that I like to hear is in the bedroom. Anything else is just background noise."

He grinned at her sarcasm. "Did I pass the test?"

"Very much so Harry, but tell me where did you learn how to use 'shadow magic'? It's been a long time since someone could use that branch of magic." She asked. "Your sister was here the entire time until she was called away on assignment not too long ago."

"I'm sure that you're a nice kind and caring person but I don't feel like revealing my secrets to anyone other than my family." He told her as he started to close his eyes.

She poked his side to keep him awake. "You know...you really

remind me of your mother. She was very kind, caring, and stubborn like a mule."

"And here I thought that I only inherited her eyes."

Mrs. Flamel took off her hood and heard him gasp. "I may resemble your mother, but I'm sorry to say that I am not her. We can talk about that at another time; however you are just about healed with the salves and potions we've been dumping down your throat."

"Lovely. So what's your codename?" He asked her.

"I'm Perenelle Flamel and I don't like using my codename so there's no point in telling it. I've talked with my husband and we came to a conclusion that instead of putting you in a single department you will be the first to work in all five. Rest up while you can because tomorrow you start your training with Selene, and believe me she will drive you to your breaking point."

"Just what I need - another sadist to add to my list." Harry groaned as he slowly got to his feet. "I have a question though...can I send out a coded message to someone?"

"If you want to send your girlfriend a message then I'll show you how to write a good coded message. The best way to write one is using something that was already written like the Daily Prophet article they wrote about your miraculous escape from the Aurors. All you have to do is pick letters in the written text to form your own in sequence." She told him in a McGonagall-like tone of voice. "Come on let's get you something to eat before you die of starvation."

Hermione was once again in the library researching for a way for her best friend to be declared innocent. So far with the books she found had nothing about the specific charge. "I can't believe that they don't have any sort of information about this issue." She muttered under her breath.

Unknown to her someone heard her. "There wouldn't be a book about that particular law."

"Who's there?!" She nearly shouted.

Neville Longbottom walked out behind the bookshelves to his fellow Gryffindor. "The Ministry of Magic only made that law about a person who was seen using the 'unforgivable curses' because of fear. It was proven that those three curses were made for medical purposes before their use was blown out of proportion."

"Medical purposes?" She asked out of confusion.

"Think about it Hermione. If you were in so much pain and suffering in a hospital bed...what would you do if you wanted to die? The killing curse was created to end the person's suffering. If you suffered from brain trauma...the Cruciatus curse was invented to stimulate the nerves that are equivalent to muggle electricity to restore proper function to the brain. The Imperius curse was designed for two functions: control and conquering fear. It was the Ministry and power hungry people that turned these three spells into weapons instead of their true intention."

She thought about it for a few minutes, and his reasoning actually had merit. "That actually makes sense...how were you able to come to this conclusion?"

He decided to look down at his shoes when she smirked. "Luna told me."

"How could we know if it can work for Harry to be declared innocent?"

Neville grabbed one of the thick tomes that Hermione was reading, and started flipping through the pages. "For starters we would have

to have proving evidence that Harry didn't perform that curse. I don't know what Dumbledore used to get him convicted but even if we clear our friend's name...he still resisted arrest from the Aurors. Not to sound pessimistic but we're only two people, and the only way that the Ministry would be able to find out is..."

"Priori Incantatem! I saw that the wand he used to have been a holly wand with a phoenix feather core...but the wand that he uses now is completely different."

Professor Sinistra walked out of the restricted section of the library and confronted the two conspiring Gryffindors. "The two of you will go to my office immediately along with any information you might have. I don't want to hear a word out of any of you until we get there."

"Yes ma'am." The two students said as they gathered their things and headed out.

During dinner Daphne and Blaise were having a conversation when a falcon flew in through the rafters and headed down to the half-veela witch. It landed without putting its feet in her food and stuck its leg out for her to take the post. "Why would someone send me today's Daily Prophet?"

"Maybe someone is being an arse and wants you to suffer because Harry's gone." Millicent remarked.

"Wait...I think this might be a coded message. Let's take it back to the common room so we can work on this without being bothered."

The three Slytherin girls walked out of the Great Hall, but one of them noticed that they dropped the newspaper. They looked around and found it in the hands of Luna Lovegood.

"Hello Millicent, Daphne, and Blaise. Oh this is very interesting..."

"I would advise you to give that back to my friend Lovegood." Daphne said.

The loony Ravenclaw smiled at them without her 'dreamy look' in her eyes. "I'll do you a favor by translating this if you will do me a favor. Sound fair enough?"

"It depends on what the favor is..." Millicent spoke up.

Luna continued to smile at them. "The favor that I would like to have is some inside information for my daddy's paper. The Prophet is full of lies and they tried to shut us down when people saw the truth from Harry's point of view. Sound fair?"

"You have yourself a deal, but if anyone starts asking questions we know nothing. When can you get started?" Blaise asked.

"Actually it's very easy to figure out his message. Harry's specialized alpha code is very clever, and nobody would be able to figure out his message just looking at it. There are 29 letters in the old English alphabet and only 26 in the modern English alphabet. His alphabet code starts with the letter T and then you should be able to decipher it." Luna said rather out of her natural character.

Blaise was actually impressed that she was actually showing intelligence. "Thank you and I'll keep you informed."

"Before you go I have something to say to you. Harry is one of my friends and I treasure his friendship more than anything. Because of him I got together with my boyfriend Neville, and I will curse you into oblivion if you break his heart."

The three Slytherin girls walked away from the wayward Ravenclaw and headed down to their common room. "I can't believe that Lovegood is actually normal." Daphne commented as her friends walked into the hidden passages into the Slytherin common room.

"I know, but who knows maybe she was always wearing a mask that nobody could see past." Millicent thought out loud.

"You two can figure that little issue out on your own, because I have this to decipher. I'll see you two later." Blaise told them as she walked into her dormitory and gently closed the door behind her.

Chapter 16: Midnight Bonds

Selene Colvin stood outside the medical ward with a devilish grin on her face. 'That rookie will hate me before the day is up.' She grabbed her wand, went inside the hospital room, and fired a spell that rudely flipped the new recruit off of the mattress. "GET YOUR ARSE UP TENDERFOOT!"

He quickly got off the floor and unsheathed his sword in an attack position, but groaned when he saw who was in front of him. "Oh so you're the sadist I've heard so much about."

Her grin turned into a wicked smile. "Trust me Shadow you're going to get your own personal bed in this ward when I'm done with you! The 'old man' has informed us that you will be spending time with all of our departments. Your performance yesterday proves that you not only show power, but you lack accuracy. We're going to take care of that problem along with all the others you have."

"Alright, but you do know that it is 3:45 in the morning..." He said with a yawn and grabbed some clothes to change into.

"You have two minutes before I drag you out of here clothed or not." She commanded as she walked out of the ward.

'Lovely...everyday I keep ending up in different situations. What's next Malfoy bursting into the room wearing a clown suit and blowing up balloon animals?' He finished clothing himself, put on his gray hooded cloak, and walked with his temporary boss down the corridor. "So what am I supposed to call you since I don't know your alias?"

"I'll let you know it when I decide on giving it to you and until that happens you will address me as 'boss' got it? You and I are going to the 'training room' to turn you into a fearsome wizard. You know your magic I'll give you that much but you need much more than the knowledge of spells. In my department we work in teams of four,

however you have to show that you belong on one first. So how long have you been using that sword for? It's rather interesting that someone like you uses one in combat." She asked as they headed into the spiral room.

"I've been using this sword since I found out about Dumbledore's betrayal. The two people who taught me this skill told me that if I was wandless in battle I would be killed. I refuse to go down without a fight or taking someone with me."

He closed his thoughts as they walked down another set of corridors until reaching their destination. She opened the door for him and pushed him inside. She slammed the door closed behind her and flicked her wand to illuminate the large room. "Consider this your first day of hell Black-Potter!"

Perenelle was having breakfast with her husband that same morning, but she was pretty worried about their latest recruit. "Nicholas, are you sure that Harry is ready for this training so soon? He's sixteen years old..."

"I understand love, but he has been part of this whole confrontation since my former friend got him into this mess even before bringing him back to our world. Believe me if he was our child we or at least I wouldn't want him taking one step outside the house until I think he would be ready. I am very glad to know that he knows what he's doing. When we help him take down Voldemort...Dumbledore will crumble."

She wasn't feeling the same as her spouse. "I understand that, but I have a feeling that something bad will happen to him. Why did you allow Selene to have him first?"

He choked on a piece of fruit because he was in trouble. "I'm sorry, but I thought it would be wise for him to refine his arsenal of spells first before he comes into your department. Although I'm not sure

how he will be able to take seeing 'his brother'...after all they'll be working on project 'H' together."

"You do know that he's going to kill you for this."

He smiled at his beautiful wife. "That's why I have you taking care of him in the medical ward."

She picked up a piece of honeydew and threw it at him. "I knew you were planning that for a reason!"

'This is why I wanted him to keep her away from me! She has deadly projectile throwing accuracy!' He acted like a five year old and hid under his desk laughing.

"Come out and take your punishment like a man Nicholas!" His wife said while laughing at his antics.

"Hold your fire! What are you planning on doing when he comes into your department?"

She stopped throwing fruit at him and cleaned up the mess with a wave of her wand. "The very first thing that we will be working on is the destruction of Riddle's last ties to this world. But there are other items that he can use against us...if Dumbledore hasn't gotten to them first."

"Oh yes I remember them now. I hoped that those three objects would remain a legend, but I was wrong. Do we know who has any of them?"

"Harry has one of the items, but I don't think he knows that he knows about it. I just wonder how he's going to act when he meets 'scarecrow'. In fact I wonder how 'shadow' is fairing right now..." She had a slight feeling of worry.

"He'll be fine Perenelle...she maybe a sadist, but she will back off if he ends up in 'quicksand'."

She gave him a harsh glare. "Nicholas, you know that I hate it when you use that word. Just say in over his head!"

"But where would the fun be love?" He remarked with a coy smile.

Selene enjoyed sending the rookie through the assault course that afternoon, and when he came out without so much of a scratch on him. "Good 'shadow', but I'm not done with you yet. Those targets over there will be your main focus. As I told you before your accuracy needs a lot of work. For your first assignment is to hit those targets with the spell Puissance and Munanis."

"I've never heard of those spells before 'boss'." Harry replied as he continued to catch his breath.

"That's why I will show you. The tricks to these spells are basically magical equivalents of muggle bullets and paintballs. There are no wand movements because this is a non-verbal spell. Once you get the handle of it then the targets will start moving around the room. Get to it!"

He took his wand out and began his assignment. Everytime he got the spell wrong or missed the target he would hear loud laughing coming from his instructor and her underlings. 'Damn I'm really starting to hate her!' He took aim again and hit his target dead center.

"Well it only took you twenty minutes to finally get a hit. You will keep doing this until you score a hit in under a few seconds. Also everytime you miss the time mentioned or miss completely...we will take aim at you with the same spell." She commanded as Dante Stallworth and Marcus Dirgen grinned.

'Now it is confirmed...I HATE HER!' He scowled as he took aim again,

and hit three targets with direct hits. He winced as he felt three spells hit him in the back, and he turned around to glare daggers at them.

Marcus smirked underneath his hood. "Better get back to your task before your hit again shadow."

Harry quickly took aim once again only to receive three more welts on his back. His anger was getting to get the better of him as he continued his task. Selene decided to up the ante by having a few more subordinates move the targets all around the room. "Start using the Munanis spell on these targets! You have five minutes to get successful hits. Each bull's eye you get will be worth 50 points. The maximum score has been 390 and I expect you to do better! Should you not even be close to this score...you will be in the medical ward for the next month! BEGIN!"

'Gee she makes Voldemort seem like a beast without fangs or claws.' He grunted as he began his new assignment. 'I better send Blaise another coded letter before she skins me alive...if I get past this.'

Selene watched her little tenderfoot go to work on his assignment, but she was very eager to see him perform under stress. "You know Potter your mother could this in her sleep! Why are you having such a problem! This is baby shite compared to what I'm going to put you through!"

Sure enough that pissed him off and began attacking the dummy targets. "Are you sure pissing him off is a good idea?" Scorpion asked his boss.

"That's the entire point." She said.

Dante didn't understand her reasoning. "I don't see the 'point'."

"Potter isn't a normal wizard like any of us...by getting him so angry will bring out his true potential. I know that you remember how Lily

was when you were first brought in? Just getting her angry through the same tests latterly destroyed half the room until she was able to control her magic. I can tell that he was trained by someone he trusts, and now we're going to train him how to fight." She said with a smirk as she struck him with another curse on his back.

"So when should he be put onto a team and taken out into the field?" Dante asked.

"It depends on how he performs through my tests. However, I probably would team him up with Tonks since she's family." She remarked as Harry finally hit all his assigned targets and was in dire need of a break. "One of you two go get him before he falls down. I'm surprised that he lasted nearly four hours of my torture so far. Too bad he didn't beat the record."

Marcus smirked at his boss. "Actually he did because the old record was 3 hours and twenty two-minutes."

"Details, details. Just get some food in him, and make sure it says down before Perenelle chews me out. Oh and when he gets back tell him to stretch out." She said before walking out for a really strong special cup of coffee.

"Well you heard her kid let's go." Dante said as he grabbed hold of the new recruit.

"I can walk on my own, but tell me why she is trying to break me?" Harry asked as he got back to his feet.

"She doesn't want to break you kid. She sees a lot of potential in you and since you surpassed her expectations from her usual recruits. Trust me when I say that she will make you into someone the Death Eaters will fear. You didn't hear this from me, but she will hold you to a higher standard because of your mother." He said as they walked out of the room, but he grabbed onto shadow when he started

stumbling. "Alright, I'm taking you to the medical ward."

"No I'm fine." Shadow argued with his superior.

"I will not be cursed when you pass out from magical exhaustion. You put too much power into those spells, but don't worry we'll help you get everything under control. Most spells require you to be in complete control of your emotions, and then there are some spells that need particular emotions to perform the spell. Come on we need to get some potions and food in you. Or do I have to bind you and drag you to where Perenelle is?"

Harry glared at him and didn't say another word. 'I hate being in hospital wings!'

Nymphadora Tonks had just finished her assignment with her team in Italy. 'I'll be glad when I'm back at home. Being on these assignments are nice with the particular scenery but I wonder how Harry is doing since I've been gone for nearly a month. I really hope that Selene doesn't have him first...'

Cara Thomas was wondering what her teammate was thinking, because it was rare to see her face scrunched up in thought. "Knut for your thoughts?"

"Oh it's nothing really. I was just wondering how my little brother is doing that's all." She said.

Her other teammate, Nathan Simpson was quite interested in knowing that she had a brother. "I didn't know you had a sibling? I thought you were an only child?"

"Is this interrogation?" She asked as she took another sip of her coffee. 'I love Italian coffee!'

Nathan laughed at her. "All I know is that we're getting a newbie

according to what Lynx told me before we left the office. So what do you think that Dumbledore is going to do once we get back to England?"

"Oh? Did they say who it was?" Cara asked.

"I think that she said his name was 'shadow', but to be honest I feel sorry for that person for being personally trained by Marcus, Dante, and herself." He chuckled to Tonks's horror.

Cara rolled her eyes and scoffed at his words, "Are you sure that she wasn't pulling your chain? He's not but a day into the program and won't even be close to being up to our rank when we get back."

"Actually if those three are bringing him up to speed then it is very possible. Besides I know 'Shadow' is a fast learner." She assured them, but was still pretty worried.

"Well you two we still have a long while before we're expected back, but we should gather some additional information on the surrounding area for possible death munchers to attack or to recruit. Don't give me that look...hurry up and finish your coffee since you love it so much."

Tonks threw a wet napkin at her team leader. "It's not my fault they make delicious coffee."

"Highly caffeinated you mean."

"I am not taking responsibility if you can't control yourself from bouncing around like a hyper two-year-old again." He said as he threw it back at her. "Let's get going."

'Harry you better be careful.'

Selene was enjoying her special coffee when a very disgruntled

Perenelle Flamel walked into her office. "How rough have you been 'playing' with shadow so far, Selene?"

"Oh not as bad as you've heard, and all I'm doing is just testing his limit. I must admit that he is pretty quick on learning spells like his mother was. Although he still needs a lot of work on a lot of areas, but don't worry I'll make sure he stays in one piece." She said.

Perenelle sighed and helped herself to a butterscotch hard candy. "I want him to be in one piece mentally as well as physically."

"Can I ask you why shadow is so important? He's just a kid who can handle himself without any sort of organization."

"It's because Nicholas believes in him, and frankly I do as well. I'm going to trust you on keeping your mouth shut about what I'm going to tell you. We're going to war with Voldemort without any allies, and after that moron is finally dead we move onto bringing Dumbledore down." Mrs. Flamel remarked but held back another part of the truth.

"It's about bloody time you guys finally got in the fight. How are we going in? When do we begin?"

The older woman shook her head at her colleague's enthusiasm. "Are you that eager to get into the thick of things?"

"Yes I am pretty eager because I want to give those mindless murderers payback for killing my innocent little brother who was only barely four years old. I only asked because we originally planned on him to be in all of our departments, but what if we don't have enough time to get him trained up before we head out to war?" Selene asked as she finished her coffee.

"I wouldn't worry about that Lynx, because when it's time Nicholas and I will train him personally at our home where we have special facilities for him to use." She said with a touch of smugness to her

voice.

"Then why am I wasting and tearing up my training room for him if you had these 'facilities'?!" The Department head bellowed at her boss's wife.

Mrs. Flamel couldn't help but laugh at her antics. "Nicholas doesn't feel that he is ready for that just yet. I disagree with that, but we have something special planned. For now just train him your way but please don't break him."

"I already gave you my word I won't. His rest time should be up so if you don't mind I'm going to run him ragged." She said as she escorted her out of her office.

Harry was not in the best of moods after the brutal training session when Marcus literally forced restorative potions down his throat. "I swear if you make me drink another one of those charcoal flavored potions again I will not be held responsible for my actions!"

"Give it up kid because no matter what you say I will always come up on top." He said as he laughed.

"Yeah too bad the hot air in your head makes you feel that way."

Selene walked into the room just as her rookie made the comment. "I heartily agree with you kid. Now your real torture begins so get your arse in gear. You can stay here I'm taking him solo."

"You got it boss" Harry responded and followed her to the door. 'I have a bad feeling about this.'

"If you're having bad thoughts they're going to come true...I promise you."

Around ten-thirty that night, Harry was so exhausted and just wanted

to sleep when she allowed him to leave for the day. 'Merlin, I'm sore all over...and it's only been the first official day in this department. If she is going to do this to me every single day then I'm not sure how much I can last. I am very pleased to know that she's not particularly good with a blade like I am, but her right hook is a killer.'

He was about to fall asleep when his Phoenix familiar appeared in a flash of flames above his head. Hedwig flew down onto his bed and dropped a letter onto his chest. He sat up to look at the envelope and didn't recognize the handwriting. "Thank you girl, but who could be writing me this late?"

"Harry,

I figured that you're hiding somewhere the only your phoenix can find you, but I am very disappointed that you haven't told your girlfriend where you are. Do you know how batty I've been driving my father about getting information about your whereabouts? Every single lead I've had was a dead end. Trust me that when I get my hands on your I'm going to kill you, go down into hell to bring you back, and kill you again for the aggravation you've caused me.

Nothing has changed here except that Dumbledore has been exceedingly angry when he read that you had 'escaped' from the Aurors, and also when Narcissa Black declared in the Wizengamot that you were wrongly accused and had no evidence that you even performed that curse. She demanded that the charges against you should be dropped immediately. According to my father there's a lot of deliberation over you, and he's confident that you'll be able to come out of hiding soon.

Please write back quickly.

Love,

Blaisey'''

He smiled when she used her nickname he gave her. "Hedwig, do you think that these people would mind if I take her letter to her without getting into trouble?"

"My Harry-mage, I do not mind taking your letter to your mate."

"I know you don't but I can tell you're tired. Why don't you get some rest for tonight, and I'll take my response to her. I hope that I won't get busted...otherwise I'm a dead man."

"I would wait until the right time, because you are busy with other things at the moment."

He smiled and ruffled a few of her feathers. "Alright I guess I can wait, but I hope that my girlfriend won't hate me that much." He said as she flew onto his shoulder, and nuzzled his face.

Blaise wasn't in the best of moods over the next few weeks since a lot of students were bugging her if Harry was the Dark Lord's apprentice or if he was becoming a new threat. It frustrated her to no end with these people's insane ideas. 'I swear if I have to hear another one of those morons say anything else about him I will not hesitate to curse them!'

She rounded down the corridors until she came down into her common room, and didn't stop until she went to her four-poster bed. She opened up the curtains and lay down on her bed to gather her thoughts when her friends came in to bother her.

"What are you doing on your bed? Don't you know that we have homework to do?" Sally-Anne Perks asked as she walked into the room.

Millicent rolled her eyes at her friend's statement. "We're Slytherin's not bookworm Ravenclaws, and why are you in our dormitory?"

You're a year below us."

"I already took my O.W.L.'s when I was in The Salem Academy of Magic in America. I just transferred back today and I was allowed to join your year today with Professor Snape's permission. Not to be forward but I would rather hang out with you girls instead of that Parkinson slut." She said while making an ugly face at the thought of being friends with the 'Malfoy fangirl'.

Blaise smiled at the girl. "Don't worry we can't stand her either."

"So has there been any word from your lover boy since he disappeared?" Daphne asked out of concern for her best friend.

"He's sent me a couple coded messages without rising suspicion. I'm not going to tell you what he wrote me but he's still alive. I hope that he's doing nothing stupid at the moment."

Sally-Anne's raised her eyebrow at her. "So the rumors are true that you're going out with the boy wonder?"

"We became official the same night that he was taken by Aurors and simply disappeared." The Zabini heiress told her new friend.

The conversations ended when a gray falcon appeared out of nowhere, landed on the half-veela's shoulder, and discarded a new coded message into her lap. "How do you keep getting all of these birds to deliver your mail to you?" Daphne teased her best friend who in return stuck out her tongue at her as she started decoding the message.

"Hello Blaisey,

I snuck out of the place where I'm hiding at just to see my lovely girlfriend. We have a lot to catch up on love. Don't worry I'll find you...

Harry."

Blaise had the biggest smile on her face which actually scared her friends. She looked down at her watch and only saw that it was 7:45 pm. 'Damn...why couldn't I speed up time without causing myself to go insane?'

The falcon could've laughed because none of them recognized him in his animagus form. 'Gee and here I thought my eyes would've given me away by now. I hope that none of the people back at the DoM will know that I'm taking a break.....'

She looked at the bird and gently stroked its feathers to its delight which slightly unnerved her just a bit. 'That's weird that the silver looking phoenix wouldn't let me touch her feathers but this animal did...since when did they have emerald green eyes? Wait...oh I'm so going to kill you Potter!'

Most of her friends were still in awe of the majestic creature on her shoulder, but seeing the smile on her face was an early sign of danger on the horizon. "I'm going to go for a walk to cool my head from everything that's been going on. Don't worry about me I'm a big girl Daphne, and I know how to curse someone if they get too close to me." She said as she got off of her bed and headed out of the dormitory.

Draco was on his way back to the Slytherin common room when he saw the resident half-veela storm out like a woman on a mission. All he could do was shake his head and not say a word.

Blaise didn't stop walking around the castle until she reached the Room of Requirement and performed the ritual for the room to appear. She walked into the room and the gray falcon took flight from her shoulder and landed onto one of the chairs. "I know that's you Potter so show yourself."

The predatory bird leaped off the back of the chair and transformed back into the 'Boy-who-lived'. "Hello there Blaisey, it's been a while since we last talked face to face."

Not wanting to hear anymore words...she punched him hard in the face and then kissed him hard. She poured every one of her emotions into the kiss and so did he. The objects around the room started to levitate and started to spin around them. The couple broke the kiss to catch their breath, but as he looked at his girlfriend something changed...she now two streaks of silvery-blond hair that ran down the sides of her face. He tucked it behind her ear and whispered into her ear. "Damn you hit hard Blaise. I must tell you that I like your hair now, and the silvery streaks look good on you."

She gently wrapped her arms around his neck and looked into his eyes. "Thank you for the compliment, but just shut up and say you love me already since you never say it in your letters"

He smirked at her, put his arms around her waist, and pulled her close to him. "I love you Blaisey." He said as he saw a weird twinkle in her eyes.

The Half-Veela was now on cloud nine after she heard those words. "It's about time and just so you know that I love you too, Harry." She kissed him again that sealed the growing bond between them.

To anyone who could sense magic would be knocked unconscious for months at the amount of magic that Harry and Blaise were emanating in the Room of Requirement. The centaurs in the dark forest were looking to the sky to find that Mars was still bright in the heavens...but now Venus shined even brighter.

Lyan Zabini was enjoying her normal night of passion with her husband, but right as things were going smoothly...she felt a huge magical spike coming from the direction of Hogwarts. "Alexander...something is wrong."

Her husband didn't pay attention to her words and tried to get his wife to continue having sex. He stopped when he noticed the cold shoulder he was getting. "What do you mean 'something is wrong' love?"

"Something wonderful has happened with our daughter...I can feel that she has bonded with someone."

Her husband looked at her with a weird expression on his face. "Not to doubt you dear, but she is over five thousand kilometers away. How can you possibly feel that coming from our daughter?"

She scowled at him. "I am a full-blooded Veela and by your Ministry of Magic rules I am a magical creature that should not be wedded to a human wizard. Unlike you I can feel my daughter's magical power and emotional level when it is this extreme."

"I'm sorry for offending you my love, but I married you not out of some rule or regulation. I married you because I fell in love with you and we will grow old and gray together. However, can you tell who she has bonded with?"

She bent over and kissed her lover knowing that the answer she already knew before. "Unfortunately I can't tell who it is, but from his magical make-up I can tell that he is powerful...quite powerful. If I was a betting woman I could definitely say that she has Lord Black-Potter as her bonded mate."

"Geez the way you keep saying mate is like they're going to be humping like rabbits. Couldn't you say her boyfriend or something, Lyan?" He joked hoping that she would get it.

She once again playfully scowled at him. "It is true in the Veela community that no 'blood barriers' are even acted upon. All half and full-blooded Veela are treated as equals, and fall subject to the

marriage ritual that we went through when I chose you as my lover."

"Oh yes I remember the day that happened, and then your parents were here not but a couple hours later along with some of the Veela Elders to perform the ceremony. Wait a minute...Blaise is sixteen years old! She is too young to get married or declaring a mate!" He exclaimed but was silenced by his wife's glare.

"You knew this was going to happen so don't even think about trying to interfere with this Alexander! The consequences would be extreme that could result in your daughter's death!"

He sighed and put his hands up in surrender. "Alright I promise you that I won't do anything, but I swear if this person hurts my little girl..."

She kissed him once again and had a devilish smile on her face. "Trust me my lover...you have never gotten on my bad side."

"Please stop looking at me like that..."

Her smile didn't go away as she pushed him onto his back. "Why do I scare you, Alexander?"

"I'm feeling very cold fear at the moment."

She got on top of him and kissed him again. "Then allow me to warm you up lover."

"Why can't you tell me where you have been Potter?"

He sighed and sat down in one of the chairs. "Blaisey, I'm bound by magical law about where I've been. The only thing that I can say is that someone very old has been looking out for me."

She walked over with her arms crossed and sat down on his lap.

"There are always loopholes in magical laws you know."

He slowly wrapped his arms around her and rested his head on her shoulder. "Let's just say I'm being trained up on how to end this war on both fronts. The people that I am with are going against Voldemort and then Dumbledore will finally be put away for his actions against the magical society. So how badly have you bothered your father about me?"

She turned to look at him with a grin. "Is it a bad thing if I wanted to know where my boyfriend disappeared to?"

He grinned right back at her and tucked another strand of her hair behind her ear. "Of course not, but I'm still a little bit fuzzy about the whole Veela issue about life-mates."

"My mother told me that when I feel such a strong love about someone outside of the family...a bond forms between the couple until the person of the blood declares he or she's lover their life-mate. Once they are declared then the Veela elders will perform the marriage ceremony, and then the night will commence of celebration of mating. Don't worry that much because I won't be declaring you that just yet." Blaise said as she rested her head on his shoulder.

"And what makes you think that you would become Mrs. Black-Potter, Miss Zabini?"

Her ice cold glare bore right through him. "You're lucky that you're my boyfriend otherwise I would make sure that you would never donate sperm ever again."

He laughed and then sighed heavily. "I wish I could've taken you with me so we wouldn't have to deal with letter communication all the time while I'm not here."

"So why don't you take me with you?" She asked as a stray tear fell

from her eye.

"I don't want to sound noble or conceded, but if people know that we're together...I don't want you to be caught in the crossfire. You know as well as I do that Voldemort wouldn't hesitate to kill you just to get to me. Besides I'm not sure if 'Dragon' would bring you in...because it could be distracting for the both of us. All I can do is ask, but it would look a little suspicious if you were gone from Hogwarts as well. Knowing Dumbledore he would jump at the chance to run a political outing saying that I kidnapped you." He wiped her tear away and kissed her forehead.

She buried her head in the crook of his neck. "Harry, I understand that but if you're getting involved then I want to be there right beside you. We're not doing anything here except twiddling our thumbs learning nothing."

"I taught a group of students about DADA and most of them passed their O.W.L.'s with outstanding or exceeds expectations. Perhaps you could speak with Professor Snape, Professor Sinistra, or Hermione about creating a 'study group' to learn more things besides what you're doing now."

"So how are you going to kill off Voldemort? The Death Eater children keep saying that he's unbeatable..." She started to tell him until he interrupted her.

"The reason why they believe that he's immortal is because of his Horcruxes. Basically the dark moron found out a way to temporarily become immortal by ripping his soul into seven parts and storing them into seven objects. So far to my knowledge only three of them have been destroyed. Once all six have been destroyed he can be killed by anybody."

Blaise looked really confused after hearing that. "What do you mean? I thought that only you were prophesized to kill him..."

"That's because that prophecy is a fake that Dumbledork created. None of its true...the only way that I survived is because the dark idiot made me into a Horcrux. Somehow Hedwig and Fawkes were able to get Riddle's fragmented soul out of my scar and destroyed it. I personally destroyed another one back during the 'Chamber of Secrets' incident by stabbing his diary with a Basilisk fang. The Headmaster actually made himself useful when he destroyed Slytherin's ring, but in the end he now has a cursed blackened hand that he keeps under an illusion spell. As far as I can tell when Voldemort is destroyed all of his followers will go down with him."

Her eyes went wide as saucers. "I see...but what about the old man? I'm sure that he hasn't done anything like that."

"I don't know that either, but Nicholas and Perenelle have enough dirt on him." He said without realizing it.

"The Flamel's?! How in the seven layers of hell do you know them!? You tell me right now!"

He sighed because of his big mouth and because of the trouble he would be in on both sides. "Let's just say that I know that they're so called deaths are nothing but lies. I know them personally because they were the ones who helped in my escape from the Aurors, and that's all I can tell you. I want your promise that you won't say anything."

"I promise that I won't say anything, Harry. How much longer can you stay?"

He looked at his watch and saw that it was just about midnight. "Wow...we've been in here for about two hours and it surly doesn't seem like it. I'd say that I could stay for about another hour or two."

"Good because you make a good pillow."

He chuckled at her antics as she closed her eyes and slowly fell asleep in his arms. 'I can already tell that I'm going to be in some serious trouble when I get back...'

Perenelle was not in the best of moods at the moment because her patient had escaped her grasp once again. "Marcus, have you seen Shadow?"

"Sorry ma'am, but I haven't seen him since he went back to his quarters."

"Thank you for telling me." She said as she walked out of the room and made her way through the shortcuts until she headed to his room. After knocking twice she entered his room and found nobody in there. 'I will find you Shadow wherever you are and I will drag you back here by your earlobe!'

Chapter 17: Return of the Dead?

Harry had woken out of a sound sleep when he felt a sudden chill go up his spine. 'I did not like the way that felt and it wasn't something that Voldemort could do. Damn it's three in the morning.'

Blaise felt him move and was a little frustrated that he woke her up until she looked at his face. "Are you alright Harry? You look like you've seen a ghost."

He chuckled and kissed her forehead. "We see ghosts all the time because we are at Hogwarts you know. I had a weird feeling that I'm in some serious trouble."

"Why doesn't that surprise me?" She said as she got comfortable once again.

He sighed heavily. "I know, but I think Perenelle is going to seriously angry when she notices that I'm gone."

The minute that he said those words confirmed his fear when froze completely. "And you would be correct Shadow...do be a good child and do as mummy says." Perenelle said in a rather sweet, but deadly voice.

Blaise and Harry jumped from the chair to face the gray robed witch, but his girlfriend turned around to see him acting like a cute five-year-old when he poked his head out from behind her. "Hi Dragoness...um how did you get here?"

Perenelle thought it was cute as well but she had to focus at being angry with him. "You are in enough trouble as it is, and I would advise you to be quiet. I was confident that my patient wouldn't run away on me again, but then again I was dead wrong."

The Zabini heiress couldn't help but giggle at her boyfriend's antics

when it came to hospital wings. "I can't believe you ran away again."

He narrowed his eyes at her. "Whose side are you on?"

His boss walked up to him and grabbed his earlobe with authority. "Say goodbye to your girlfriend Harry."

"Blaisey..." He started to say but his girlfriend silenced him with a very passionate kiss.

"Stop running away from Mrs. Flamel." She said with a bright smile, and kissed him again.

The wife of the Head of the Unspeakables was very upset, but seeing the little display of the young couple brought up memories of her and her husband when they were young and calmed her down some. 'Ahh young love, but don't worry Harry you'll be spending time with her once this civil war is over.' "Let's go Shadow."

"Yes ma'am." He kissed Blaise one last time before his ear was taken prisoner once again by his superior.

The half-Veela sighed when he was gone. 'You better come back to me in one piece.'

"Before I take this delinquent away I would need an oath of silence from you. You see my husband and I are considered dead in the eyes of Dumbledore and the Ministry. We would like to keep it that way until it is the right time for us to emerge back into the world." Perenelle told her.

Harry's girlfriend complied and the oath was complete. "Mrs. Flamel, could you take me with you? I don't want to sit on the sidelines without knowing how to fight. Like I told Harry, we're not learning anything here."

"Stay right there Potter, because your in enough trouble as it is." She said letting go of his ear and walked a little bit away with Blaise for a private chat. "I would like to take you with me, but I could foresee problems happening with your relationship with him. Don't get down because I'm not here to break you two up okay?"

Blaise felt a little disheartened hearing that. "Can't you please reconsider?"

"I'm sorry, but the answer is no. It isn't that I wouldn't consider you to be recruited, but you also have to understand that if you disappear from Hogwarts under Dumbledore's watchful manipulating eye then it would cause significant problems for your father. The Wizengamot would think that you're an accomplice to Harry's disappearance, and your family would end up paying the heavy price for it. However, I could do something if you do something for me."

'I knew that she was going to throw something like this at me.' The Half-Veela thought before coming up with an answer. "What is it?"

Mrs. Flamel took off her hood and smiled at the young witch. "What I need is for you to find the location of Rowena Ravenclaw's crown in this castle. This my dear is an enchanted notebook and all you have to do is write in it to let me know if you found the location. Just don't touch it whatever you do."

"That's all?" She asked.

"That's all. Now we must be heading off and it was nice meeting you Blaise." Dragoness smiled to her, grabbed Harry's ear once again, and disappeared.

'How the hell did she do that? She shouldn't have been able to apparate through the wards?!' She thought, but the notebook that was in her hand started to glow. When she opened the book she saw handwriting appear on the pages.

'Blaise,

In case if you were wondering how I we 'apparate' through the wards then you have to realize that there is more then one way to travel with magic.

Penny.'

She couldn't help but laugh when she finished reading. "Now I know where Harry started writing so cryptic in his letters."

Voldemort was in his throne chambers rubbing his temples at yet another one of his failed plans.

His inner circle members entered his chambers under extreme caution. "You summoned us my Lord." Lucius Malfoy spoke as he knelt down and kissed the hem of his master's robes.

"Have our allies accepted our deals?" Riddle asked with his usual venom in his voice.

Walden McNair gulped down some air before answering. "My lord we were attacked when we approached the Russian and Ukrainian dark supporters. According to the information I gathered they believe that we are behind the attacks on certain supporters with the dark mark above their homes. Dmitri Vishinski said that we were to be killed on sight if we step foot into their countries again."

Fenrir Greyback snarled when he gave his report. "The Werewolf packs want nothing to do with us and won't hesitate to hunt down the one who bares your mark and use them for food. Frankly, my blood boils everytime I am not with my pack on the hunt..."

Voldemort cursed his werewolf Death Eater until his screams echoed loudly through the room. "If you decide to go against me...the only way you will be leaving here is in a wooden coffin. Report Lucius!"

"My Lord, I have found you more recruits from other dark supporters from China and Japan."

Riddle's insane smile appeared on his face. "This pleases Lord Voldemort. Snape, what information do you have on Dumbledore and Hogwarts's defenses?"

"The old fool is still summoning his Order of the Phoenix to come up with more stupid ideals to combat you, and to find out where Potter is to get back into the public's good graces. As for Hogwarts defenses I do not know my Lord."

The Dark Lord thought for a few minutes before coming up with a plan. "Where are my spies in the Ministry?"

"Augustus Rookwood, Umbridge, Avery and the Carrow's were found out when that oaf of a Minister gave us away in order to receive a lighter sentence." Lucius spat out of disgust.

"Our sources in St. Mungo's have been arrested on suspicion of killing off mud-blood patients." Goyle Sr. informed the inner circle.

Crabbe Sr. grunted like his son. "The Giants are under a new chief and they show no interest in fighting for us. Jugson was stupider than me to kill one of them in front of their new leader."

'Great so this truly is my war against Dumbledore without allies. How could things have gone so wrong? Every plan has been foiled...unless I have a spy in my ranks. Either way we must infiltrate the Ministry and make it mine!' Voldemort thought as his Inner Circle started to argue. "SILENCE! We will continue as planned and infiltrate the Ministry. For now we will continue to terrorize the world using shadow games. Kill, maim, burn, stab, explode, and make people fear us! Get out of my sight!"

The Death Eaters left with grins under their masks except for Snape. 'Potter, hurry up and kill him.'

The Dark Lord watched his loyal slaves leave, but for some reason he felt a little uneasy.

Harry arrived with Mrs. Flamel still holding his ear in her death grip and stormed down to her office. Nicholas just walked out of his office to see the amusing sight, but he knew better than to say anything. 'I feel sorry for Shadow right now...she's got a fiery temper when she's angry.'

"Dragoness, could you please let go of my ear? You're about to tear it off." He asked.

"Then I guess you will have to grow another one now won't you. Get in and don't even think of trying to use your shadow ability to escape!"

"Yes ma'am." He sighed heavily, rubbed his ear, and sat down in the closest chair to her desk.

Perenelle sat down behind her desk and took her hood off to glare at him. "Do you mind explaining why you left without authorization to go to Hogwarts? DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF HOW STUPID YOU WERE TO GO THERE WHEN YOU COULD'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY DUMBLEDORE!?"

"I..." He started to say but was immediately cut off.

"DID I SAY THAT YOU COULD TALK? Not only did you seriously break the rules, but you are compromised not only because of your girlfriend..."

"She doesn't know that I work for the Department of Mysteries! Besides you made her swear an oath of silence!" He tried to argue but her glare silenced him.

"If you talk one more time I will remove your voice box from your throat! You are very fortunate that I didn't wipe your mind right then and there! Evidently you don't understand that you can't go running off everytime you want just because it suited you! From now on I will be watching over you like a niffler on gold. Do you understand me?!" She yelled at him with her magic still flowing around her.

"Yes ma'am."

"Good and for your punishment...I'll leave that to Selene for now, and when you're done with her then you will come to my home and scrub everything clean with a toothbrush. Now get out of my office." Perenelle commanded.

"Yes ma'am." Harry got up from the chair and headed out. When he closed the door he wiped his brow and muttered, "I wonder if my mum was like her when she was that angry?"

Dragoness smiled when she heard his words. "You have no idea kiddo."

Selene couldn't help but smile devilishly when she bumped into her trainee in the hallway from Mrs. Flamel's office. "Why hello there shadow! I've been looking all over just for you." She said as she put her arm around his shoulders.

"I already know that I'm going to be punished so let's get it over with."

"Yes you are, but trust me you won't be scrubbing toilets with toothbrushes or being a human version of a house elf like you were at your muggle family's home. Don't look so shocked. Who do you think helped heal your injuries when you lived there? Because the person who did it was the office you just left from." Lynx gently squeezed his shoulder in comfort for bringing up bad memories.

"Wait a minute...I remember seeing a woman with red hair and

helped me when I was so badly sick when I was younger.' He thought but he was suddenly driven out of his little funk by his superior. "I think I remember but I'm not going to have time to reminisce am I?"

"Let's put it this way...if you think I was being light on you before then I'm going to drill your arse into the ground. But don't worry when you're not with me you're going to be with your healing mummy." She said as she directed him to her special room.

'Well that's what I get for doing something stupid.' He thought once again, but didn't say anything until they reached the torture/simulation room.

When the two of them arrived he saw a sight that unnerved him because all the department heads except for the Flamel's were there with their wands at the ready. Scorpion had what you would call devious grin on his face when he saw his target come into the room. He walked over to him and patted his shoulder in sympathy.

Bull walked behind his partner and gave Harry a piece of rawhide. "I would keep it just in case you can't use your wand."

He nodded and put the item in his pocket. "Thanks."

Lynx smirked at him, and stole the object from his pocket before walking out of the room. "Don't worry...this will only take a few minutes then your arse is mine, and sorry but you're not going to need that. I would worry about needing your wits if I were you."

'Wait...if they're going to begin capital punishment then why aren't they firing at me?' Harry thought before the department heads morphed into Inner Circle Death Eaters. "Oh shite!" He swore in parseltongue.

Meanwhile in the other room the true department heads and Lynx were watching him once again from the observation room. "So does

this method seem good for all of you?" She asked.

Tidus being the resident worry-wart was the only one who objected. "How high do you have the settings this time?"

"Oh I would say to the point of where he will learn not to leave without permission again. But he will be on his feet for the next 167 hours 59 minutes and 59 seconds."

The Department Head of Espionage couldn't help but laugh. "You're evil you do know that Selene."

"Why thank you. But I hope he will realize the female werewolves are in heat." The other department heads looked at her like she was completely insane. "Oh lighten up I was joking."

"What's next? Are you going to say that you put in Vampires that are able to reproduce out of eggs?" Viktor remarked.

Selene smirked at him, "Why Mr. Doyle, I like the way you think." Meanwhile Nicholas was having a good few hours until Hestia Jones came into his office in a hurry. "Dragon, we have a problem. One of our safe houses was evacuated before it was destroyed with the dark mark hanging over it."

"I take it that our agents are being debriefed by their Department Heads?" He asked.

"Yes sir, but do you think that we have a double-agent besides me?"

Her boss put his fingers under his chin in thought. "I do not believe so since our agents are only admitted to be here by signing a binding magical contract and an oath of silence. If anything information was extracted by a very skilled in the mind arts. Don't worry too much over this issue because it will be taken care of. What is the goat up to?"

"In this last meeting that he just had, he believes that simply playing shadow games will catch Voldemort off guard. He also wants Harry found at any costs, but I found out that four of his key members of the Order are no longer following his ideals..." Miss Jones informed him, but they were interrupted when someone came into his office without knocking first.

"So you are becoming a pervert in your old age aren't you? Keeping younger women in your office Nicholas?" His wife teased him. "How are you doing 'Rabbit'?"

Hestia groaned when she heard her alias. "I'm doing fine 'Dragoness' except for my codename."

Before anymore words could be spoken someone yelled at the top of their lungs in a panic. Mrs. Flamel laughed. "Oh don't mind that yell. Someone is being punished for leaving without permission."

Mr. Flamel was a little bit worried. "Penny, are you sure that Harry will still be alive when Lynx is done with him?"

"Well after she is done with him then he will be put under my supervision." She said with a smile.

He repressed a shudder and turned his attention back to his spy. "Is there anything else to report?"

"Yes sir. Also according to Dumbledore he suspects Rowena Ravenclaw's crown to be one of the Horcruxes and not her glasses. He suspects that it is in Albania where the dark idiot hid for so many years." Rabbit told her superior.

Perenelle looked at her husband and received a nod from him. "Don't worry I've already found that out from Cerberus and I have someone looking into that."

Hestia looked confused. "Cerberus Sir?"

"I wouldn't worry about him Miss Jones. Please let me know if anything further comes across."

"Yes sir." She said and walked out of his office.

'Now Albus, let's see what you have up your sleeve. I still cannot believe that Harry got into the school without setting off any of the wards, and was with his girlfriend. Penny is all over him like an overprotective mother...then again she has been looking after him since Lily was killed. She always thought of her as a daughter.' He thought as he poured himself a glass of firewhiskey.

Cerberus was busy in the Research department trying to break the spells around Hufflepuff's chalice. "Damn...that bastard really had to lay the spells on this cup to make it impossible to break them."

His teammate Sandy 'Butterfly' Wilson couldn't help but giggle at his antics. "Not to doubt your knowledge, but what if you have to do something normal to it to get a reaction."

He looked at her and then back to the chalice. With a quick water spell the cup was filled with water, but the liquid suddenly turned into a silvery like substance that looked metallic. "Interesting..."

Dragoness walked into her department and saw her top agent about to experiment. "Cerberus, before you start your project I have some information for you. I have someone searching the school for Ravenclaw's crown."

"Who do you have doing that?" Sandy asked.

"I convinced Harry's girlfriend to search for it, and that's all that you need to know. Has there been any way to bypass any of the enchantments around the objects yet?"

He folded his arms over his chest and pouted like his brother did when he was still alive. "No, but then again I didn't expect the dark idiot to make anything that easy to destroy. We believe with the cup you have to drink this in order to destroy the fragment of Riddle's soul."

Their department head sat down and rubbed her forehead. "Have there been any other leads about the other containers?"

"Well from what we gathered the confirmed Horcruxes are: Tom Marvolo Riddle's school diary, Marvolo Gaunt's family ring, Hufflepuff's chalice, Ravenclaw's crown, and Salazar Slytherin's locket. The diary and the ring have been destroyed by Harry Black-Potter and Dumbledore. The location of the locket is in 12 Grimmauld place at the Ancestral Home of the Blacks, and of course we have the cup here. Unfortunately we do not know what or the location of the other two." Cerberus informed his boss before someone walked into the room.

"Sorry am I disturbing anything?" Chameleon asked as she tripped on her own feet.

Butterfly ran over to her friend and helped her to stand. "We were talking about the Horcruxes are and which ones were destroyed that's all."

Mrs. Flamel smiled at the former clumsy Auror, and gently slapped her hand. "You should know better to eavesdrop in our department Miss Tonks."

She stuck her tongue out at her superior, "I should let you guys know that Harry's scar was another one that was destroyed by his phoenix Hedwig and Fawkes."

"Three destroyed, one we have here, and three more to get." He

muttered out loud.

"Question! Who is going out to get the other two?" Tonks asked.

Sandy laughed, "Did you have a lot of sugar today?"

Chameleon glared at her friend. "I haven't had any for your information. I'm just eager to find this thing so my little brother can relax for a little bit."

Perenelle looked pensive for a few minutes before coming up with an idea. "I'll discuss this with my husband, but let's look further into analyzing this liquid. Cerberus I want you to go and retrieve the locket."

"Um sorry to tell you this but only Harry's family can get into the house because he reset the wards." Tonks remarked.

"Alright I want you two to go there and retrieve it then." She sighed.

"Yes ma'am." Cerberus and Chameleon said in unison before using a specialized portkey to their destination.

The two Unspeakables arrived a block away from the Noble House of Black, and quickly ducked into the alleyway behind them before the muggles could see them. They traveled there destination in silence until they arrived at the house. "So how are you supposed to see the house if the wards were reset?" Cerberus asked.

"It's not that hard." She said as she walked up to the front door and grabbed his robe to let him inside.

'Wow...this place has really changed since the last time I was in here. I wonder if her portrait is still on the wall and if Kreacher kept the locket safe.' He thought as the former batty elf appeared in front of him.

"Stranger has summoned Kreacher?"

He mentally berated himself for thinking about the house elf, and bent down to whisper something into its ear. "Kreacher, I need you to get the locket I gave to you on the night that we took it from the cave."

Tonks looked at her temporary partner strangely and pointed her wand at him. "Enough games! Who are you and how did you summon him?"

Cerberus started chuckling and put his hands up in surrender. "I knew you were going to pick up on my slip up, but I guess I can't hold in my secret forever. The reason why I know about Kreacher is because I was his former master, and it's nice to see you cousin."

When he dropped his hood, her jaw dropped at the nearly identical version of her favorite cousin Sirius Black. Shortly after the shock anger coursed through her veins, and punched him so hard that he kissed the floorboards. "You son of a bitch!" She yelled as she kicked him in the ribs.

Kreacher returned with the locket and his eyes went wide when he saw his former master being beaten up. Quickly he appeared in front of the beaten man with his hand raised in the air. "You will not harm Master Regulus!"

"That scum is not your master!" Tonks roared at the top of her lungs.

"Kreacher, she's right I'm not your master anymore. Before you use me again as your punching bag let me explain. I know you hate me at the moment because I was a Death Eater, but you have to understand that I've been searching a long time to kill off Voldemort since I learned about his ties to immortality. It was selfish of me not to try and tell my brother that I was still alive, but if Voldemort or any of his cronies find out that I'm still on this earth they wouldn't hesitate to

kill me.

Originally when I found out about his little trinkets to immortality and how I discovered that he didn't care about his 'puppets' I went searching for them. When I stormed into the cave with my house elf at the time I succeeded to extract it, but I had him leave me because he wouldn't be detected or found by the Death Eaters or Riddle himself. However, I was overconfident when the Inferi under the water started to emerge to attack. I was fairing pretty well with them until I didn't see one coming and it snapped my wand, and naturally I was screwed because I was too stupid to pick up on muggle fighting.

I was about to give up when someone entered the cave, and helped destroy the animated dead bodies. Ever since then I've owed a life debt to the Flamel's, and instead of becoming their slave they offered to work in their department of the Ministry as one of their top agents. We staged my death when we found one of our agents betraying secrets to Voldemort, and permanently altered his body to look like me which to say Lucius took care of that problem. I've regretted not getting in contact with my brother since I heard that he escaped from Azkaban, but he's dead now. Now are you going to kill me or can we work together to kill off this dark idiot?" He asked his cousin.

"Fine but if what you say is true then don't expect me to step in when Harry finds out about you. Also I would talk to your mother if I were you." She kicked him in the shin. "I still don't trust you as far as I can throw you."

He glared at her as he rubbed his leg, and turned around to see his mother's portrait glaring at him. "Hello mother."

"Regulus, I am very disappointed in you...how could you deceive me by faking your death!" Mrs. Black yelled at him.

"It was necessary, and no matter how much I say it 'I'm sorry' won't cut it."

His mother continued to glare at him, "I will only forgive you if you kill that sociopath."

He gave her a smile that reminded her of her other son Sirius. "I'll do my best, but I have to go."

A week passed by and Harry finally woke up strapped to a bed with Mrs. Flamel standing over him. "Where am I?"

"You're in your favorite room in your designated hospital bed." She remarked and put her hand on his forehead.

His vision was still a little foggy and slightly confused. "How did I get here? I thought Selene said that she was going to run my arse into the ground?"

"She brought you in here and you've been unconscious for nearly twelve hours. Have you learned your lesson or would you like to run the gauntlet once again for a full week without rest?"

"Yes 'mum'." He said before he fell asleep again.

Dragoness smiled and kissed his forehead. "Sleep well brat, because your real torture begins tomorrow."

Selene smirked but was a little bit hurt. "Aww I was hoping that he would say no..."

"I'm sure you would but tomorrow you're taking him out into the field to begin missions."

Lynx raised her eyebrow at her boss's wife. "Real world experience huh? So when are you going to take him to your facilities? In fact how did you know that he had 'shadow' abilities?"

"Very soon, and I'm not going to explain my own secrets with you."

She teased her subordinate and stuck out her tongue at her.

A/N: Sorry about the wait, but at least I'm still writing for you guys.
But how will Harry take to seeing Sirius's brother alive and well? Jane for now!

Chapter 18: Tears of the Future

Blaise and her friends were heading up to Defense against the Dark Arts class when she ran into the Gryffindor bookworm. "Granger, I want to talk to you."

Daphne looked at her like she was crazy, but thought against saying anything after teasing her so badly when she came back early in the morning. "We'll be inside."

The two girls walked away to a private corner away from eavesdroppers. "I was told from a reliable source that you and Potter setup a 'tutoring group' last year during Umbridge's reign."

"Yes we did do that, but why are you asking?" Hermione remarked with a raised eyebrow.

"Because I think its time to restart this little club of yours so we know how to fight. The war has started and I will not be left on the sidelines while my boyfriend is on the frontlines."

"Zabini, I don't want to be rude but it was Harry who taught all of us about DADA. I only helped organize the whole thing, but I was in the same boat as everyone else in learning." She said.

The half-Veela smiled at her fellow student, "I'm not asking for any private tutors, but I am asking if it would be possible to restart this 'club' so we can learn how to be offensive. Learning the kiddy spells aren't going to save our lives. I know you're a stickler for the rules but we have to branch off from what Dumbledore is trying to force on us."

"I agree with you, but who are we going to get to teach us?"

"I'm sure that we can work on that little issue, but I also need your help in locating an item that belonged to Rowena Ravenclaw. It's her crown that I am looking for if you are willing..." Harry's girlfriend

asked.

Hermione was unusually curious. "Why me? You could've done this yourself."

"But I don't know the library in depth like you do."

Her mouth dropped and then turned into a scowl. "That's all you want me for is to help you for your own ambition?!"

"Well we of the Serpent house are usually ambitious, but sometimes we need a little assistance. Are you in? I can tell that your curiosity is getting the best of you." She said with a smirk.

"Fine I'll help you, but I'm not sure that everyone would like to be part of the group since the fallout of the Weasley children."

Blaise nodded, "I wouldn't worry about them since they dug their own graves. Better get to class before you have a substantial meltdown for being late."

Hermione glared at her best friend's girlfriend. "That is not funny."

"Trust me it is when you believe too highly that books are mightier than the wand."

"I most certainly do not Blaise Zabini!" She huffed and walked past her.

'Sometimes I wonder how Potter made friends with her...she's so easy to manipulate.' Blaise thought as she took her seat next to Daphne.

Her best friend gave her a skeptical look. "What's going on with you? You're talking to Granger like she's your best friend..."

"Lighten up I only asked her for some help in the library since she practically lives in there. Besides why does it really matter to you anyway Daph? Did you suddenly decide to become another one of the mindless dark groupies?"

A few of her other friends started laughing at her comment, but her best friend playfully glared at her. "So what's so important that you need to go into the library for?"

She patted her on the shoulder. "Nothing too interesting. So don't worry your little head off."

"Right and I'm sure that Potter shares his dying love for Granger and Weaselette."

Professor Snape wasn't too pleased that he had to fill in for Professor Billatche. He stormed into the classroom and waved his wand at every window to slam them shut. "Due to some unseen incompetence of your current Professor...I will be teaching this course for the remainder of the week. Take out your books and turn to page 194."

A certain brainless Gryffindor muttered something under his breath and took his time turning to the directed page. "Stupid slimy git..."

Severus already had it in for this said student, and he sent a silent spell at him. He showed a very tiny grin when he saw Weasley fall down from his disintegrating chair onto the cold floor below. 'I guess I do have to give Black and Potter some credit for that spell they created. The world must be coming to an end.' He saw a few of the students laugh and he immediately drew them to his focus. "PAY ATTENTION! You will read on this subject on silent spell casting for the next thirty minutes. Regardless if your mental intelligence causes you an imbalance in reading you will be tested on this. BEGIN!" He commanded as he took a seat behind the desk.

Hermione already read the book and she didn't want to show off again in front of the dreaded Potion's professor. 'Why is Blaise so interested in Ravenclaw's artifact? I highly doubt that she would be selling it off to some Death Eater...what is her true intention? And also why does she want to revive the DA?'

"Granger, did I not tell you to read on this critical subject? I did not say to start daydreaming in my class!" Snape scowled at her.

"I've already read the passage sir, but I will read it again." She said as she turned her attention back to her book.

A sneer came across his face to keep his act going to show that he was 'loyal' to the dark side. "So the resident know-it-all assumes that just because you read the book that you can perform it? By all means show me."

Draco raised his hand after reading a few pages. "Excuse me sir, but I'm a little confused. If the intent of the spell is all we need then how do we follow through with it?"

"The intended answer is focus and magical strength of the intended spell. All of you have now twenty minutes before testing, and I suggest that those individuals learn all they can." He said looking at his favorite victim Longbottom.

"What's the point of learning this crap from a book? Show us the damn practical already!" Ron growled.

'The idiot doesn't learn when to shut his mouth.' Snape thought. "Detention Weasley and twenty points from Gryffindor! Prepare yourself then!" He whipped out his wand and fired off a silent disarming spell at the arrogant arse.

Most of the students still couldn't believe how stupid he was for antagonizing the seasoned Professor. "HOW CAN I DEFEND

MYSELF IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT SPELL YOU'RE CURSING ME WITH?" The Redhead roared.

"10 points from Gryffindor and if you think about yelling at someone superior to you then you will find yourself expelled! Since I am in a very foul mood put your books away! Longbottom get up here and the rest of you dunderheads pair up! If I hear one audible spell being cast then you will be scrubbing cauldrons the muggle way until your fingers become raw!"

Tonks was unusually in the best of moods and her bright bubblegum hair was a sure sign of it. "Are you sure that he's going with us to Germany? Don't you think that's just a little too early for a rookie?"

"Unfortunately he won't be going with you until he gets back. Nicholas and Perenelle have taken him to their manor for additional magical conditioning. We've received intelligence that a few Death Eaters have acquired some assassins from Japan and China." Selene informed her, but was interrupted when someone came barreling into her office.

"We have a problem..." One Unspeakable operative known as 'Ghost' informed his superior officer. "One of the research teams drank the silvery potion that was in Hufflepuff's chalice and he's loosing it. No spells have been able to subdue him."

"You get Cerberus to his department immediately...if nothing else works then the unfortunate agent will have to be executed. What are you waiting for! Get moving!" She barked at the veteran unspeakable agent.

"Yes ma'am." He said before making a quick exit

Selene looked over at Tonks. "Let's go before this gets out of hand, and we'll talk about your little brother later."

"Shouldn't the Flamel's be advised of this situation?"

"Let me worry about that and knowing the other department heads they've already done that." She said.

Nicholas was very impressed in the knowledge of spells and enchantments that Harry was taught. 'He truly does have a knack for all sorts of magic...it's a shame that he doesn't have the thirst or drive for alchemy. It's really surprising that he hasn't been consumed by the dark madness of battle magic. Why didn't I interfere with Dumbledore before he became a problem? All of our lives would've been so simple, but I guess I better go find out on what my wife is teaching our 'unofficially adopted son'.'

Meanwhile Harry was in the basement with Mrs. Flamel working on his shadow mage abilities. "Now we've already talked about how you can travel in and out of shadows. What we have to work on is incorporating offensive and defensive magic from a random shadow."

"Wait...you mean firing spells from different shadows that I'm not even in?"

She nodded at him with a smile. "Correct in one. You see kiddo I myself am a mage, and we mages are a rare breed because some of us have elemental blood. It is very sad to see that we have died out over the centuries."

"So then if we have the elemental blood which type of mage are you?" He asked.

She closed her eyes, held out her hand, and a white mist swirled in the palm of her hand. "You can touch it Harry. It's not going to hurt you."

His curiosity got the better of him and touched the mist. "It's cold...you're a cold mage?"

"Close kiddo...there are seven elements known in the entire world.

Fire, Nature or known better as Earth, Wind, Water, Ice, Holy or reclassified as Light, and Shadow. There hasn't been one in nearly twelve hundred years, and nobody but you and Nicholas know about my little gift. I trust that you won't be telling anyone about this right?" She asked with a dangerous glint in her eyes.

"You know that I won't Mrs. Flamel."

"Harry, please don't call me that anymore...we're not at the office nor are we anywhere in the public." She nearly yelled at him.

"Alright how about Grandma Perenelle?" He asked with a smirk on his face.

She ruffled his hair, and then smacked him upside his head. "I wouldn't advise that if you want to stay alive to see your girlfriend again."

"Um right...before we start can I ask a few personal questions? Selene informed me that you used to heal my injuries at the hands of the Dursley's when I was a child...and I remember once that a redheaded woman sang to me during a terrible nightmare. Why did you do that?"

She smiled at the memories of rocking the two year old Harry back to sleep in her arms. She was shocked out of that wonderful memory when she felt his hand on her arm. "I knew that someday you would ask about this. You see Harry when your mother worked for us she was an enigma. She was very kind, intelligent, beautiful, and pretty much someone that your father couldn't be.

When I recruited her she was very eager to make a difference in the world so I requested that she work in my department. We worked together for three years and formed a sibling bond despite the significant age gap between us. When she came into the office one day she couldn't help but act like a giddy schoolgirl to tell us that she

was pregnant. Both Nicholas and I were happy for her even though I was a little jealous...after she gave birth to you she invited us over to show off her proud little bundle of joy, and when I held you in my arms...it brought joy to my life and a great pain as well. I've always loved children, but by drinking the elixir of life I gave up the right to having children of my own. I made a vow to always watch over you in the event of your parent's deaths, and there was no way that I was going to allow you to suffer at the hands of that abusive home. I will never forgive Dumbledore for putting you in there."

"Thank you for everything, Auntie Perenelle." He got up from his chair and hugged his 'unofficial Aunt'.

She smiled at him because of the name he gave her and returned his embrace. "You're everything I could ever want in a son kiddo."

"Then I guess I'll have to keep your expectations up now don't I?" He remarked with a smirk on his face.

She smiled at him once again. "We better get to work, and I hope that your girlfriend comes through. Besides how is it that you don't have a redheaded Gryffindor for a girlfriend? Usually that's the Potter curse."

"Well because Slytherin brunettes are much more daring, and I wouldn't worry too much about her. She'll come through, but you never did tell me what you're having her look for in the castle."

She was about to answer when her husband came into the room. "Perenelle, we have to go back to the department immediately." Nicholas took out his wand and warded the room. "While we're away I want you to battle these animated dummies using everything you got. Understood?"

"Yes Uncle Nicholas."

The elder man smiled at his 'unofficial nephew' before creating his

animated opponents. "We'll return when the situation is under control."

"Harry, I want you to try using what we talked about earlier ok? If you don't feel comfortable then we'll work on that a bit later." Perenelle said.

"I'll give it a try, but it will be a little confusing since I didn't try it before. You two better go before things really get out of hand." He said as he took out his wand to begin his assignment.

The Flamel's left the room with grins on their faces, but it didn't stop Nicholas from poking fun at his wife. "So even though he is one of our agents...you're still going to mother him to death."

She slapped his arm playfully. "Shut up you. He's a good kid and he does need someone like one since he's never known his true mother. Pictures and stories can only go so far."

"I know, but it's still very unfortunate that DUMBbledore pretty much destroyed England's Magical Society by keeping it in the dark ages. Damn that man." He said as he pulled out his portkey and activated it.

His wife glared at the spot where her husband had just left. "That cur...he left without me!" She took out her own portkey and vanished. Regulus was busy doing his private business when 'Ghost' came pounding on the door. "We have a situation and Selene needs you in the research department immediately."

"You people always manage to bother me when I'm going to the bathroom! For Merlin's sake can't you just wait!" He complained as he grabbed some muggle toilet paper.

Meanwhile Selene and a team of seven Unspeakable agents were trying to keep the idiot who drank the potion at bay. "How did he drink

this?"

Nicholas and his wife walked in to find one of their own clutching his head yelling his head off in pain. "What is going on here?" Perenelle yelled over the yelling.

One of the research agents came over to explain. "We were working on our assignments when he got up and said he was going to get some water. It wasn't but a few moments later we found out he drank the liquid in the chalice."

Selene couldn't take anymore of the shouting in pain and silenced him. "So what do we do now? Keep talking our heads off or actually do something about it?"

Perenelle wasn't comfortable leaving her agent yelling in silence and her most trusted agent walked in with a piece of toilet paper sticking to the bottom of his foot. "Oh great...we need to dispose of him now or find a way to purge Riddle's soul fragment from taking over its new host." Regulus stated as he covered his face.

"Nice tail." Selene said with a snicker.

Everyone chuckled at his expense and he quickly banished it. "Can we focus on the task please?"

The possessed person's normal blue eyes slowly turned into the color of rubies. 'Stop struggling against me boy! You're only hanging by a thread and I will take over your body to become alive! Not even clawing your eyes out can stop me!'

Perenelle saw something in the man's eyes and didn't like what she saw. She pulled her husband aside for a private chat. "Nicholas, I saw his eyes change color. I don't think that the chalice is the soul container anymore."

"Hmm you could be right, but then again we could be wrong. If my memory serves me right the potion that he drank would cause intense pain and suffering. We'll keep close eyes on him...meanwhile we will wait and keep him in the dark about everything. We'll also keep your idea going about our agents keeping their identities secret. If he has become the Horcrux's new container then we will eliminate him."

She agreed. "I wanted to tell you that I found something strange in Harry's blood tests...he has Phoenix tears and Basilisk venom in his bloodstream. It has me a little concerned."

"He told me that he received both the venom and tears in his second year when he battled Slytherin's guardian Basilisk in the Chamber of Secrets. One of the fangs broke off and stabbed him in his elbow. Fawkes flew in and cried his tears into his wound before he destroyed Riddle's diary with the fang."

Her expression turned grave. "Don't you think that there are some complications going to happen down the road?"

"I don't think so my dear because if you remember I was bitten by a Hydra once, and I still have the scar to prove it. It didn't affect me in the least." He assured her.

She gave him a skeptical look but kept her sarcastic thoughts to herself. Quietly she walked over to her agents to inform them of the plan. "Listen and listen well...we are under strict silence and quarantine. Codenames are enforced and until further notice all faces will be concealed. If anything suspicious should occur do not interfere abandon what you are doing and get a department head or us. Understood?"

All the agents understood her orders and didn't question them because they knew why her codename was 'Dragoness'. Regulus came over to her and whispered, "Are you sure that you want to

leave everything the way it was with a pseudo-Voldemort in our department?"

"You know as well as I do that we can't do anything without evidence. So yes for now he will be left alone and just remember we keep binding magical contracts with no loopholes. Understood?" She responded and patted his arm. "Not that I don't trust our own people but watch him like a niffler on gold."

A smirk came across his face when he heard that useful phrase. "By any means necessary?"

Nicholas had a grim smile on his face when he heard the excitement in his agent's voice. "Yes 'Cerberus' by any means necessary. I will stay in the office researching exorcism spells. You should head back to the manor my beautiful darling wife and check on 'shadow's' progress."

She smiled at her husband, used a portkey to her manor, and disappeared in a swirl of colors. Regulus chuckled when she left. "She always likes to be a showoff."

The Head Unspeakable chuckled. "Yes she does, but that's why I love her."

Hermione waited for nearly two hours in the library for Blaise to show up. 'For goodness sake...she asks me for help and she's late! I'm not going to waste my time on this!'

She made it to the library door when it suddenly opened. "Not leaving so soon we're you Granger?" The half-Veela said with a smirk. "Sorry for not showing up on time...I had some things to do."

The Gryffindor bookworm was about to say something, but she noticed a few unknown books inside of Blaise's bag. "And just what took two hours to do?"

"I had to get a few references from inside the Ravenclaw common room, and before you drill me for how I received these let's just say that one of the Patel twins owed me a favor. Don't get too attached because they have to be returned." She said as she walked over to the table to begin researching about the crown."

Hermione huffed and sat down to begin her research with the Ice Queen of Slytherin. "So what has you so interested in Ravenclaw's crown?"

"Let's just say that it will help us in the long run."

The bushy haired girl was ready to tear her hair out. "Please stop speaking to me in cryptic words!"

"Sorry I guess I picked it up a few things from my boyfriend, and he is a bad influence after all. If you are so curious then I will let you know that somebody is looking for it because it is special in a sick and twisted sort of way." Blaise commented

"Harry is not cryptic like you...I've known him for nearly six full years and he has never been like that with me. What exactly am I looking for in Ancestries through the centuries?"

"First of all, people change Granger, and believe me that you do not know him as well as you think you do. He may have forgiven you, but to my knowledge he hasn't released you of the blood oath. Second of all, if you think that I would leave him so you could have a chance with him you have another thing coming." The half-Veela sneered at her.

"I wouldn't want to take him away from you because all I want was to be his friend again. I wouldn't think that we would've worked out anyway."

"Don't lie to me, because I know that you kissed him in his common

room!" She hissed at her.

"We shared a moment before you two became official, and I'm glad that he has you in his life. I think I found something...she had a daughter while still teaching in Hogwarts, and that is all that's in this book. It may be possible that we might get more information from the Room of Requirement. It has all sorts of books in there that aren't normally found in the library." Hermione stated.

The Ice Queen looked at her with a raised eyebrow as she wrote into the notebook that Perenelle gave her. Her eyes widened suddenly when she saw the familiar neat handwriting appear on the page. 'Trust her Blaise, and also it has been rumored that Helena Ravenclaw or is better known as 'The Grey Lady' still the Ravenclaw ghost.' "Alright we'll go up there to look for more references."

Perenelle arrived back home at the Flamel Manor to check up on Harry's progress. 'I hope his girlfriend finds something, and I wonder where that cold feeling came from.' She thought as she walked down the corridor to where her fears were suddenly realized when she opened the door.

Harry was lying on the ground in a pool of his own blood from stab wounds to his right shoulder and to his left thigh. 'How could I have been so careless...now I guess I get to join my parents...I'm sorry Blaisie.'

She immediately deactivated the animated attackers, and ran to his side to begin healing him. "Damn it how could we have been so stupid! Nicholas set them too high, and now he's lost at least close to four pints of blood!" "BENSON!"

The Flamel's house elf appeared in a pop in front of his mistress. "You called Benson milady?"

"Yes I did. Listen to me and listen well I need blood replenishing potions immediately and lots of gauss. Hurry time is of the essence!"

Her house elf quickly vanished, and came back after a few minutes with the required items. "Benson I need your help with patching him up." She immediately went to work on the stab wound on his thigh because it was dangerously close to one of the main arteries.

"Mistress, the wound in his shoulder has fractured the bone into little splinters that are not allowing his wound to close. Does Mistress require another medi-witch?"

"No Benson, I don't want anyone else to know where our manor is or for anyone to ask lots of questions. Just do the best you can ok." She said as she poured another blood replenishing potion down his throat, and restarted working on repairing the now ruptured deep femoral artery. 'Kid don't do this to me...I should've told my elf to get Poppy. At least the magical exhaustion is easier to treat then re-weaving his muscles back together.'

Harry woke up to some strange surroundings, and all he saw was white fog surrounding him. "HELLO?! WHAT IS GOING ON HERE! WHERE THE HELL AM I?!"

Suddenly he found himself in a very comforting home where two girls were playing with their toys, and a four year old boy being held in his mother's arms. "Jamie, can you go into the kitchen and see how much time is remaining on the roast?"

"Ok mommy." She said with a smile and ran off into the kitchen.

The mother got up from her rocking chair and set her son down to play with his four year old twin sister Amy Potter. She felt something that she hadn't felt in nearly four years coming from the other room. "Harry, what are you doing here?" She asked him from the doorway.

He looked at her before his eyes went wide when he saw a

twenty-eight year old Blaise Potter-Zabini sadly smiling at him.
"Blaisey?"

"Yes it's me my love, but how are you here? You died nearly four years ago when you finally destroyed the Dark Lord..."

He looked at her in disbelief. "What? I died killing the dark idiot? Then whose children are those?"

"Those are your children Harry...don't you remember Jamie? I was pregnant with her a few months after we graduated from Hogwarts. You wouldn't remember Amy or Alexander because you died before they were born. Wait you haven't aged since we started going out...what happened to you?" She asked as she put her hands on his face with tears in her eyes.

He hugged his twenty-eight year old wife to help calm her down. "I honestly don't know what happened, but I was in the middle of training at the Flamel Manor in my shadow mage abilities when I lost concentration, and two animated dummies came up behind me then stabbed in my left thigh and in my right shoulder. I think I was loosing too much blood, and I passed out. After that I woke up to a strange looking white fog, and found myself here."

Blaise looked in his eyes and didn't find any source of lies in his words. She started to break down into sobs in his arms. Jamie came into the room holding her siblings hands, and looked at her father's eyes. "Daddy, this is a vision of what will happen in the future. In this world we are being hunted by muggles, and everything of the magical world has been destroyed. Please don't let this happen...you still have a job to do." His firstborn said with her own tears falling from her eyes.

"Wake up Daddy." Amy and Alexander said with tear falling down their faces as they hugged their father's legs.

He looked down at his children, and took in their features before he started fading away. Jamie resembled her mother greatly except she had her father's eyes. Alexander was a perfect clone of himself only with his mother's eyes. Amy looked like Harry's mother with her red hair, and brown eyes of her mother. He bent down, hugged his children and his wife, before he vanished completely back to the real world.

It was four hours that it took before he started showing signs of movement. Perenelle was in the middle of pouring another potion down his throat when he suddenly gagged on the taste. "Harry..."

He opened his eyes, but they were slightly glazed over. "Why do potions always taste like vomit?"

She was so happy to see that he was awake that she smacked him upside his head. "Don't you ever do that to me again!" She wrapped her arms around her 'unofficial son' and hugged him tightly as she cried. "You really scared the life out of me."

"Auntie Perenelle, have you ever had a dream that you thought was so real but wasn't?"

"Those tend to happen when you have life threatening situations. Tell me what your dream was about." She said as she still held onto him.

Over the next fifteen minutes he told her what he saw in his dream/vision. "...then I faded away and woke up tasting that vomit tasting potion being poured down my throat."

Perenelle smiled at the thought of seeing a very descriptive mental picture of his would be children. "Kiddo, what you experienced was a 'near death experience' and sometimes we would see something like you described. Sometimes we would see the future, the past or even memories that are relived in a different way then the original."

"It was so real though...Blaisey looked incredible for being

twenty-eight and having three kids."

She lightly bopped him on his head. "Don't be a pervert."

"Who said I'm being a pervert? I was just making a comment about how beautiful she looked, but I think about what Jamie said about the world. She said that the world was destroyed and how the muggles were hunting down the magical society. What if Voldemort and I destroy the balance of power? What if I end up destroying the world?"

"Harry calm down! That is not going to happen and you know it. It was a vision and it doesn't mean that it will come true. Maintain your mental focus or else I'm putting you to bed without your pudding." She said with a smile.

"Can I get back to work to clear my head?"

"You're still suffering from magical exhaustion. I'm sure that Blaise wouldn't like to know that her boyfriend passed out while she's hard at work looking for Ravenclaw's crown. She just might rub your face in it that she's working harder than you." She teased him and earned a deep scowl on his face.

A/N: Here's the latest update. It took me a while to think of it, but enjoy. Hopefully it won't take me another month for an update...again. Also this isn't a rant or anything, but a reviewer said that a few chapter was out of context...and a few other things. But they still wanted a favorite story alert...I don't get it. If you didn't like it then why would you want to know when it's updated? I mean no offense to the person(s) who did it, but you really left me confused there. There was also another person out there who asked if I was Japanese, and I must say that I'm not. I'm all American with a very active imagination. Ja ne!

Chapter 19: Ghostly Truth.

Rufus Scrimgeour was not having the best day when he was summoned to the Wizengamot by the Chief Warlock, Alexander Zabini. 'Why is it that nothing has gone right here since I took office? Damn that Cornelius Fudge! With everything going on with the search for Potter I'm on the way to political ruin...Amelia should've taken over this mess.'

He continued thinking until he ran into Amelia Bones on her way to the meeting. "Amelia, do you know why we have been summoned?"

"No I don't Minister." She said as she opened the meeting room door.

The Wizengamot was fully assembled which brought shock to Rufus. Alexander sighed when he saw the Minister walk in and take his place in his seat. "I have called fourth this meeting of the Wizengamot because we have issues that need to be resolved. It has been brought to my attention that our laws are in need of reforming; before we get to that I would like to address...why are you here Albus Dumbledore?"

The headmaster of Hogwarts walked down the aisle with a smug look on his face. "I have come here today to represent the house of Dumbledore."

Many people raised concern over the manipulative man to take his house seat. "I'm afraid that your seat has already been filled by the rightful Head of the Dumbledore family." The Wizengamot scribe Percy Weasley said.

Aberforth Dumbledore stood up from his chair and glared at his older brother. "Hello brother." He spat out like venom.

"You are not the Head of our house Aberforth! I am your elder..."

"And you have yet to realize not to stick your nose in business that does not concern you. You have not been around to manage the family since Ariana's death which you had a hand in. You were off gallivanting around to boost your own ego while I took care of the family. When I reached my major I read Mother's will and I was named the Head not you. I suggest that you walk away." He growled at his brother.

Albus grew very angry at his younger sibling and stormed out of the meeting room. 'I am the elder of the two of us! How dare mother do this to me! Now my plans to get back into the Wizengamot have failed! How am I going to gain my reputation back without my weapon and political power?'

"With that aside now I give the floor to the representative of the Black and Potter houses." Alexander Zabini said to the other Witches and Wizards.

Narcissa Black stood up and nodded to the Chief Warlock. "Honorable houses of the Wizengamot, I have come before all of you today to prove that the charges against my head of house are irrelevant. I have evidence that yes Harry Black-Potter had indeed broke into the Department of Mysteries under false pretenses with five of his classmates. We have all seen the report of that night, however this claim that Lord Black-Potter cast the Cruciatus Curse on a Death Eater who had just killed his innocent godfather Sirius Black. While this would be a true charge against a said person, but he was charged with this nearly eight months after this event took place."

Rufus stood up to offer up his two cents. "He was convicted on that charge and he was also charged with fleeing the scene."

She immediately rounded on the Minister. "If you would've noticed that he was kidnapped not evading the Aurors. This is a direct violation of his magical rights!"

Aberforth stood up from his chair and addressed his question to her. "Mrs. Malfoy, why are you so concerned to get these charges dropped from Harry Black-Potter?"

"Lord Dumbledore, I am not in any relation to the Malfoy's any longer. My marriage contract was revoked by Lord Black-Potter so I am Narcissa Black."

Shaun Greengrass stood before the Wizengamot to address his concerns. "Fellow members of the Wizengamot...what does interrogating Miss Black's family have to do with any of this?"

Alexander Zabini pinched the bridge of his nose because he was getting sick of this pointless arguing. "As much as I enjoy this topic we have others that we need to address. I share Miss Black's opinion on this matter. In many ways Mr. Black-Potter has done the Ministry of Magic a great service by preventing our secrets from being taken away and sold to other countries. All of those in favor of dismissing the charges?"

Nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of the Wizengamot raised their hands and only $\frac{1}{4}$ raised their hands for the charges. Amelia Bones stood up to address them. "By majority vote the charges against Lord Harry James Black-Potter have been dropped. Now we have other blunders that Cornelius Fudge had created that needs to be corrected. The law concerning the 'werewolf registration act' has been brought back before us because this is quite unfair to those whom have been turned..."

Two people watched from the entrance dressed in gray robes. "I have to admit she is good at politics...maybe it was good to have her take over in my place."

The person standing next to him put her hand on his shoulder. "Yes you did make the right choice, Harry. Let's go back before we're discovered." Mrs. Flamel said. The two of them left the room without

being discovered and vanished back to the Flamel Manor.

Regulus was not in the best of moods when he was sidetracked by one of his co-workers when she blew up her experiment. "How many times have I told you that adding powdered antler will always cause an explosion with diced pine needles?"

"Sorry about that."

He walked away from the fool and returned to paying close attention to his possessed target. 'Why couldn't I just kill this moron and just be done with it? Then again I need some valuable evidence before I do...good thing that I put up the surveillance charms around this place.'

The possessed person was known as 'Scott Wilson' and he was cleverly walking around the place trying to figure out where he was. Only a few thoughts ran across the mind of the new Voldemort container. 'Interesting...everyone here wears gray robes and cannot see any faces. I wonder how I will be able to contain this image before my use of this substandard wand fails to produce a single spell. There has been a suspicion about me and I don't want to keep rising it.'

He walked over to the person that just got yelled at and offered her some sympathy. "Perhaps you should've used crushed cacti thorns instead."

The Unspeakable agent in charge walked over to him and crossed his arms over his chest. "Or perhaps you should mind your own business. Move onto your research."

Voldemort/Wilson sneered at the person in front of him. "Of course I will sir."

Unknowing to him his face was revealed to everyone, and his dark brown eyes turned to a ruby color. Regulus grinned behind his

shadowed face. 'Idiot...soon you'll be on the meeting end of the killing curse and your meaningless idealism will soon follow you. I just wonder how to take care of these other items without having to destroy someone in the process. I know how Potter destroyed the diary...but someone else's life was draining while the Horcrux was gaining power. Looks like that some people might have to be sacrificed in order to kill off these objects.'

Harry and Mrs. Flamel walked back into their 'training room' after taking a lunch break. "Well kiddo in the last few days you certainly have been improving slowly, but I'm amazed that you've been able to travel in shadows as long as there are shadows around. You do realize that you could escape from Azkaban without having to be in your animagus form."

"Hmm...I never realized that before and besides it's not like that they could hold me in that place anyway. Voldemort would just come in there and kill me in my cell if I was normal. I still don't understand how to battle anyone from inside a shadow. It's hard to see in the middle of darkness."

"Trust me you'll learn once you get the hang of it. There are a few more things we still need to work on, and one of them is the rate of the amount of magic you put into a spell. The other issue we have to work on is simple strategy tactics, and once I drill that into your skull then we'll turn you loose on some Death Eaters." She said.

"Are you sure that you want to do that? Then what would we do for the department to keep it going?" He joked and received a bop on his head.

"Well first of all when Voldemort is dead then we move on our mutual friend Dumbledore. I guess after that then you'll just have to live a happy life now won't you?"

He rubbed his head where she hit him. "I think I'll leave that manipulative fool in your hands. You never did tell me who was leading the research on the Horcrux's Auntie Perenelle."

She gave him a very sickly sweet smile that sent shivers down his spine. "Well now Harry it sounds to me like you don't want to be a part of this anymore...I hope that's what you were talking about right?"

"I'll help just don't hit me again...Blaisey won't like it if you return me with brain damage."

She grinned at him and gently bopped him on his head again. "I'm actually getting kind of worried since she hasn't written to me in nearly two weeks."

"I hope she hasn't gotten herself into anything that has gotten herself into trouble." He said with a heavy sigh.

Meanwhile Blaise and Hermione were running themselves silly trying to find the Gray Lady or better known as Rowena Ravenclaw's daughter, Helena. "Blaise, I'm getting very tired of searching for a ghost that doesn't want to show up. We've searched everywhere in this bloody school to find her."

"I would never have seen the day that a Gryffindor cussing like that...shame on you." She sneered jokingly at her.

Hermione's patience was wearing thin with the Slytherin Half-Veela. "My god how can Harry stand to be around you? Not only are you annoying the hell out of me, but are you just doing this for the fun of it? It is really getting on my nerves!"

"Listen Granger, if you still want to be on my good side then I suggest that you drop this and continue searching for Ravenclaw's ghost." She remarked.

"No I won't drop it Zabini. I may be still under the blood oath to Harry but that does not apply to you. Why is it that you two are together to begin with anyway? Only in it for his money like other shallow people around here? Or is it that you're so stuck on the idea of a dying pureblood society that you have to milk him for his sperm for breeding purposes?"

Blaise had enough of her accusing tone. She grabbed Hermione by the collar of her robes and slammed her against the wall. Pure anger was the only thing coursing through her veins and she pulled her hand back to develop a ball of flames in her right hand. "This is your first and last warning or else I won't hesitate to harm you. Get this through your overinflated head that I love my boyfriend and I won't do anything to betray him like you did. I AM NOT LIKE THOSE PITIFUL PEOPLE WHO BELIEVES IN PUREBLOOD! IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT FAMILY HISTORY YOU COME FROM ALL THAT MATTERS IS WHAT YOU DO TO MAKE YOURSELF KNOWN! DON'T YOU EVER TRY TO ACCUSE ME OF TRYING TO USE HIM FOR HIS MONEY OR ANYTHING ELSE EVER AGAIN UNDERSTOOD?!"

The Gryffindor bookworm's fear was written all across her face when she saw the fireball developing in the Slytherin's hand. Suddenly she felt like she had been drenched in ice cold water. "I would refrain from yelling in the hallways young ladies. It is unbecoming for physical violence in my hallways." The apparition spoke to them.

Both girls looked behind them so see a ghost that greatly resembled Rowena Ravenclaw. "You must be Helena Ravenclaw correct?" Hermione asked.

"There was a time that I was once known by that name."

"So then if you haunt this tower then you were murdered by the 'bloody baron'. Neither one of you could move on since you still had some sort of attachment to this world." Blaise blurted out without thinking.

"You are very perceptive young witch. However, you have overstayed your welcome...leave this hallway immediately." The Gray Lady spoke to them.

"Hold on...did you talk to a student nearly fifty-three years ago about your mother's crown? He would've resembled a person who had a deep ambition to find certain items from the founders."

"Yes I have told another about my mother's diadem. He was...flattering. He seemed to understand about my grief for my betrayal to my mother. He sympathized...with me...and I told him that I had stolen it then hidden it in a hallow tree in Albania. After that he never showed his face again...until the day he came to apply for the Defense against the Dark Arts position." The Ravenclaw ghost spoke.

The wheels in Hermione's mind immediately started rolling. "If he came to Hogwarts then that means that he found your mother's diadem, turned it into a Horcrux, and then hidden it in the school that very same night."

Blaise was actually surprised with her logic. 'It does make sense from everything that Harry has told me about this Riddle person. Next to Dumbledore he's the best manipulator out there.'

Helena put her hand to her chin and gave a strange look to the Gryffindor. "You are perceptive and your logic speaks volumes...why were you not in my mother's house?"

"My bravery outweighed my thirst for knowledge. Helena, could you help us search the school for it? Even though you stole it from your mother...helping us destroy the dark soul inside it will help you heal. We promise that we will take it back to your mother's resting place so you can be at peace."

The Gray Lady's gray orbs looked into Hermione's brown ones before answering. "I cannot help you search for it young Gryffindor. Although if it is proven that the diadem was turned into a container for his soul then I shall take you to my mother's resting place to return it to her."

Both girls watched as Helena Ravenclaw glided further down the hallway and floated through the wall. "Well that was certainly informative. So why did you choose for us to come down this hallway instead of going to the Room of Requirement?"

"I had us come down here to talk to her. She told us some key things, and besides you can write that down in your little notebook that it's been confirmed that her mother's diadem is the Horcrux. If my hunch is right...Blaise if you were a Dark Lady who was bent on getting revenge...and if you created one of those things where would you possibly hide it in the school?"

"If it was me and if I could speak Parseltongue then I would've hidden it in the Chamber of Secrets. That would be taking it too easy...I've heard from Malfoy that the Room of Requirement had a different name at one time. It was called 'The Room of Hidden Things'." She said and she smirked when she saw one on her temporary partner's face.

"Shall we act like children and race to see who gets there first?"

Blaise nearly laughed at the childish look she was getting. "I understand that you would like to race me, but if we do that then we will raise suspicion. Besides act your age not your shoe size."

Hermione glared at her and scoffed as she walked past her. "Whatever. I'm going up there with or without you."

Both of them walked silently to the Room of Requirement without noticing that a certain person was watching them. "Why is Zabini hanging

out with that mudblood?" Theodore Nott growled.

"What should we do about them?" Crabbe grunted.

Goyle actually had a grin on his face. "We should follow them and get answers before we bring them before the Dark Lord. He will gladly reward us for bringing Potter's girlfriend and his mudblood friend."

"When do we grab them and what do we do about Draco?" Pansy asked.

"Patience...we will bring them when he finishes his job. When that is complete then the Dark Lord will reward us with bringing us into his cause." Nott grinned.

Hermione and Blaise walked to the seventh floor corridor. The Gryffindor bookworm recalled what her friend had to do to activate the room. She walked around the hallway three times with only one thought in mind. 'I need the place where everything is hidden.'

Blaise looked at her strangely but paid it no mind. She was too busy waiting for her to stop walking around. 'Why do I even bother with her sometimes? She's too strung out in her own beliefs that she won't believe anything other than what she reads in books. I still don't believe what he saw in her as a friend.'

"How long is this going to take Granger?"

"Haven't you ever heard that patience is a virtue?" She said as the door appeared. "After you your Slytheriness."

The Half-Veela sneered and entered the room only to be shocked at what she was seeing a place the size of a cathedral that resembled a city of thousands of lost items from long gone students. "I admit that looking at this is a weird change, but if I wanted to focus on religion I would've gone to a real one."

Hermione rolled her eyes at her comment and began walking around. "Do you take pleasure in annoying me to no end?"

"Actually I do because it's a great stress reliever." She sneered again at her. "I'd say we split up and look for the diadem."

"That sounds alright to me." The Bushy haired Gryffindor replied. 'I really hope that Harry doesn't have kids with her. Having more people like her would drive anyone crazy.'

Blaise walked away and started writing in her enchanted notebook. She received a response in Perenelle's fancy handwriting. "Look behind you." She turned around to see two gray robed figures behind her. "Mrs. Flamel? How do you keep doing that!?"

"Well dear it's not that hard to pick up on how to scare the wits out of someone after six hundred and sixty years. I must say that I'm impressed that you and Miss Granger have found this room. It was rumored that this room was sealed away. Please keep your head together while we search. Go to the other side Shadow."

"Yes ma'am." He bowed to her and walked off where Hermione went off to.

"Why did you call him 'shadow'?" The Slytherin 6th year asked.

Perenelle removed her hood and looked at Harry's girlfriend. "Because that is his codename in his line of work, and we're really behind schedule. I still trust you to keep this silent but we're very close to getting all of the Horcruxes in our possession. After we get the crown..."

"It's not a crown it is called Diadem. Granger and I made a promise to Helena Ravenclaw to bring her mother's diadem to her grave to be forgiven. I'm sorry but I can't allow it to be destroyed Mrs. Flamel."

She smiled at the young witch and patted her shoulder. "I understand, but why are you so willing to help out a dead spirit?"

"Because I know that if I stole something of my mother's and she died of a broken heart...I would do anything to be forgiven even in death."

She patted her on her shoulder and nodded. "Don't worry because we're working on removing the fragmented soul from these objects hopefully without destroying them. Now let's keep searching."

"Yes ma'am."

Meanwhile Hermione was busy searching through part of the object labyrinth when behind her...somebody appeared behind her from the shadows. "Who's out there? I have my wand ready to attack." She said as she pointed it behind her.

The gray robed person disappeared in front of her and she found herself pressed against the wall with her wand on the floor with his blade against her neck. "That was a dumb move Hermione." He said as he removed his sword away and let her go.

"Who are you and how were you able to apparate within Hogwarts walls?" She asked as she picked up her wand and rubbed her shoulder.

He removed his hood and glared at her. "You should always be on edge because what if I was a disguised Death Eater? I could've easily killed you when I had you against the wall."

"Because I recognized your sword Harry, but did you have to be so rough? I'm sorry for coming close to attacking you."

He sighed heavily and pinched his nose. "The only time that I want to hear you apologize for not knowing how to defend yourself without

your wand. That is besides the point we have to search for a particular item of importance."

She nodded but she couldn't help but blurt out her curiosity. "You're an Unspeakable from the Department of Mysteries aren't you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because when we fought last year for the prophecy I saw someone on the ground wearing the same type of robe that you're wearing now. I didn't see a face, but I remember the robe color." She asked as they searched further in the aisles.

"If I were you I would drop this conversation Hermione, unless you want to be obliviated. Do you know what the diadem looks like?" He asked.

She thought on it while they passed broken trunks, broomsticks, and various other objects. "According to what I've read in the library it looked like an ancient discolored tiara that sat on a dusty old wig. Harry, please promise me that you won't destroy it."

"It may have to be destroyed to remove Riddle's fragmented soul...unless you know someone that is stupid enough to wear it to be tested in a battle of wills with it, and if you lose then you will die and the soul will take over your body. Frankly I would have to check myself into a mental institution if Riddle took over your body...but then again he would probably go off the deep end when someone called him a drag queen."

She shuddered at the thought of it and couldn't help but laugh. "Sorry, but I like to keep myself the way it is. Can I ask you something personal? What do you see in Zabini?"

"Hmm sounds like someone is jealous."

She huffed and glared at him. "I am NOT jealous! I just don't understand what you see in her. She's annoying, rude, and drives me up the wall non stop!"

"Wow I'm surprised you two hit it off so well."

Hermione was ready to tear him limb from limb. She walked up to a rickety old cupboard and kicked it hard. She cursed when she stubbed her toe, but stopped when she heard a clang hit the floor. She picked up the dusty wig and found the discolored tiara on the ground. "Harry, I found it."

His face cracked a smile when he walked up to her. "Leave it to you to take your anger out on a defenseless old cupboard...shame on you."

She finally had enough and went to slap him when someone grabbed her hand from behind. "I wouldn't strike him since technically he still owns you Granger." Blaise said as she let go of her hand and walked up to her boyfriend.

He smiled at her and wrapped his arms around her. "Miss me Blaisey?"

"I think you know the answer to that question buddy boy." She grabbed his face and kissed him.

Hermione sighed when she was reminded of the blood oath, but someone she didn't recognize put her hand on her shoulder. Her jaw dropped when she saw an almost identical version of Harry's mother standing before her. "I thought that Voldemort killed you fifteen years ago at Godric's Hallow?!"

Mrs. Flamel laughed at the young Gryffindor witch. "I'm afraid that I'm not Lily Potter, Miss Granger. However, I will take the Ravenclaw Diadem with me, but I now I require an oath of silence from you."

She gave her oath of silence, but she didn't want to give up the Horcrux just yet. "Why are you taking it?"

"Hermione, you can trust her because she wouldn't allow it to be destroyed. I'll return in a few moments...I have to confirm something." Harry said as he put his hood back on, and started to walk away.

Blaise's eyes went wide when he suddenly disappeared when she blinked. "How does he keep doing that?"

Perenelle chuckled from the look on her face. "Your boyfriend is a very talented person since he is no longer under Dumbledore's manipulative ways. He went to the Chamber of Secrets to find Nagini. His former pet might be the last container of Riddle's soul."

Harry couldn't believe how easy it was to make his way to Myrtle's bathroom that lead to Slytherin's hidden chamber. 'You would've thought that the 'light idiot' would've stepped up security around here. I wonder what dear old Slytherin is up to?'

He spoke the password and descended down the stairs before closing the entrance to the Chamber of secrets. He kept his thoughts to himself as he traveled down the little skeleton rocky road and amused himself when his transfigured wall was still standing since he dueled Malfoy. "Open up." He spoke in Parseltongue to open the outer door, and walked through into the chamber.

"Nagini! Basil! Where are you two?" He called out to them.

"Master you've returned to the school." Basil spoke as she slithered up to him.

"It is good to see you again, but where is your partner in crime? Usually you two are always traveling around together."

She wrapped herself around his body and rested her head on his shoulder. "I'm sorry master, but Nagini was forced to kill her nearly a few weeks ago. She tried to kill Eli and Lyan and I defended them because they are precious to you.'

"Just before you killed her did she appear to be different in any way?"

"I could tell that her serpentine eyes had changed color to a dark red, and was talking to Salazar's portrait like an underling. He was very disgusted with her attitude, and I attacked her. She started hissing and thrashing when my venom was coursing through her until she expired. Her bones are over there because you're wolf cubs were hungry." She informed him.

He stroked her scales to her pleasure. "Where are those two? I'm not surprised they haven't been running around here like hyper children."

"Don't remind me master. Do you know how hard it was to keep myself from biting them because they kept nipping at your tail?"

"I'm sorry to hear about that Basil, but I have a question. Is your venom more devastating then say a 1000 year old Basilisk?" He asked.

"I'm not sure since I am a rarity among my kind...I would imagine that my venom would be much more potent, but compared to an elder theirs would be much more lethal. Master, why not infuse my venom with your sword? It would make your prey not get back up again."

"I'll keep that in mind, but I'm sure that you haven't eaten yet. Enjoy your hunting and I'll see you later." He stroked her scales once again before letting her head off to the hidden exit to the surface.

Quietly he walked through the stone statue after speaking the password to see his favorite portrait. "So I see the famous founder is once again just as lazy as everyone else."

"It's about time you've come back Potter! Do you know how boring it is just to hold a conversation with your familiar? You're an Unspeakable...impressive." Slytherin sneered at him. "How far have you progressed with my supposed heir's Horcruxes?"

"Out of the seven of them...4 of them have been destroyed...and three more are still on the loose. I've heard from one of my bosses that they have them stored in the Department of Mysteries. Soon he will be mortal and will be pushing up mandrakes." Harry informed the founder's portrait.

"What were these seven objects to begin with?"

"His snake familiar Nagini, Riddle's school diary, The Gaunt Family Ring, my curse scar, Hufflepuff's chalice, the Slytherin family locket, and Ravenclaw's Diadem. Only the first four have been destroyed."

Salazar stroked his beard in thought. "I must say that I am very impressed, however I wouldn't celebrate too early. You must take into account of his mindless slaves would come back for vengeance of their fallen master. Also I have information for you that Dumbledore never wanted revealed. During his youth he was apprenticed to a Necromancer, and as we all know that is not one of his illusions of being 'the light lord.' Also the person that he defeated is still alive and imprisoned for eternity inside one of his books in his office...all you have to do is look for a book with a little brown bear on the cover of it."

"I'll let my superiors know that, and I have a question for you. How strong is the venom of an albino Basilisk compared to other Basilisks?"

The old potion master of Hogwarts laughed heartily at the young lord's expense. "Oh if I was alive that would have brought tears to my eyes. Your familiar is a very rare breed and contains three times of

potent venom then a normal Basilisk. Imagine if she reached the age of my former familiar...she could kill anyone with just one drop of venom in their bloodstream. If you were wise then I would incorporate her venom into your blade. It was a very common practice in the old world for personalization for a weapon. You'll find out how to do it in one of my notes. Now get out of here."

"Somebody is suffering from portrait pms. I'll see you around and I won't keep the dementors away." Harry sneered and vanished into the shadows.

"That kid is really getting on my last nerves with his insults!" Slytherin yelled out to nobody. "I wish Rowena was here...at least she didn't insult me everytime I saw her."

Perenelle waited with the two young witches for Harry to come back. "Well Blaise I must say that you've accomplished your task very quickly. Now what is it that you want from me in return for the Diadem?"

"I would like it if you could teach me how to be stronger in this war."

"You would like to become stronger? I'm afraid that I can't necessarily help you, because you are very strong as your heritage is nearing completion. Inside this room are all the texts that Nicholas and I read during our youth." She walked down an aisle and smiled when she found her old Hogwarts trunk. When she used her magic to retrieve it...she caused an avalanche of random items to come crashing down.

Hermione was nearly trampled by the falling items until she felt someone pull her away. She turned around to see her rescuer only to see Harry's disappointed face. "When did you get here?"

"Do be more careful. I'd certainly wouldn't want to read in your obituary about being crushed to death by one thousand year old trinkets and trash." He commented and walked with her back to the

other two.

"Here Blaise inside are all the books and notes that I've taken that will help you get stronger. Remember that your Veela Heritage will make your simple spells very powerful. Where did you go off to Harry?"

"Thank you Mrs. Flamel." She said with a smile as she felt his arms wrap around her waist.

"I went down to the Chamber of Secrets to find Nagini to find out if she was a Horcrux. Unfortunately my Basilisk familiar killed her when she tried to kill my shadow wolf cub familiars. Basil confirmed that Voldemort's former pet was his Horcrux. We are down to the last three."

"Well we better head back to the office kiddo. The last three are being researched on how to be destroyed." Perenelle patted his shoulder.

He smiled to her and kissed his girlfriend goodbye. "Blaisey, don't worry this will all be over soon. Besides you'll be seeing me again. Just don't have any perverted dreams about me."

She slapped him on his back for his comment. "Even if I do I certainly wouldn't tell you."

Hermione walked up to Mrs. Flamel with lots of questions that need answering. Before she could ask any of them Mrs. Flamel and Harry disappeared. "HOW DO THEY BLOODY KEEP DOING THAT?!"

Blaise walked up to her and grinned. "Don't feel bad Granger they didn't tell me either. However I want to ask you if you could help me with these spell books inside this trunk. They could help us recreate that defense group."

When the Gryffindor bookworm opened up the trunk she squealed in excitement at the rare books in her grasp. "Oh my gosh...these could definitely help us."

"Did you just squeal?" She asked with an amused grin on her face.

Hermione blushed in embarrassment and was going to drown herself until the book was pulled away from her. "Oh be quiet."

The Half-Veela put the book back into the trunk, and shrunk it to put it in her pocket. "I'll tell you what Granger, why don't we continue to search this junk infested place for more valuable information to use. We'll meet in the library tomorrow to read through these old tomes. Is that acceptable?"

"I guess, but I want some of those books to read tonight." She demanded as they started walking out of the Room of Requirement.

When they finally emerged from the room, they saw several of the Death Eater children standing in front of them. Theodore Nott sneered at the two of them with his wand drawn. "Hello there Zabini and mudblood..."

A/N: Here's the monthly update. I apologize if there are errors in this or seems confusing, but I'm trying to correct that. And for the record yes I did get the idea to write this story from various others like "Harry Potter and the Summer of Change." was a big influence. Also this chapter contains some spoilers from HP7 but in my own way so read on. Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays...until next time! Ja ne!

Chapter 20: Loss of control

Previously: The Half-Veela put the book back into the trunk, and shrunk it to put it in her pocket. "I'll tell you what Granger, why don't we continue to search this junk infested place for more valuable information to use. We'll meet in the library tomorrow to read through these old tomes. Is that acceptable?"

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"What do you want Nott?" Blaise asked while having her wand in her hand.

Pansy walked up and pointed her wand at Hermione's throat. "I wouldn't even attempt to get your wand mudblood! You're outnumbered."

"Be as it may Parkinson, Blaise and I are far more magically talented than you and your little band of want to be Death Eaters." The Gryffindor remarked and slapped the offending wand away from her throat.

"HOW DARE YOU TOUCH ME YOU BITCH!" The blonde Slytherin shrieked and slapped Granger hard across her face.

Hermione clenched her fist and slammed it into Pansy's face. "Oh I'm so sorry I shouldn't hit people that resemble pug faced dogs...it's a threat to their kind."

Blaise smirked as the two girls started to fight and used a different

scenario against her opponent. "So whatever happened to the Slytherin code of conduct, or did you forget about that little detail. 'We do not attack our own.'"

"Since when have you ever been part of us? As I recall you never once were around when we were proving we are stronger than everybody else!" He sneered at her.

"That is because the true Slytherin way is not to flaunt everything at every whim just to stroke our own egos. Personally you never truly cared about this mania because you only looked out for yourself. What brought this change on? Did you get a binding tattoo sometime this year?"

He mentally cursed because he couldn't fault her words as he grabbed his forearm. 'Damn how did she know about that? I would never have taken her for someone that can read a person so well. She's right though...I never wanted to be a slave, but no matter we'll still bring them before the Dark Lord!'

Crabbe and Goyle grinned at seeing some physical violence, but since they had short attention spans they didn't hear two prefects come up behind them. Luna Lovegood and Neville Longbottom placed their wands at the base of their target's necks. "If you had any sense of brain function I would leave before Professor Snape comes to retrieve you in a matchbox."

The two gorillas turned around and sneered at them. "Oh really Longbottom? I would just love to see you try cursing us."

Luna smiled with her dreamy look in her eye and used a spell that yanked him into the air by his ankle. "I wouldn't be thinking like that or else I could drop you into the nasty bell-horned sarlac pit at the bottom of this stairwell."

Crabbe grinned because she didn't have what it took to threaten

someone. He wasn't prepared when he ended up in the same situation as his childhood friend. "Don't think that you can push us around anymore. For too long you and your little crew have pushed us around whenever it suited you. Just expect us to fight back when you start harassing someone this time around."

"You don't expect us to believe that you can even hurt us Longbottom!" Goyle broke out laughing while still hanging upside-down in the air.

Neville grinned and dragged the Death Eater candidate over the edge of the stairwell. "I maybe a Gryffindor, but from what Harry has taught us to fight fire with fire. So what's your choice? Are you going to walk away or would you like fall?"

Nott swore under his breath because his initial plan didn't work, but he wasn't about to give up until he came up with another plan. 'I never saw this coming...we'll have to retreat until we catch them off guard. There is no way I'm letting these two get away with this. Besides who would've thought that Granger could fight like that...not that Parkinson finally got what she deserved...' He used a spell to freeze the two fighters against the wall. "We're leaving...now!"

Pansy growled at him as her lip continued to bleed. "What do you mean we're leaving?"

He glared at her and released her from the spell after he heard additional footsteps coming down the corridor. "You heard me Parkinson! We're leaving and that is not up for discussion."

She glared at him and followed him through the unknown passage that leads down to the dungeons. "You were the one who came up with this plan and didn't follow through with it!"

He turned around and put the tip of his wand at her throat. "There were several elements that I didn't count on happening, and if you

have a problem with that then come up with your own plan to bring them to the Dark Lord. I highly doubt that you can since you've been trying so hard to get Malfoy into your pants, but not even that has happened has it? So I suggest that you shut up and lay low for the time being since Zabini and Granger know we're coming for them."

She remained silent as she followed him further down the passage. 'I'll show you Nott!'

Meanwhile Blaise and Hermione watched as Professor Sinistra and Professor Flitwick arrived on the scene. "What is going on here? Bring those two back onto solid ground immediately." The tiny professor exclaimed.

Neville and Luna did as they were told, but they didn't seem to care when they let them fall onto the cold hard floor. Both of them smirked when they heard the two gorillas complain about their shoulders. "Sorry I guess we forgot to lower you're onto your feet. I guess you were too heavy for my spell."

"You two are swarmed with Beatigs. We did you a favor by killing them." The wayward Ravenclaw said.

Her head of house smiled at his student, but frowned when he turned to the two Slytherin bullies. "What are you two doing up here at this time of night? I highly doubt that the kitchens are up here?"

Crabbe and Goyle remained silent because they didn't want to get in trouble. However, their silence only got them in even more trouble. "You two will be serving detention with me until the two of you decide to speak. Come with me!" The peaceful Charms teacher bellowed at them. "Meanwhile I suggest that you two return to your rounds."

"Yes professor." The Gryffindor and Ravenclaw Prefects remarked before leaving.

Professor Sinistra walked up to Blaise and Hermione and narrowed her eyes at them. "Come with me to my office, and I don't want to hear any words from either of you."

"Yes ma'am." The Gryffindor Bookworm and the Slytherin 'Ice Queen' responded in unison.

'I don't get why Neville and Luna came up to help us...it's not like that anybody in Gryffindor is friendly with me. I still don't see what Harry sees in her to begin with.' The bushy haired witch thought as they walked down the staircase.

'Looks like Granger is really jealous.' Blaise smirked to herself. Voldemort/Wilson was getting a little sick and tired of having someone bothering him especially the person who kept blowing up her cauldron. 'You would think that the moron would know how to make a simple potion. Something tells me that she is nothing more than a mudblood that needs to be exterminated from this world.'

He was waiting and biding his time before he struck, and finally it was time for him to act. He stepped out and put his hand on the girl's shoulder. "Would you like to join me for a little refreshment?"

"As much as I would I can't. I have many other things to take care of."

He smirked underneath his cloak because he was about to do something that he hasn't done in nearly fifty years since his little act with the resident Ravenclaw ghost, the Gray Lady. "I completely understand, and it's unfortunate that you have so much to do with such little time. I can tell that the pressure is really getting to you."

Beatrice Barrian felt the sympathy the possessed Unspeakable agent was giving off in waves. "Thank you for understanding how I feel at the moment. My boss is really running me ragged to get this potion brewed, and I'm doing everything right...but it keeps blowing

up."

He put his hand on her shoulder in a comforting manner. "Don't worry I'm sure that we can have a drink some other time."

She sighed because she felt guilty about turning him down since he was being the nice guy. "You know I could use a drink right now."

"Splendid." He said with a very sly grin on his face.

The possessed agent and his new companion walked together until they came up to their boss. "Where do you think your going?"

"We were just going to get a drink. Is this alright?" Miss Barrian asked while giving Regulus a signal that he was waiting for.

"Fine, but you both have thirty minutes." He said.

Both agents walked out of the research department, and were about to head out of the department of mysteries but he stopped her just outside of the death room. "What's in here?"

"I don't really know since we're restricted from going anywhere else but to our assigned location." She told him, but he grinned with malice filled intentions.

Harry and Perenelle had arrived back at the Flamel manor. "What's wrong kiddo?"

"I was just thinking about what Salazar was telling me in the Chamber of Secrets about personalizing my sword in poison that would deliver a lethal blow when it enters the wound. He didn't tell me how to do it though."

She raised her eyebrow at this new idea, but in secret she was a little afraid. "I know that we have a war to fight on both ends, but people are not immune to poisons. What if you cut yourself with your blade?"

"Well I was thinking...that I would fuse my sword with Basilisk venom."

"ARE YOU CRAZY!? THAT IS THE STUPIDIST THING YOU COULD EVEN THINK OF!" She yelled at him.

"Auntie Perenelle, you've confirmed it yourself that I am immune to Basilisk venom because it is running in my bloodstream from second year along with Fawkes's phoenix tears from second year. Also my familiar, Basil is a rare breed of her serpent species and I am immune to her poison."

She sat down in a chair and pinched her nose before sighing heavily. "Harry, I know that but I still can't get the image out of my head of you cutting off one of your limbs with a blade."

"I know, but think of it this way...my sword will have style." He said with a grin.

Even without looking at him she knew he had that goofy grin on his face, and started chuckling at his antics. "Against my better judgment, let's have Nicholas take a look at it since he was so good at forging things with his alchemy."

"When can we get started?" He asked like a hyper child.

She smiled at his enthusiasm and summoned a house elf for some refreshments. "Let me contact him before we do anything ok? Drink your tea like a good boy." She ruffled his hair much to his displeasure.

'I know from what she told me about my mum and what a prodigy she was...I can't help but wonder if my mum would be like her. Damn you Riddle...you will pay for stealing my parents away from me.' He thought as he sighed while taking a sip of his drink. 'I better go get

Basil or at least ask her for her venom...wait I still have some remaining venom in my trunk that's in Severus's chambers. Hopefully I won't get hit for this.' He swallowed the rest of his tea and slightly burned the inside of his mouth before disappearing into the shadows. Severus was not in the best of moods after being cursed by the Dark Lord for not being able to find any news about Potter or his location. 'Why did I let Lucius drag me into this megalomaniac's schemes for world domination? Then again Dumbledore is no better. Lily, I wish you were still here right now.'

He poured himself a drink of Bourbon and spat it back out when he felt someone tap his shoulder from behind. "Why hello there?"

Quickly the Potions Professor turned around with his wand pointed at the person behind him, but all he saw was the wall. "Show yourself now before I use your corpse as potion ingredients!"

"How many times must I tell you that you can't use human remains in potions unless you're using them for rituals or arcane potions?" Harry grinned from under his hooded gray cloak.

"And how would you know about that?" His onyx eyes narrowed.

The Unspeakable agent continued to grin under his hood. "Because I was the one who gave it to you from the Chamber of Secrets, or did you forget all about that in your old age?"

Snape glared at the person in front of him. "I am not that old and I demand that you tell me who you are before I kill you!"

"Now why would I want to ruin the surprise when you're just at the point of you being royally intoxicated?"

The double agent continued to glare at him before unleashing one of his curses at the robed person's head. "Next time I won't miss!"

"Wow did you hurt yourself when you tried to hit me with the cutting curse you invented during your time in Hogwarts? Do you think that your one time girlfriend Lily Potter would be turning over in her grave to know that you nearly would've killed someone very important to her?"

The alcohol in Severus's system suddenly hit his bladder when he figured it out. "Potter, I was wondering when you would be visiting me."

"It's about time because it was getting really annoying with you repeating yourself. How is everything with you Professor?" Harry asked as he pulled his hood down.

"Too quiet around with out you here to cause trouble like you normally do. I've been trying to send you owls but they've all returned to me looking confused, so I know you've been somewhere important that nobody would be able to contact you. So why are you here besides a social visit?"

He looked at the older man with a serious face. "I was wondering if you still have the vile of Basil's venom I gave you."

"What would you need that for Potter?"

He unsheathed his sword and handed it to the anti-social man. "Because I'm planning on incorporating her venom into my sword since she is a rarity of her kind, and I plan on using it to give someone a going away party."

"Yes I still have her venom that you gave me, but please tell me you're not thinking of putting that poison into your sword...and stop with the whole 'professor' bit! Call me Severus."

His grin returned once again to his face. "How else would you kill off

the dark idiot that enslaved you with his mark?"

"How do you plan on doing this when he has already achieved immortality you idiot? Merlin you Gryffindors always make us Slytherin's alcoholics."

Harry sighed and shook his head. "Oh yes just sing me another folk tale song of how terrible your life has become since you first discovered the deadly witches brew, Severus. I plan on putting that particular venom into my sword to turn that moron back to being a normal mortal. Besides I thought that you would get the most enjoyment of killing the idiot yourself or do I have to do all the dirty work again?"

Snape's face broke into a slight grin as he poured the remaining contents of his drink down his throat. "I'm amazed that you have this plan in mind, but how would you know how to turn the Dark Lord mortal again?"

"Let's just say that the six pieces of seven have been found in safe heaven. Four of seven have been destroyed, and the remaining two are on the way of joining the brethren. What alcohol are you drinking?" He asked.

"Muggle Bourbon and no you're not getting any. What is this babble about six pieces of seven you're talking about?" The Potion master asked as he got the jar of Basilisk venom from the shelf and placed it in front of his former student.

"Please tell me you didn't combine both Basil and the 1,000 year-old Basilisk lethal poison together? If you did I will definitely lose all faith in you in your profession." Harry sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"I'm not an idiot Potter! I know how to handle dangerous things like this! Do enlighten me about how your wonderful idea will help kill the

dark lord?"

"I know your good with riddles and logic limericks...figure it out. I better get out of here because Dumbledore is on his way here. Thanks again Severus, and I'm going to need your oath of silence. We can't be too careful with anybody knowing about us." The Unspeakable agent said as he pulled his hood over his head, and took the venom.

Snape was amazed as his oath of silence went into effect, and when the shadows wrapped around Harry then disappeared. 'How in the bloody hell did he do that?!

The Headmaster plowed into the Head of Slytherin's office with authority. "Why is it that my wards detected the boy in here Severus?"

"What boy are you speaking of sir? The last person in my office was my godson, Draco not but an hour ago. Perhaps the wards you speak of are faulty."

Albus glared at his potions professor before storming out. 'How dare he say that my wards are faulty? I am the most powerful sorcerer in the world and he is just a pawn in my game!'

"Sometimes I wonder myself why I became a double-agent...and why I even bother talking with that brat." Snape thought out loud as he poured himself another glass of alcohol.

Harry returned to the Flamel Manor and placed the venom jar on the table. A terrible pain struck the back of his head that nearly made him start cussing like a sailor, but when he saw Perenelle standing behind him with her hands on her hips. "Didn't I tell you to stay here until I came back?"

"I deserved that, but I had to get the venom from my familiar from Severus Snape at Hogwarts."

Nicholas smiled at the boy. "Well then I'll get started, but I'm going to need your blood for the binding runes."

"How bad is this going to hurt?"

Mrs. Flamel couldn't help but laugh at his comment. "Aww is my wittle Hawwykins scared of blood being taken?"

He narrowed his eyes at her for using baby talk. "I'm not afraid of giving up blood, but I want to know how bad the bonding runes will hurt. When my staff and wand bonded to me...it hurt like hell."

"Well hopefully this won't hurt you too much since you've gone through before." Mr. Flamel said as he took Harry's sword and the venom to the potion lab.

He followed his 'unofficial aunt and uncle' down to the lab and was forced into a chair. "Don't worry kiddo this won't hurt a bit." She said as she started taking some of his blood, and forced him to drink a blood replenishing potion.

"That should be enough blood my darling wife, and I'll let you two know when it's completed. Until then why don't you two return to your mage training?"

She ruffled Harry's hair and smiled at his groaning. "Let's go kiddo."

"Before we start...can we get something to eat? I'm starving." He said as his stomach let off a grumble.

"I'll have our house elf whip something up for you in thirty minutes. Besides you still have a lot of work to do buddy boy. Let's go." She said while grabbing his hand and dragged him out of the room.

"Do you really need to cut the circulation off on my arm? I can walk

you know."

She glared at him and latched onto his ear. "Just remember that you left the manor without permission. You may be an adult in the Wizarding world but in this place you are a sixteen year old minor. You are in our home so you will follow our rules and if you don't like it that's just too damn bad because you're stuck with us."

Nicholas started laughing from behind the door while he was working. "Good thing that I'm not involved in this right now. I warned him that she has one hell of a temper, but I better hurry up and get this done."

Perenelle finally surrendered his ear once they entered their training area. "Well let's get back to what we've been going over the past few days."

"Am I ducking or dodging this time?" He asked as he assumed a defensive stance with his staff in one hand and his wand in the other.

'Let's see how the kiddo does with something his father created.' She grinned and started hurling all sorts of spells, jinxes, and curses at him in rapid succession.

Harry didn't know what he did to piss her off but he was too busy ducking and trying to dodge her spells. 'I really hope this isn't because I left without permission...I'm going to get murdered if I get hit by one of those.'

"You're going to have to do much better than that!"

He dodged another spell, and tripped on his own feet. Quickly he got back up to receive a spell to his forehead and fell down again. 'What the? WHY IS MY HAIR PINK!?!'

"So you finally figured it out? You should look in the mirror and look at

your antlers!" Mrs. Flamel said in-between laughs.

He growled at her and started transforming into his 'dragon'(more like a winged basilisk) form. 'She made her bed...now to make her sleep in it!'

She immediately stopped laughing at the sight and started casting defensive spells much to her dismay that started bouncing off of his hardened scales. "Change back this instant Harry!"

He refused and continued his assault until he knocked her against the wall. 'She is so going to kill me for this but it is well worth it!'

She watched him move in for a killing blow when a sudden thought came to mind. 'He's not in control of his animal! How am I going to get out of his way in time?' She closed her eyes and waited for it until she felt a gush of wind in the room. When she didn't feel any teeth sink into her flesh she opened her eyes to see Harry standing there in front of her, and flicked her nose.

"That's for turning my hair pink." He mock glared at her until his stomach growled again.

She returned his glare for a few seconds before she started laughing. "I can't believe you got me back...it took my husband years before doing something like that."

"Well I'm glad I can amuse you, but can you turn my hair back to normal please?"

His 'unofficial aunt' put her hand on his shoulder in sympathy. "Sorry kiddo, but your Lily never said how long the spell lasts for. Besides you can change your hair color anyway."

He was about to make a reply when he felt the mental link open up slightly. Quickly he put up his mental barriers and traps when he saw

images of an agent about to be murdered in a very enclosed area. "We have to get back to the department of Mysteries immediately. My hunger can wait..."

"Harry, what do you mean?" Perenelle asked with concern in her amethyst colored eyes.

"I felt my mental link open up and I saw one of our agents about to be killed by a person with Voldemort's eyes standing over her laughing like a madman. I need my sword now..." He said and ran out of the training room down to the potion lab without hearing his name being shouted.

Nicholas had just injected the blade of the sword into the Basilisk venom when the door was opened with authority. "Please don't disturb me now I'm about to begin weaving the runes."

"I'm sorry but I need my sword now!"

"HARRY!" The old alchemist yelled at him. "Now calm down and count backwards from 10...in Greek."

He looked at his boss with a confused look on his face. "I don't know how to count in that language."

Mrs. Flamel came into the room with a pale look on her face. "Nicholas...Cerberus contacted me and informed that our target has disappeared with another agent. He's started his hunt."

"Damn. I didn't think it would be this soon. I'm sorry but I can't let you have your sword right now until the runes are complete. Alas we don't have the time to argue right now we have to leave." The elder man spoke as he pulled up his hood and handed the young teenage Lord a Japanese wakizashi.

Perenelle and Harry did the same and they vanished using Harry's

shadow walk ability. The Department of Mysteries scowled at the floor where they once were before he left using his portkey. "Hmpf...showoffs."

Regulus was not in the best of moods as he hunted down the possessed agent. 'In the name of magic...where could that arsehole gone?! Perenelle will have my head on a silver platter if she finds out that one of her own people was killed under my watch.'

He was interrupted when two people emerged from the shadows behind him. "Have you made any discoveries of our 'fiend' yet?" Mrs. Flamel asked with Harry standing by her side.

"Not yet ma'am, but so far we've searched the entire Research department with no sign of them just yet." He informed his superior.

Harry's scar gave him a twinge of pain from behind him. He took out his wand and kept his hand on the sword handle that Nicholas gave him. "What is the plan?"

She gave her surrogate nephew a strange look. "Shadow, the person we're looking for is someone who is being possessed by Voldemort's Horcrux. His face is visible to everyone, but he cannot see anybody else's. He has taken one of our agents and possibly killed them. We're going to split up and search, but if either of you find him signal us unless he engages you then kill him on sight. Is that understood?"

"What are we using as a signal ma'am?" Regulus asked.

She went into her pocket, pulled out three red stones, and handed them one. "We will use these for the signal. Use your inner focus to put magic into the stone. Each of them will glow and will lead us to your location."

"Yes ma'am." They said and headed in three different directions.

'You better be careful Harry...' She thought with some worry.

Harry rounded down one of the Research department corridors when he felt a little prick of pain getting stronger. 'I'm coming for you Riddle! I can tell where you are since we still have this mental link between us.'

Voldemort/Wilson continued to grin at his victim as he held her under the Cruciatus curse. Listening to her screams was like music to his ears. "You think a pitiful mudblood like yourself would ever amount up to anything in my world? What a shame that you could have survived if you would've begged for death."

Beatrice continued to scream and thrash wildly on the floor as more magic was poured into the curse. 'So this is how I'm going to die? Well if today is my day to die then I'm going to take the bastard with me!' She opened her eyes when the curse was lifted and slid her hidden wand in her sleeve into her hand.

He noticed her take a hidden wand out, and quickly disarmed her. "You honestly believe that a hidden wand would work against me? The Greatest Dark Lord of our time since Salazar Slytherin taken down by a weakling who can't even brew a simple potion? Don't make me laugh!"

"Y...yeah and what are you going to do once you do huh?" She spat at him because she was hoping to stall for time until someone found her.

"Nice try of getting me to talk. Are you expecting some sort of hero to come along and save you?" He laughed once again and raised the wand to curse her again, but the wand exploded in his hand. "AHHHHH! WHOEVER DID THAT SHALL PAY!"

"Oh...really?" A voice said from behind him, but when he looked around the small room nobody was there.

"SHOW YOURSELF! I WILL NOT BE HUMILIATED LIKE THIS!"
Voldemort/Wilson yelled.

"Why should I? I get much more entertainment from watching you try to find me." The same voice spoke again.

"Unlike you I have a live hostage at my disposal!" He yelled again only to see her disappear into a shadow.

"My friend don't be an idiot and just give up knowing that you have no power here."

The possessed man's anger kept growing because he realized that he was true until he found another wand. 'I cannot use any magic here...how did I get overpowered like this?'

Harry smirked from the shadows and activated the red stone. 'Well Auntie Perenelle did say that she wanted me to get some battle experience...now is better then later. I hope they get the message soon!'

"If I'm so powerless then why don't you come out and face me? Or are you afraid like a coward?"

He grinned and emerged from the shadows behind him. "If you are calling me a coward then why are you hands shaking?"

Voldemort/Wilson turned around to see another gray robed person standing in front of him. His ruby red eyes glared at his foe. He unsheathed a hidden sword up his sleeve and charged blindly.

Harry smirked and easily deflected the blade. "Wow...that was shocking, but it won't save you. You have broken the chain of command and will leave this place in ashes."

"I am immortal boy! I cannot die!" He bellowed as he kept slashing

like a madman hoping to draw blood.

"Immortal...how blind are you? Do you not see that you are a mere parasite that hasn't had a meal of unicorn blood? It's a shame to see someone with a fragmented soul having to take over a new host...didn't you like it in the object you were placed in?"

Fear came across the new Horcrux container's face and left an opening for his opponent to attack. 'How did he know about my secret?!'

Harry didn't miss it the hesitation, he thrust forward to stab Voldemort/Wilson in his leg, and slashed his left side. "Are you so shocked that I knew? Hopefully the person you destroyed will rest in piece while you burn."

"I'm not going down just yet!" He snatched up the wand on the ground and started hurling unforgivables at his enemy.

Harry quickly started using pieces of the wall to block the curses before going back on the offensive. He was very lucky that he just barely dodged a killing curse that just whizzed by his ear. "Even if you say your immortal...you're loosing your lifeblood at a very accelerated pace." He said as he fired a curse that made his enemy's wand explode yet again in his hand.

Voldemort/Wilson growled as he got back to his feet and restarted attacking in anyway that he could. He dodged a swipe aiming for his neck and used his draining strength to punch the gray robed Unspeakable Agent in the face. He followed up by sweeping his feet from underneath him, and leaped on top of him to pose a killing blow. "I have won this battle and after I end your life then I shall make everyone that you love join you in the afterlife! HAHAAAAHA!"

The young Lord Black-Potter couldn't believe that he let his guard slip...his anger was swelling deep in his veins begging to be

released when he had the image of his future wife and children crying in front of him. 'NO! I WON'T LET THAT COME TO PASS!' He roared in his mind and his eyes turned completely black. His enemy raised his blade to pierce his flesh...he wandlessly summoned the katana and plunged it into his opponent's chest then twisted it. Still working on his adrenaline Harry pushed him off of him, and pulled his weapon out of the dying body. "You will never come after my loved ones! I will see to that!" He spoke in a much deeper voice other than his own.

Regulus and Perenelle burst through the door to see a black eyed Harry standing over the kneeling Horcrux container with his sword ready for a killing blow. She saw the amount of blood on the floor was bringing up bad memories of what happened at the Flamel manor. "SHADOW NO!" She yelled at the top of her lungs.

He didn't hear his surrogate aunt's words because the adrenaline and anger were too great as he swung his blade in an upward motion. Everything he was seeing was in very slow motion as the head of former unspeakable agent Wilson fell to the ground. He looked at the eyes and saw the ruby color disappear to the original blue color. The bloody sword in his hand fell to the ground as the grave act had been processed in his brain. "What...what have I done?!" He said over and over in his head as his eyes finally returned to their normal emerald green then he fell to his knees and vomited.

Nicholas arrived a moment too late and saw the horror filled look on his 'surrogate nephew's' face. "Go to him and get him out of here."

She came over to him, and put her arm around his shoulder. "Come on kiddo let's get out of here."

"What...what have I done..." He barely said over a whisper, but the three of them heard him as he was escorted from the room.

Regulus felt sympathetic for the kid, but he had a job to do. "What do

we do with the body?"

The head of the Department of Mysteries looked at his trusted agent. "Burn the body and make sure nothing remains not even one molecule of dust."

"Understood sir. ANATAGA ATSUIDESU!" He roared as the dead body burst into flames.

Nicholas performed the same dark spell until not even ashes remained. "Well this means that we're down to the final two Horcruxes remain. I want you to find Chameleon and inform her of what happened tonight. I can imagine that he will need all the support he can get...taking someone's life regardless if it was for the benefit for the magical world is always the hardest to deal with."

"He's a strong kid from what I've heard. He'll pull through."

"Let's hope so Regulus...let's hope so." Mr. Flamel sighed. "I could use a drink, care to join me?"

"Yeah, I'm going to need one if I'm going to tell her about the kid. Hopefully she won't hit me again this time."

Voldemort was still inside of Riddle Manor thinking of schemes to make Potter suffer when he felt incredible physical and magical pain. 'What is this pain I'm feeling?! Wait...this pain I haven't felt it since I created my Horcruxes...'

The Death Eaters present heard a blood-curdling yell coming from the Dark Lord's study. They looked at each other and walked away like nothing ever happened because they didn't want to be on the receiving end of a unforgivable curse. Lucius walked up to the study door and came to his master's side. "My lord, what was that yelling a few moments ago?"

Riddle grabbed his wand and pointed it at his number one arse kisser. "CRUCIO! Gather the guardians of my Horcuxes and bring them to me immediately!"

After the Inner circle member finished thrashing and yelling on the floor he muttered, "Yes my lord."

A/N: Sorry for the long delay. I will try not to be late updating this, but that depends on when the muse's come back to give me inspiration. Chapter 21 is being written as we speak. Hope you guys don't hate me for the really lame fighting/dueling part. It was hard to write it without it sounding confusing so I hope it works for all of you. Ja ne!

Chapter 21: Harry's Breakdown

Regulus had just walked into his boss's office where the other department heads were meeting a two weeks after the death of Scott Wilson. "Why was I summoned here? The last time I checked I wasn't a department head..."

Nicholas raised his eyebrow at Sirius's brother with a slight smile, but quickly went into a frown. "I brought all of you here to report on the situation of nearly three hours ago. The Horcrux possessed agent, Scott Wilson situation has been terminated..."

The other department heads were shocked and slightly outraged for not being told right away. Selene was unusually quiet compared to the others. "Dragon, where is your wife? Shouldn't she be here with us?"

"She should, but I told her to stay with the person who ended Wilson's life since last night. Now keep your questions to yourself for the next few minutes while I explain. Perenelle, 'Cerberus', and Shadow were following the lead that we had on our target. Beatrice, would you tell your point of view of what happened?"

She wobbly got to her feet with the use of a muggle cane. "While I was working on brewing a potion in the Research department I blew it up on accident a few times, and Scott came over to me trying to be sympathetic. We went walking out to have a drink, he lead us to an empty room, and put me under the Cruciatus curse until someone's voice came into the room. The wand that was in his hand exploded and the person kept taunting him into getting distracted. They began their duel, and I found myself falling through a pool of darkness until I found myself in the medical ward."

"You were sucked into a pool of darkness?" One of the Department heads asked.

"Yes, I can't explain how it happened but it did. If you don't believe me then take the memory out of my head and put it into a pensieve for your viewing pleasure." She hissed at him.

Mr. Flamel sighed heavily to calm her down. "Please calm yourself Beatrice..." He was interrupted when his wife came in his office looking very pale. "Perenelle, are you alright? How is Shadow doing?"

"I'm fine Nicholas, but he is currently asleep from the dreamless sleep potion I gave him."

Selene finally decided to talk among them. "What happened to him that he needed to be sedated by potions?"

"He was the one that took the possessed Wilson's life, and it was his first kill. However, there was something else that is disturbing...the color of his eyes turned completely black and spoke in a voice that was not his own." She said as she wiped her brow.

Erika Sorin's eyes went incredibly wide after hearing this. "What was his emotional state when he killed him?"

"Anger, Hate, and Revenge were written all over his face." Regulus informed them. "However, he quickly broke down afterwards."

"This is bad...very bad. I've heard of a case happening like this before. When a powerful witch or wizard's emotional level is at a very critical state...his or her magic can turn a person down the dark path. The last person that this happened to was the previous Dark Lord Grindelwald." Erika spoke.

Perenelle sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. 'She could be right, but I don't think that he's turning down that path. I'm going to need some help to snap him out of this. I need to find Tonks...'

Nicholas put his hands up to calm down his employees. "For now, my wife and I will be watching over him for any further developments. However, I want those of you in this room to keep this quiet, and I want more experienced people working on these Horcruxes. No more will we be sacrificing another person to destroy these things, understood?"

"Yes sir." They all said in unison, and got up to head out of the room.

Mr. Flamel looked at his wife with a slight smile before turning serious. "How is Harry really doing?"

She sighed once again. "He's taking it really hard. I assured him that he did the right thing in a certain point of view, but he thinks that he's nothing more than a murderer and a monster. I was forced to give him calming draughts and dreamless sleep potions. Nicholas, I need Tonks here so she can talk to her 'little brother'."

"I'll see what I can do, but do what you can with him ok?"

"Don't worry I will do my best." She assured him and gave him a kiss before their house elf appeared beside them.

"Mistress Perenelle, I came to tell you that mister Potter has woken up." Benson, the house elf said while bowing before his masters.

"Thank you Benson, I'll see you later Nicholas." She said as she port keyed back to the Flamel manor.

Mr. Flamel sighed heavily and pinched the bridge of his nose. "You can come back in Regulus."

Sirius's brother walked back into the office. "I'm not going to ask how you knew I was waiting outside. What do you want me to do, sir?"

"Find Tonks immediately and find her a suitable replacement. Tell her

that it is imperative that she returns here immediately. After that I want the two remaining Horcruxes placed into a secured room with limited access except for Harry, my wife, you, and myself." He informed his senior agent.

"Harry Potter, sir?"

The head unspeakable groaned at his slip up. "I am referring to your brother's godson/son; Harry Black-Potter is 'shadow'. He is going to need his sister with him."

"Great...so now this means that I'm going to get my arse kicked by him as well." Regulus complained as he rubbed his face where she hit him about a few weeks ago and headed off to do his task.

Harry was sitting up in bed in a daze from the lingering effects of the dreamless sleep potions still in his system. 'I...I killed someone...' He immediately ran to the bathroom to vomit and then started scrubbing his hands in the sink. 'Why won't the blood come off?!'

He looked into the mirror and saw something he didn't want to see...he saw Riddle's reflection grinning right back at him. "What's the matter Potter? Don't like what you've become?"

"Oh yes I'm so sure that I love seeing your face in the mirror. It just makes me want to develop a spell that makes sunshine come out of my arse."

Tom Riddle laughed at his adversary's statement. "You've taken your first step into descending into the darkness like I have. You will be joining my side Harry Potter!"

His eyes narrowed at the reflection and didn't see his eyes starting to grow darker by the moment. "I am nothing like you!"

"Sooner or later you will come to understand that you cannot fight the darkness in your heart! You are a murderer just like me!" Voldemort

laughed menacingly. "You will kill your loved ones for power and I will always be the one in the background laughing my little puppet!"

"NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!" He roared and slammed his balled up fist into the mirror.

Perenelle heard glass shattering and immediately took off for her 'nephew's' room. When she got there she saw him bleeding into the sink with mirror fragments sticking out of his fist and forearm. She immediately went to healing his injury and gently made him look into her eyes. "Kiddo, tell me what happened."

Anger and Hate were the only emotions in his emerald eyes. "I saw Voldemort's reflection in the mirror telling me that I'm starting to go down the dark path...I'm becoming a murderer just like him."

She pulled him into a motherly embrace and started to rock him in her arms. "Kiddo, you are not a murderer or a monster. Sometimes when we are faced in a situation that involves someone's life at stake you have to take action to preserve life. I myself have been placed in the same situation as you were."

"But you didn't feel the rage that I did when I cut his head off..." He said as two silent tears fell from his eyes and splashed onto her shoulder.

"Shh...it will be alright." She whispered into his ear and kissed the top of his head. 'I better write to Blaise to let her know what's going on after he goes back to sleep. There's no doubt that she wants to see him immediately.'

Benson popped back into the room with some potions that Harry needed to take. "Thank you, kiddo I need you to take these two potions again so you can rest. Can you do that for me?"

He lifted his head from her shoulder and downed the vile tasting

liquid. "They still taste awful."

She laughed and kissed his forehead as she tucked him into bed. She stayed with him until he fell asleep, and tucked some of his long silvery hair behind his ear. "Don't worry kiddo; you'll come through this alright." She kissed his forehead again before leaving the room. She let out a very shaky breath because she was very worried about him and was very scared that she didn't know if she could truly help him.

Blaise was in the middle of a very boring ancient runes class when her enchanted notebook illuminated. Quickly she opened it to see Mrs. Flamel's fancy handwriting appearing on the page. 'Blaise, I want to thank you again for assisting us in finding the Horcrux but I'm afraid that something has happened to Harry. Come up to the Room of Requirement when you're out of your class. I'll be waiting for you there.'

'Oh Merlin...he is going to give me early wrinkles and even more gray hair than I have already!' She thought as she wrote down a response.

'He is fine physically, but mentally is another issue. Two weeks ago, he was forced to end a possessed agent's life to save another life. He thinks that he is a monster and turning evil for his actions. I need you here to help me snap him out of it. I'll introduce you to his sister later on.'

'Wait he's an only child how can he have a sister...unless she came from the Black family. The only women on the Black side are the three sisters...that's it! The person that was with him just before he got on the Hogwarts express was his sister!'

"Miss Zabini, are you actually taking notes or are you writing out your fantasies in your notebook?" Professor Vector asked from his desk.

"I apologize Professor for not paying attention." She said while trying

to ignore her best friend's giggling at her.

"Be sure that it doesn't happen again, and I want from each of you twelve inches of parchment on Celtic runes and their special uses. Class dismissed."

Daphne looked at her best friend with a raised eyebrow. "What's bothering you? Missing your boyfriend that much? I don't get why he hasn't returned since he's free of all the charges that were against him."

"I don't know, but I hope that he does soon. It's too quiet here without him, but I'm going to head back to the common room. Enjoy your time in Transfiguration Daph." She sighed.

Her friend mock glared at her before smiling. "I'll see you later, but please put up silence charms around your bed tonight...we're really starting to get annoyed with you moaning Potter's name over and over again."

She narrowed her eyes at her and sent a spell that changed her dark red hair to bright pink. 'Let's see how long it takes her to find out about her new hair color. I better get to the Room of Requirement.'

"BLAISE ZABINI!" Her friend roared from down the hallway. She laughed and walked up the staircase to the seventh floor to meet Mrs. Flamel.

Tonks was bored out of her mind while she was waiting in the infirmary for her friend to be checked out by the medi-witches. 'I'm so going to get in trouble for this one...but why do I have the sudden feeling that something bad just happened?'

Her thoughts came true as Regulus came into the ward to find her. "I've been looking for you, and you're needed in the boss's office immediately."

"Why? Whatever happened I had nothing to do with it." She blurted out without thinking.

He smirked because she sounded like his brother with that excuse. "Don't worry you're not in trouble, however he wants to speak to you about your 'little brother'."

"What happened to him?"

"Just come with me to his office and he'll inform you on what happened." He said as he headed to the door.

She sighed heavily and walked out with him lost in her thoughts. 'Merlin, I hope nothing bad has happened to him...'

As they turned the corner to walk down another corridor they bumped into Selene. "Why do you look so down? Couldn't find anyone to torture yet?" Regulus asked with a smirk on his face.

"Bite me."

Tonks watched as he walked away from her and gently bit the Head of Tactical Operations neck. She was clearly shocked when she saw the couple kiss out in the open. 'Wow...I never would've thought that they would've hooked up. I think I'll skip this and go straight to the old guy's office.'

Meanwhile Nicholas was pouring himself some of his favorite muggle alcohol and grabbed the muggle golf putter. "Now let's see if I've gotten the handle of this fascination called 'golf.'" Just as he hit the golf ball the door opened and knocked it off the green outdoor carpet. "Do you mind!?"

"You're playing with your golf set again? What is wrong with my little brother?" Tonks asked as she sat down in one of the chairs.

He took out his wand and turned his putter into a portkey. "I'll explain more when we arrive at the Flamel manor. Try to keep your emotions in check when you meet his girlfriend. 3...2...1..." They both vanished into a swirling vortex of colors as the portkey activated.

Blaise and Mrs. Flamel arrived in Harry's bedroom using her special travel ability and the younger witch felt sick to her stomach. "Please don't do that again..." She said as she shivered from the ice that was still in her hair.

The older witch laughed and gave her a piece of chocolate. "If you think that was bad then just wait until Harry uses his technique."

She walked over to her boyfriend and stroked his hair. "Why is Harry trembling so badly at my touch? He's never done that before..."

Perenelle sighed as she began informing her about what happened. "As I told you earlier, he feels like a monster that doesn't deserve to be loved, and turning down the dark path from ending someone's life."

She smiled at her love and kissed him on his lips. "He's just afraid like any of us would be if we were in the same situation. I know I certainly would be. So where is his sister that you were telling me about?"

Before the older witch could say anything they both heard a loud thud outside of the bedroom and a few cuss words being yelled. "That would be her and my husband."

Tonks continued to cuss under her breath when she entered Harry's bedroom with her boss. Immediately she ran over to her younger brother's bed. "What happened to him?" Nicholas told her everything that happened and her jaw dropped. "So that's why I was summoned to your office to ruin your little muggle golf game."

Mr. Flamel winced from the glare that his wife was giving him. "Now

Penny, please don't give me that look..."

She walked over to him, grabbed his ear with authority, and started dragging him from the room. "Excuse us girls, but we are going to have a little conversation that needs to be addressed."

Both females broke into fits of laughter before Tonks took her hood off to reveal her face. "So you're the girlfriend in my brother's life?"

Blaise looked incredibly confused because the person in front of her looked nothing like Harry. "Yes I am, but how are you his sister? You look nothing like him!"

She grinned before using her special abilities to resemble him. "Before you ask I'm a metamorphmagus and so is he to a certain extent. Something is off about you because by rights he should be going after a redhead since it's the Potter curse..."

"That has been broken since we were made official on the night that he was arrested. Also before you start grilling me about our relationship...no I'm not pregnant or shallow to know how much gold is in his Gringott's account. I love him for who he is and not who he was presented to be."

"Good answers, but why is it that I can sense a bond between you two?" She asked with a raised eyebrow and crossed her arms over her chest.

"My father married a Veela which makes me half-Veela, and we bonded the night that he ran away from Mrs. Flamel." Blaise said before giggling.

She smirked at her. "I heard about that little endeavor and she was pissed that night. I know I should be drilling you for what your intentions are with him, but I'm feeling lazy right now. I think it's weird that my brother is dating a Slytherin girl, and he's a Gryffindor."

"Not true because he is in Merlin's house and his symbol is a Dragon."

"That's because he is the magical and blood heir of Merlin and Morgana Le Fay. Not to mention that he is the Head of the Black and Potter families. He brought my mother and I back into the family so that's how I became his sister." Tonks said but quickly turned her attention to her brother when he started clutching his fists tightly, shaking violently, silently screaming, and sweating heavily.

She grabbed his hand in worry. "What's wrong with him?"

"He's having bad nightmares again. Stay with him while I get the Flamel's."

Slowly he opened his eyes to see his girlfriend standing over him with a worried smile. Immediately he untangled himself from the bed and glared at her through his tunnel vision. "Why are you here!? Come to spit in my face to call me a monster?!" He growled at her when he saw one of the Order spies posing as his girlfriend.

Blaise's smile turned into complete shock because his words slapped her in the face. "Why would I be calling you a monster?"

"Why not call me a murderer? Is it so shocking to see the fate-whipped golden boy take someone's life before?" He spat at her as his eyes became ice cold emerald with vertical slits. "Or is it too much that I'm carving my own path in history then being the light savior that everyone in the world believes that sunshine shines out of my arse?!"

She walked up to him with a hurt look on her features. "Harry, look at me please...you were having a nightmare...you're here at the Flamel manor. Come sit down with me..."

He turned his cold uncaring stare back at her and took his hand back from her grasp. "No I don't think I will. Let me guess you're here to take me back to the manipulative bastard where I'll be thrown back into the 'greater good design' that I've mucked up for you so many times?! ANSWER ME BEFORE I DO SOMETHING I ALREADY REGRET!"

Hearing her boyfriend screaming at her with clear hate in his voice was making her cry silent tears because this wasn't the same playful and flirty person she knew before. "I'm not here to take you back to Dumbledore...please believe me."

He sneered at her words, but his high fever was clouding his judgment. "Why should I believe anyone who has too much blind devotion to the act of the kind and gentle grandfatherly figure who imprisoned his one time friend inside a necromancy book for all eternity?! You people disgust me with the way you've all become sacrificial lambs to be slaughtered! Let me guess you were paid off by that old man to pose as Blaise! WEREN'T YOU! ANSWER ME NOW!"

"Harry please stop this...I am your girlfriend! I love you!" She cried into his chest.

He moved away from her and bellowed, "LIAR!" He held his hand out in front of him, and slowly started to squeeze his hand closed.

Nicholas, Tonks, and Perenelle came into the room to see him using unfocused wandless magic to cut off the Half-Veela's air supply. "Let her go Harry!" The old alchemist yelled at his surrogate nephew with his wand in hand. "LET HER GO!"

She grabbed her throat hoping to breathe some air into her lungs as more tears fell from her eyes. "Harry...please..."

"I...I'm...sorry." He whispered as his cold emerald eyes clouded over

and collapsed to the floor.

Tonks ran to the younger witch's side to find out if she was alright her brother's girlfriend started coughing and sobbing at the same time. "Sorry about this but I think its time for us to go."

"No! I'm...not leaving him." She cried out before she was hit in the back with a sleeping spell. The former Auror caught her and conjured a bed for her to sleep in until she calmed down.

Meanwhile Nicholas levitated the young lord to the bed and magically strapped him down. "This has to be done Penny, because we cannot afford for him to attack someone like this again."

She began medically scanning him and found something she didn't expect at all. "He has a very high fever of 106.5 degrees and has been hallucinating because of it. We have to force his mental barriers back up or else the link he has with the dark idiot will open back up."

"Maybe we made a mistake by bringing him to our side Perenelle. He's too young to deal with the stress of what we are trying to do..."

His wife grabbed his beard and yanked on it hard. "Don't be a fool Nicholas! We did it for a reason and all the sudden because he was forced to kill someone to save another's life that you're giving up on him?! That is unacceptable!"

"I didn't say that I was giving up on him, but at the particular moment I don't want him around the department until he comes to terms to this." He sighed heavily. "He has to apologize for what he was about to do to his girlfriend, however I'm not sure if she would forgive him just yet."

She snorted at his comment. "Obviously you don't know women too much in your old age. Blaise and this knucklehead are bonded together, and the fact that she loves him for him not for his fame."

Nearly eight hours had passed since the hectic situation took place when Blaise opened her eyes. She put her hand to her throat and looked sadly at her boyfriend. She got up from the bed and walked hesitantly to him. Listening to him whimper in his sleep was breaking her heart as she ran her fingers through his soft silvery colored hair.

Tonks walked into the room to see her sitting at her brother's side. "Are you alright?"

"No, I'm not alright. Why does everything bad happen to him? Why can't people just leave him alone so he can't suffer anymore?" She said through the tears falling down her face.

His sister pulled up a chair beside the distraught Half-Veela. "I understand and I don't think it's fair either, but to be honest I thought you would've left him after he attacked you."

She looked up at Tonks with a sad smile. "I should've, but I can't. He wasn't himself when he did that, but he kept saying that I was going to take him back to Dumbledore like I was one of his order members..."

"It's very possible since he was betrayed by that manipulative old man. He played us all like sacrificial pawns on a chessboard to bring him new allies to conquer the rest of the British Isles under his dictatorship."

As the two females talked Harry opened up his eyes and immediately his guilt was eating away at him for what he did to his girlfriend. He saw her holding his hand, and he accidentally squeezed her hand gently to let her know he was awake. She stopped her conversation with his sister and looked into his guilt-ridden emerald eyes. "Blaise...I...I'm."

She put her finger to his lips before embracing him. "You don't have to say anything Harry because I know you didn't mean to attack me."

You weren't in your right frame of mind because of your high fever and it was making you hallucinate."

He pulled her back at arms length, but he couldn't look into her eyes. "That's no excuse for how I acted to you..."

"Harry, as much as I appreciate you staring at my breasts or my other feminine parts..." She said with a smirk at seeing him blush a little. "I want you to look in my eyes because I will never call you a monster or a murderer for having to do with taking that one man's life. You need to stop beating yourself up with guilt because you are stronger than this. What would you have done if it was me or your precious people were in your agent's situation? Would you let them die or would you stop the attacker permanently so it doesn't happen again?"

His eyes widened at her words because it made sense. "I...would've done anything possible to protect those who are precious to me."

Tonks ruffled his hair and smiled at him. "Kiddo, I made my first kill when I was in the Auror Academy during one of our field exams. It took me nearly three weeks before I gathered the courage to talk about how I killed Cameron Brady to save my friend's life. So you're not the only one who had to face this alone."

"I killed the person Voldemort's Horcrux possessed when he drank the metallic substance in Hufflepuff's chalice. I fought him until I got cocky and then I was overcome with anger when I separated his head from his body. Since that day I've been haunted with seeing him in my reflection in the mirror. He kept saying that I'm following down the same path that he did, and that I'll sacrifice my loved ones for power." He said as he wiped the remaining sweat from his forehead.

Blaise held his hand and saw the small faint scars on his arm. "You punched the mirror didn't you?"

He smirked when he saw his girlfriend glaring at him. "Did I ever tell you that you look cute when you're angry?"

"What am I going to do with you?" She sighed heavily as Tonks walked out of the room. "Harry, promise me that you won't do anything more rash from now on. I have enough gray hair and I don't need to have anymore."

He wrapped his arms around her and held her tight. "I promise that I won't do anything rash again, but I won't promise about the gray hair. I think it's a turn on actually, but can you forgive me for what I did earlier today?"

She kissed him on his lips and hugged him to her. "I already told you that there's nothing to forgive, but don't let it happen again."

"It won't, but sometimes I just wish that we didn't have to part of this civil war. Besides look at what it's done to me over the last few years at Hogwarts...and you're complaining about gray hair." He smirked.

"I already have enough from you mister. I don't want to leave you right now I have to return to school before someone finds out that I'm missing."

He kissed her forehead and got out of bed. "I'll take you there myself after I get dressed."

Perenelle was drinking tea with her husband in the study before he went down to his lab when Tonks walked in. "They're having a private moment so I figured I'd come by and visit the old folk. So where's the old man?"

"He's making the finishing touches to Harry's sword, and I appreciate it if you don't call me 'old folk'. You wish to look as good as I do when you're my age." She said and flung her red hair over her shoulder in an arrogant fashion.

"Yeah and I highly doubt that I'll be immortal like you. I wouldn't want to live forever because if this war doesn't end we'll become like the American Salem Witch Trials with the muggles. Granted Harry and I can fit in, but not everyone else."

Mrs. Flamel looked at her strange and poured another cup of tea. "You think that it will come to that?"

"I think it will because of all the muggles that Voldemort is killing off just for sport. Someone is going to want to retaliate for the loss of life, and you know the British muggle army is always ready to kill something." Tonks said with a sigh.

"Let's just hope it doesn't come to anything like that. We might as well go check up on those two before they start humping like rabbits."

"I so do not need that visual of him and his girlfriend going at it in my head."

When the two of them walked into the room...nobody was there. "I swear I'm really going to hurt him when I get my hands on him."

"Wait Mrs. Flamel I found a note on the bed addressed to you." Tonks said as she handed her the letter.

Blaise and Harry arrived via 'shadows' back into the Room of Requirement. He had to laugh because she wasn't feeling great. "Please don't do that again..."

"I can't help if it's a natural talent of mine. Besides at least when I brought you here you didn't throw up."

She put her hand on her hips and narrowed her eyes at him. "And who told you that I did?"

He smiled at her with mirth in his eyes. "You just did. I was out cold when you arrived before I was hallucinating."

She blinked a few times and she slapped his arm. "I can't believe I fell for that, but what are you going to do now?"

"I'm going to destroy the rest of those Horcruxes, and then come back for seventh year to be with you. I think after that I can convince your parents for me to impregnate you and create a legion of mini-Potters to take over the world."

She wrapped her arms around him and smiled at him. "Now there's my smartass boyfriend I love so much."

"I love you too, but I want you to be careful as well. I can imagine that the Death Eater children would like to use you to get at me to have their mudblood master to kill me. So you have to promise me that you won't do anything stupid."

"How can I not do that when I'm your girlfriend?" She said while smiling sweetly at him.

"Blaisey, thank you for helping me open my eyes. I know that the guilt won't go away in the blink of an eye...I'm thankful to have you with me."

"You don't have to thank me Harry, because it's my job to keep you on track." They kissed again before he disappeared into the shadows. 'HOW DO THEY KEEP DOING THAT!?' She scowled as she walked out of the room of requirement only to bump into the two traitors.

"And what are you doing here Zabini?"

"So sorry to burst your bubble, but I don't answer to those who betray others for a little bit of currency. Now stop drooling at me and get out of my way." She pushed past them to head down to the staircases.

Ron sneered and grabbed her arm. "You're not going anywhere you

Slytherin slut!"

Ginny grinned when she pulled out her wand to curse her. "It's because of you that Harry wouldn't give me the time of day to become his wife!"

"Gee if you weren't trying to steal everything his family has worked hard for then you would've had a slim chance in hell with him. THIS IS FOR CALLING ME A SLUT YOU ASSHOLE!" She yelled as she delivered a hard knee strike to his groin and punched him hard in the jaw.

Blaise angrily stormed away with Ginny hot on her heels to make her pay for what she did to her brother, but she saw Professor Snape standing behind them with a deep scowl on his face. "Well, well if I didn't know any better I would say that the two of you were going to cause harm to my student for defending herself. Add yet another two weeks worth of detentions to your growing list, but if you get just one more week I will be writing to the Board of Governors to personally expel you both from this school! Get out of my sight and 70 points from Gryffindor...each."

The two Weasley's turned red in the face in anger. Ginny helped her brother to his feet and glared at her, however her idiot brother wasn't that smart. "This isn't over Zabini...I'd watch my back if I were you."

'Like you two morons scare me.' She thought as they walked past her. "Is there something you want to ask me sir?"

"We will talk in my office where privacy is preferred." He said in a hushed tone as he opened up one of the passageways that lead to the dungeons.

It took them a few minutes to reach the Potion master's office, and as soon as they stepped inside he cast multiple security spells on the walls and doors. "Miss Zabini, I know that you are going out with Mr. Potter-Black but I would like to know why you were missing for most

of today."

"I was with Harry because he was forced to take someone's life, and he wasn't cooping too well with it. I'm not allowed to say anymore without betraying the magical oath I took." She said.

"I'm well aware of knowing about your 'Unspeakable' boyfriend. He visited me not too long ago for some information. There are certain someone's who are on his side in this civil war. However, you must be very careful from now on because the Headmaster will be informed about your relationship with the former Gryffindor."

"I'm not afraid of the Weasley's..." She started to say but she was interrupted by her head of house.

"That is not the point you stupid girl! You do not realize the situation you could be in when he hears of this. He may not be in power in the Wizengamot, but he still holds enough political power to make your lives miserable. You would not last very long in the presence of the Headmaster since he is a master of the mind arts, and that is why I will personally teach you Occlumency to keep him from getting into your mind to access your memories. Come back here after you've come back from dinner, but for now do not make eye contact with Dumbledore. Do I make myself clear?"

"Crystal clear sir and I would like to thank you for instructing me about this art. However, there is one other student who knows about my relationship and about the Unspeakables. Would you be willing to instruct her about shielding her mind as well?" She asked.

He got up from his chair and poured himself another glass of alcohol. "Who is this student that you are referring to?"

"Hermione Granger sir and I know that you don't the 'insufferable know-it-all'. She was with us when we retrieved the Horcrux from the Room of Requirement. It would be valuable for her to learn this

because of the former connection to Dumbledore."

He raised his eyebrow at her and sighed. "Very well now get your assignments from the classes you missed."

"Yes sir."

Harry arrived back into his bedroom to see a stern looking Perenelle and Tonks. "Before you yell at me I took Blaise back to school and I apologized to her for how I acted while I was under the hallucination. It will take a while to get over taking someone's life, but after being with her I feel that the weight has been lifted from my shoulders. I'm sorry if I offended the both of you and Nicholas in anyway..."

He was silenced when his 'aunt' embraced him. "I got your note so I'm not upset with you, and I couldn't be more proud of you. Besides it's good to have my annoying surrogate nephew back to normal, but you will still be scrubbing Nicolas's potion lab with a muggle toothbrush."

He smiled at her and returned her hug. "Tonksie, I'm sorry if I offended you, and thank you for helping me. I couldn't have asked for a better older sister."

She smiled and hugged her little brother. "Great...you take all the fun of yelling at you away with sappy speeches like that. Oh and Harry I have some news that you might not want to hear, but I have to say it anyway. Remember how we originally thought that Sirius's brother was dead? Well his death was a fake and he is alive."

Perenelle was ready to choke her until all the air left her lungs. "You idiot! You weren't supposed to say anything about that!"

Nicholas walked into the bedroom to overhear the secret that was never supposed to leave her mouth. He saw Harry's fists clenched and shaking with anger. "I guess this is a bad time to inform you that your sword is completed."

"Would it be possible to speak with him immediately?" Harry asked through clenched teeth.

He sighed heavily. "I want your sword oath that you will not kill him with this sword or by any means." Once the oath went into effect he handed the sword to his 'nephew'. "You will need to unsheathe your blade to bond it to you so nobody else can touch your weapon. Also I had an accident with your old sheathe so I created an iron replacement."

"Wow...it's kind of heavy."

The old Alchemist looked at him with a blank look on his face. "But you're so big."

Harry narrowed his eyes at the old man before going through the bonding process. He grunted in pain when the runes stopped glowing. "WHY DOES THAT ALWAYS HAVE TO BLOODY HURT!?"

Perenelle slapped him upside his head. "You watch your language!"

Tonks started laughing at him for getting into trouble, but Nicholas bopped her on her head. "Stop laughing at his misfortune."

The younger Unspeakable agents started cussing at their two superiors under their breaths which caused them to be smacked upside their heads again. Harry grabbed his sister and vanished into the shadows. "Hopefully they won't be plotting revenge against us."

"Trust me my darling wife...we'll be lucky if they didn't prank our offices in retaliation, but I'm more worried about Regulus at the moment." He said as they used a portkey back to the Unspeakable office.

A/N: First of All, I would like to apologize for the long wait for the chapter to be finished. It took me many...many times to come up with

the requested ideas for a little Harry and Blaise action. You'll probably know about some situations that I stole from certain movies, but it seemed good at the time when I wrote it. So I don't own anything dealing with those unnamed sources, and I won't name them either. Don't worry I won't be doing that again and I'm not giving up on this story. I'll be starting chapter 22 soon.

Chapter 22: Fight for Existence.

Harry and Tonks arrived back at the Department of Mysteries and he didn't wait for the Flamel's to arrive when he stormed down the corridors until he came upon Regulus's office. "Don't you even think about busting into his office! You seem to forget that he's Sirius's brother!"

He raised his eyebrow at her and started pounding on the door and got no response. He took out his wand and cast a diagnostic spell. "I'll give him credit for putting up these security wards, but I have my ways around them. Do you have a camera on you?"

His sister's mouth formed into a devious grin. "I know what you're planning and no I don't have it on me right now. You'll never guess who his girlfriend is."

He returned her grin and disappeared into the shadow. When he came out he saw two people on the desk humping like rabbits while groaning and moaning. 'Wow...she has a great looking body...wait...is that SELENE?!' He thought as he tried to get those thoughts out of his mind and used his favorite ability to escape the room. Unknowing to him a book fell from the bookcase and struck the floor with a loud thud.

The sound alerted the two lovers that someone breached the wards. Quickly they grabbed their wands and got dressed to search for the intruder. "Someone is in here." Regulus thought out loud.

"No kidding and just what was your first clue?" Selene spat at him as she bent over to tie her shoes.

Her boyfriend couldn't help but smirk at what he was looking at, but he had no time to keep those thoughts in his head. Both of them went to the door and when they walked out saw two unspeakable agents standing outside. "You know...you could be charging people for the

free show, but I'm not exactly sure if people would even like watching a sadist and a Black going at it on the desk. My mummy would be very upset if her son became a pervert at such a young age." Harry commented as he cleaned the dirt from underneath one of his fingernails.

Selene started sending borderline dark spells at the two unspeakable agents who ducked and dodged them much to her displeasure. Harry and Tonks split up and ran down opposite ends of the corridor. "GET BACK HERE AND STAND STILL!" The resident sadist yelled as she chased after the female unspeakable who kept laughing at her when she missed her.

"Nice shooting soldier!" She taunted the Head of Tactical Operations as she dodged another spell that went flying by her ear.

Meanwhile Sirius's brother snuck up to his enemy with his hidden dagger in hand to attack, but his target quickly unsheathed his own blade from his side to block it. "How did you get past my wards?"

"Do you always ask a magician how he does his tricks? Nice dagger Regulus Black." Harry nearly spat at him.

His eyes widened underneath his hood and quickly looked down the corridors for anyone coming. "Let's take this into a private room shall we?"

"I am not going into your office after what you just did in there. I'm going to remove that memory from my mind and make photographs to post everywhere in this department for the mental trauma you've given me. How you got her to bend like that is beyond my imagination."

'Oh boy...this is not how I wanted to meet my brother's godson. Although I do have to give him credit for doing something that Sirius could never do.' The Elder Black thought to himself as they walked

down the corridor that didn't have spell damage in silence. The two of them didn't stop walking until they stood in front of a guardian portrait of a grim chasing a cat near a tree.

Harry couldn't help but imagine Sirius in the portrait, and put his hand on the Grim's painted paw. He sighed heavily. 'No matter how many times I've tried to put that even out of my mind it always comes back.'

Regulus took his wand out and pushed it through the knot on the tree and spoke the password. "Long live the Grim." The two of them entered the secured room where the remaining Horcrux's were. "I know that I have a lot to explain, but did you really have to bypass my wards to embarrass me like that?!"

"It's not really that hard since you brought it on yourself. How is it that you are still alive when Lucius Malfoy is parading that he killed you in front of the Black family home?"

"Obviously he has developed memory loss in his old age. I really don't want to tell the story of how I lived once again, but I was saved by Nicholas and Perenelle when I stole the Horcrux from the cave. I've worked for them to repay my life debt to them." He said.

"Do you honestly think that I would believe that rubbish coming from your mouth? You were the one who joined up with the half-blood murderer and for what? Power? Your own cut of history? Fame and Fortune?"

"I joined him because I was young and stupid at the time. Most of my family and friends were the ones who put the thoughts of the murdered being the salvation we 'purebloods' need, and that is the reason why I stole his Horcrux so I could kill him. I don't take pleasure at causing other people pain and suffering like the other insane slaves like my sadistic and torturer cousin Bellatrix Lestrange!" Regulus yelled at him.

Harry's emerald eyes grew several shades darker and narrowed at the man in front of him. Without warning he pushed Regulus against the wall. "Well here's a bit of news for you old man. The Black family has been reunited thanks to me, and Bellatrix is no longer a Death Eater. And if I hear you slander her name or Narcissa's I will not be held responsible for my actions against you!"

"Oh really and just how did you manage that? You're not even of the Black family blood!" He yelled at him.

The young lord walked up to him and showed him the Black family ring along with the Potter family ring. "I was adopted into the family by the 'Blood adoption ritual' and he named me his heir since obviously you were supposedly six feet under and pushing up daisies. Bellatrix wasn't always a faithful Death Eater, and obviously you weren't paying that much attention to her while she was being drugged with the imperious potion."

'I...knew that she was raped by the other self-indulgent bastards, but I didn't know she was being controlled against her will. Damn...if only I knew that I would've found a way to get her out of there.' He thought. "That still doesn't prove that she can be redeemed for what she's done to the Longbottom's or all of the people that she tortured!"

"The same thing could be said about you." Harry spat at him.

The senior Unspeakable eyes widened again because of his misdeeds when he was a Death Eater. "Yes the same thing could be said about me, but that is why I am trying to atone for what I've done. No matter how much I wish that I could undo, but I can't bring back the lives I've taken for a stupid cause."

"However you still obviously didn't care enough to do more than just run and hide. Don't even think about saying an excuse like 'Nicolas and Perenelle forbid me to find my brother!' You had all the time in the world to find your family, but you decided to stay underground

where your scrawny neck could hide."

The Senior Unspeakable agent's eyes narrowed at the young man standing in front of him and he clenched his fists in anger. "Is that what you think?"

"That is exactly what I think! In fact I think that you're nothing more than a tattooed slave to that mudblood of a master that the Flamel's took pity on! Sirius would be bloody 'effing puke in his grave if he knew how you shite on his grave!"

"Oh yeah and what would he say about what you did huh? My brother was an honorable man and he would drop you like a bad habit like you dropped Wilson's head!" He yelled at him out of anger, and immediately regretted it when he saw his face.

The Flamel's walked into the room and heard everything. Nicholas's eyes narrowed at his trusted officer, "You are out of line!"

Harry's shock quickly grew into anger when the older Black came over and put his hand on his shoulder. "Listen kid..."

"...YOU SON OF A BITCH!" He roared and punched him hard in the face. Quickly he grabbed the older man's shirt and kept punching him until he was restrained by Perenelle's spell.

"Shadow, we're going for some air." She said as she spelled him out of the room.

Regulus's vision was still spinning and spat out some blood from his mouth. "Damn, that kid knocked out one of my teeth."

"Enough! My wife and I had a very difficult time trying to get him back on his feet after his guilt was eating him away. In my honest opinion you deserved it."

He sighed heavily and shook his head. "I told you that I would get hit again. So how do you propose that we end up working together on destroying these items after that?"

"I suggest you do your damndest to apologize to him, and besides you're lucky I made him give me an oath that he wouldn't harm you with his infused Basilisk venom sword."

Regulus's eyes widened and his jaw dropped. "Some of the things that he said really got under my skin, and I didn't mean for it to come out the way it sounded."

"Then you will have to do your damndest to get on his good side if you two will be working together to deal with these two remaining Horcruxes. And for the record make your business with your girlfriend away from work premises or else disciplinary actions will be taken."

"Yes sir." He sighed heavily.

Harry was released from his 'aunt's' spell and he immediately stormed off to vent his rage in the training room. 'The nerve of that bloody bastard! Screw the oath I gave to 'Uncle Nicholas' I would've loved to beat the crap out of him for using Sirius against me!'

He didn't really care about whom was inside at the moment, but Selene stormed out when she walked right into him and fell down. "DON'T YOU WATCH WHERE YOU'RE WALKING YOU IDIOT OR DO YOU NOT KNOW WHAT UNDERSTAND WHAT A ONE-WAY WALKWAY MEANS!" She roared at him.

"Obviously you don't since the doorway is big enough for two people. Maybe you should try some muggle glasses or redevelop your skills with measurement. The carpentry guilds would be very disappointed in you."

She growled at him as she got to her feet. "Shadow...get your arse in there! I still have to return the favor from what you did this morning!"

"You're upset over that? I'm the one who should be upset for witnessing that without paying a knut for the free showing. Those wards would've hurt like a bitch if I didn't bypass them." He didn't get another chance to say another word after that because she latched onto his robe collar and dragged him into the room.

"Take your stance!" She growled once again. "I've been waiting to have you back on my turf and Perenelle has no jurisdiction here."

He took out his wand and assumed a battling position. "Your move milady."

Perenelle was not in the best of moods when Regulus had appeared in her office while searching for Selene. "How would I know where she is? I'm not the den mother of the Department of Mysteries who always has to keep track of the children in her ward."

He sighed heavily because he knew that she was very upset with him. "I know you're upset with me for my temper coming out with Harry."

"Upset is hardly the word I would use at this particular moment." She glared at him.

"How about livid? Pissed off? Ready to stab me with the look you're giving me?"

"Close but not close enough. Do you not realize that we had just brought him out of the funk he was in after the incident?! You just nearly sabotaged all of our hard work because of your little bout of anger! Do you honestly use that muscle inside that head of yours or is it full of spider webs? I suggest that next time you think before you speak!"

"Yes ma'am. Since you know him a lot better then I do...when do you think he will be cooled off enough for us to have a civilized conversation?" He asked.

"I wouldn't show your face to him anytime soon. However, I will not be allowing an all out war between you two. Do you have any ideas on how to destroy the remaining soul containers?"

He rubbed his chin in thought. "Well I haven't thought of anything yet because I can't get the lock to open since it might have to deal with a Parseltongue password or wards that I can't decipher. Unfortunately I'm not sure if I know how to safely remove the soul piece without destroying the Diadem."

"That is not an option and you know that."

"I know but I had a weird thought and stop with that grin of yours! I do have a good idea every so often you know! Anyways I was told by Nicolas that the kid has a sword made of Basilisk Venom...do you think he could just destroy it without having to have someone wear it or become possessed." He asked.

"I think that is a very big possibility; however you should know better then to take the simple way out of everything so you can be with your girlfriend. Now get out of here I have work to do."

"Yes ma'am." Regulus sighed and walked out of her office to go look for his brother's godson.

It seemed like hours before Harry finished working off his anger in the simulation room and not to mention some payback for what the resident sadist did to him when he arrived. "Ahh I feel much better." He commented out loud before making his way to the exit.

Selene was glaring daggers at the back of his head and finally collapsed on the floor breathing heavily. 'Damn Perenelle for

teaching that cheeky brat how to outwit me. I haven't been beaten like this since I was first brought on board. Now I'm going to be sore for a week...'

She remained on the floor and stared at the ceiling while waiting for soreness of her back to work out the kinks in her spine when someone walked in and stood over her. "Finally got a taste of your own medicine from the hell you put him through the first time?" Tidus said with a grin on his face.

"Shut up and help me up." She growled at him.

"I would but most of us have decided that you should get up on your own. Besides a little bit of pain won't kill you right? After all the muggles have a saying 'what doesn't kill you makes you stronger.'" He laughed at the glare he was receiving. "You should feel lucky that nobody else was around because you wouldn't be living it down."

"Yeah and I'm so lucky to know that." Selene spat at him as she slowly got to her feet and started limping to head to the hospital wing.

Tidus's good mood was extinguished by guilt for laughing at her. He walked up to her and used a levitation spell to glide her to his domain. "Sorry about laughing at you, but you really deserved it. I'll get you patched up soon enough after you drink about fifteen potions, and I'll expect no lip from you about the bad taste."

"Yes mother."

Meanwhile Tonks was wrapping up her reports that she failed to hand in on time to her boss. 'Filling out all these reports day in and day out are so boring and besides this would be yet another time that I end up suffering from carpal tunnel. Why couldn't we just use the muggle technology in here instead of writing these things out every time? Wait...no that's a bad idea because then most people would be addicted to the porn they can download.'

She got up from her desk and stretched when Regulus walked up to her. "Have you seen shadow anywhere?"

"Why would you be looking for him? This isn't about the activity you were doing this morning was it? Nice shiner and busted lip...who gave that to you?" She asked with a grin.

He narrowed his eyes at her before sighing heavily. "Your brother did that to me after our little spat and he knocked out a couple of my teeth."

Her eyes narrowed at Sirius's brother and changed color to Harry's ice cold blue-green eyes. "What did you say to him that initiated this fight?"

"I used Sirius against him and threw his first kill in his face." He quickly put his hands up over his face just incase she hit him.

After a few moments of uncomfortable silence she finally addressed him. "Is your brain the most unused muscle in your body?"

"Actually that little thing in the corner of your eye next to the eyeball is the most unused thing in your body." He tried cracking a little joke but she was in no mood to joke around.

"By all rights I should literally be cursing you into oblivion for using that against him. Are you that you're human for being that cruel to someone who has never killed before? Do you not have a soul!? Obviously you don't because any normal person would've kept quiet after we had a very difficult time bringing him back around from that ordeal!"

He sighed heavily as he listened to her yell at him for his stupidity for the next ten minutes until her voice was raspy. "I realized that now, but he stormed out before I could apologize to him. I didn't mean to

piss him off like that, but listening to him bad mouth me like that set me off."

"So? You're thirty-four and you stooped down to his level just to get back at him. Yeah you're real mature."

"Since he's your brother I was wondering if you could pass on a message to him. Ask him if we can put this aside for now and work together on destroying these Horcruxes. That's all I ask." Regulus said with his shoulders hunching over a little bit.

"No promises." She responded as he walked away from her desk. "You can come out now kiddo."

Harry overheard everything from the shadows and a smile formed on his face when Tonks defended him to a certain extent. "You spotted me...that's a first."

"Don't start with me right now. You're in just as much trouble as he is buster. I thought we taught you better than to resort to common muggle street fighting? And don't say 'it was his fault' because both of you are at fault for letting your tempers get in the way of things. Listen to me now because like it or not you two will eventually have to work together." Tonks reminded him with a touch of wisdom.

"I know that, however I'm not in the mood to work with him right now."

"You have every right to be angry, but you two are colleagues. You may not be friends, you may not like each other, but put your acting skills to the test to help destroy one of many tyrants. Please?" She asked while giving him her best sad puppy dog eyes that he couldn't resist.

He rolled his eyes at her and sighed heavily. "Must you always do that to get your way?"

"Yep! Go be a good boy and do as you're told." She said with a smile as she ruffled his hair.

He gave her a scowl as he re-adjusted his hair. "I'll see what I can do, but no promises." He said as he melted back into the shadows.

'Damn it! Why can't I do that?!' She frowned at the spot where her little brother disappeared.

Regulus had finally stopped looking for his brother's godson after looking everywhere. He went into the secured room that held the two dangerous objects. 'I honestly don't have a single clue to how to destroy these things. Using diagnostic spells are useless and just about everything else I've tried has failed except for the Deletrius spell, but I'm not sure if it will work.'

His thoughts were broken when he felt someone else in the room. Quickly he brought his wand to his hand and assumed a dueling stance. "I know you're in here! Show yourself!" He kept looking around until he saw someone emerge from the darkened part of the room.

"It's nice to see that you finally noticed my presence."

'So that's why he was given the alias 'shadow'.' He thought to himself before Harry walked over to him. "Listen kid, I wanted to say that I'm sorry for how I used Sirius against you earlier. I was very angry at how you were yelling at me, and you had a right to be angry on his behalf. I should've come back when he escaped Azkaban, but I couldn't go to the Black manor because some of the 'old crew' was still snooping around."

"Regulus, I am not in the best of moods since our prior street fight. I was convinced by a certain someone to come here so let's just work on destroying these objects. Have you come up with any leads?" Harry asked.

"So far all the ward and spell diagnostic spells haven't discovered anything. It would possibly work if the locket could open, but I don't know how just yet."

The young shadow mage rubbed his chin in thought as he grasped Slytherin's necklace. The insignia on the locket door looked like two identical snakes and he smirked. "I command thee to open and reveal thy secrets."

Sirius's brother couldn't help but feel a cold chill go up his spine when he heard the all too familiar snake language being used. "Kid..."

Harry glared at him for calling him a 'kid', but his attention was drawn back to the locket started to illuminate he found himself falling down a large crevice and lead to the Chamber of Secrets. "Well this isn't what I was expecting to happen."

Regulus's jaw dropped when he saw his 'partner' collapse on the floor with the locket dangling from his neck and watched the locket clasp shut. "Oh shite...Perenelle is going to kill me." He said as he ran over to him and sent off a message to her. "I just signed my death warrant."

Harry walked through the familiar path until he reached the outer chamber. "Open up." The heavy metal door unlocked and swung open to allow passage. As he walked through and down the rusted ladder he saw the all too familiar dark robed person standing in front of Slytherin's stone face. 'Wonderful...I get to have a little fun with Riddle at a different time of his life when he created the damn thing. Let's see if he can keep up.'

Voldemort's remnant felt someone's presence behind him. 'A fool has come here to challenge me...the true sorcerer of all time! I will enjoy destroying his soul and taking over his body!' A sneer came across his human looking face when he saw a victim walking to his death.

"Have you come here to die?"

"Actually I arrived here just to take in the sights and sounds, but this place looks really depressing. Now if it was say a tropical island filled with women in bikinis then..." He grinned and dodged a spell that was aimed for his head. "I'm surprised that you could even do that since you're just a fragmented soul."

"CRUCIO!"

He dived out of the way of the spell and fired back one of his own. "Kamikazus!"

Riddle smirked and moved out of the way. "Evidently you need more practice in aiming boy!"

Harry laughed at that comment. "And why aren't you smarter old man?"

The remnant turned around and saw three stones start glowing red hot. He turned back around to dive into the water in front of Slytherin's statue head and noticed that his opponent was nowhere to be seen when the stones exploded with the force of three muggle bombs. 'I'll admit that caught me off guard...he's crafty like me.'

The Shadow mage smirked from beside one of the serpent face statues. 'Wow...I guess I put a little too much magic into that. It caught him off guard.' He walked over calmly to his opponent and put his wand between his eyes. "You know for even being part of the dark idiot's soul fragment...you're pretty useless."

Voldemort sneered and fired off a few spells at point blank range. "You talk too much boy! I will enjoy breaking you!"

Harry quickly threw himself down onto the ground to avoid two spells, but he couldn't avoid the cutting curse that struck his lower leg.

'Damn it! I have to back off to seal this wound!'

Regulus was pacing back and fourth for what seemed to be for an hour, but only five minutes had passed since Harry collapsed. He had conjured up a really strong cup of coffee and downed it pretty quickly. 'AHH damn it you idiot! Next time wait a few minutes before chugging hot coffee!'

Perenelle had just walked into the room with a frown. "What happened?"

"Well we had a very short conversation about destroying this bloody thing when he said something in Parseltongue. It opened up and he collapsed onto the floor with it attached to his neck."

She looked at him with a blank look. "Have you been taking any drugs or muggle narcotics that I don't know about?"

He growled in complete anger. "I AM NOT ON ANY DRUGS! I'LL GIVE YOU THE DAMNED MEMORY TO PROVE I'M TELLING THE TRUTH!"

She rubbed her ears with her fingers. "Sorry, did you say something?"

"Very funny." He replied while glaring at her.

"Harry should've waited a little longer before doing something stupid like this. We know that Voldemort is a Parseltongue speaker...that's how he made all these wards and traps around his soul containers. Even with all the knowledge that my husband and I have learned though our lives...we never knew how to combat the serpentine magic."

"So you were right to send the kid to destroy them since he is pretty much the only person who can speak and translate it huh?" He

asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Unfortunately so, and I imagine that he is stuck in a battle of wits with his soul fragment for domination that Scott Wilson lost. We'll have to wait to find out what to do."

He put his hand on her shoulder and gave a gentle squeeze. "He's a strong kid, but how long do you think it will take though?"

"It could be days, weeks, months, or even years." She said as she noticed a deep gash that started bleeding on his leg. "This is not looking good if he is getting injured."

"Well he is up against part of the Dark Lord...he's in for a tough battle."

"I know, but I have faith in him that he'll come back to us." She said as she performed a diagnostic spell on his body.

Harry was able to get away to close the wound. Even though he underestimated his enemy...he was actually having a little bit of fun from this battle. "So Riddle let me ask you something? How did it feel to split yourself apart and be stuck inside an object for nearly fifty years? Didn't it get boring after the first year?"

Voldemort lashed out with a few more dark spells that missed his target. "Why do you insist on asking such stupid questions?"

"Ahh then I see that you have been suffering claustrophobia from being stuck inside of this locket for so long. It's ok my friend because they have muggle drugs to take care of that problem." He shouted at his enemy and released a string of bone shattering curses.

Tom laughed as one of the curses shattered his thigh bone, but he was still standing on his feet after weaving a spell to his leg. "Did you honestly believe that you can cause me bodily harm? I have no

physical body you fool."

"And you know for being the big bad dark idiot you are...you really have to learn how to lie properly. Looking up or away from the person is a dead giveaway. I saw the spell you used on your leg to re-craft your shattered bone. If you didn't have a physical body then how is it that you are 'getting your arse handed to you'?"

Riddle snarled once again and started rapidly firing spells at his enemy who avoided them easily. "STAND STILL BOY!" He conjured a large 40 foot snake writhed of flame and commanded it to kill his skilled opponent as he continued to fire off more dark curses at him.

"Now I find that statement sexist. For all you know I could be a girl with a masculine voice under this robe." Harry said as the spells closed in on him.

Voldemort's remnant smiled with an evil grin because he will soon be free from this prison. His snake collided with the gray robed person and exploded. His grin turned into surprise when there was nothing but a huge scorch mark on the floor and walls. 'There is no way that he could've escaped!'

The Shadow mage emerged from the floor with his own sadistic smile on his face. "You should know that I am quite the escape artist, and there is no way I'm going to allow you to take over my body."

"Why not join me? You have everything I could use in a second in command when I kill Potter and Dumbledore. I can even give you back something that you've lost."

"Why would I want to join you? I would gain nothing from what you've promised your mindless slaves that you've branded like cattle. Once you are killed they would parish, and if any survived then they're minds would be as useful as compost." Harry fired back at him with some snake magic.

Voldemort's eyes widened and then narrowed dangerously. "Potter, I knew that your true colors would be showing soon. I will admit nobody would be stupid enough to challenge me like this!"

The young lord smirked and removed his hood. "Nice to see that you're not as stupid as I once believed." He said as he sprinted into a sprint as he dodged some spells and fired off a curse at point blank range. 'Damn it I missed!'

The Dark lord's soul laughed and punched his enemy in the face. "You will not succeed in your little ambition to destroy me Harry Potter! Dumbledore has tried for nearly three decades to kill me and failed!"

He never would've thought that he had to resort to muggle fighting, but thanks to Perenelle he knew how to handle his own. He retaliated with various punches and kicks that connected, but he was feeling winded like his strength was being sucked out of him. "I never knew that you would resort to your old roots Riddle. Fighting like drunken muggles is so uncivilized, but then again you never were."

Tom lashed out in anger, grabbed Harry's neck, and started choking him. "You will die here, and I will take over your body! Nothing will stop me!"

As Harry's air supply was running short he was still struggling to get free until darkness was taking over his vision. He thought a hallucination was taking place because he saw an elderly man with a long beard with a beautiful woman standing next to him. "Do not give up young mage! It will be disgraceful if you were to die here. Show this remnant why you are my Heir, Harry James Potter-Black. Get on your feet this instant!"

Voldemort was too happy with his soon to be assured victory over the person who has been a thorn in his side for nearly sixteen years. His

win was short lived when his opponent used his head as a blunt object, bit his wrist hard, and disappeared. 'WHERE ARE YOU HIDING! I WILL MAKE YOU SUFFER FOR BITING ME!'

Harry found a way to escape into Slytherin's potion's lab to catch his breath. 'This has to end before he manages to steal more of my magic and life.' He waited a few more minutes before confronted his enemy.

Perenelle was incredibly worried for her 'nephew' when all sorts of injuries started appearing all over his body. She was healing them quickly, but Regulus was pacing back and fourth like a madman. "We have to end this now. He's been like this for nearly three hours now."

He was really getting on her last nerve. "And just what do you have planned to 'end this quickly'." She glared at him.

"We can use his sword to destroy it. The venom that is part of the blade will easily destroy the Horcrux."

She scoffed at that idea. "Nobody can use his sword except for him since that is the way that Nicholas forged it. Besides if you even think of trying to make him stab himself with it I will curse you into oblivion and let his half-Veela girlfriend finish you off."

"That's the best option for now. There's a 50/50 chance that he might be taken over by the fragmented soul. The kid is strong, but is he strong enough? I don't want to take that chance." He said as he took Harry's hand and unsheathed his sword. He said a short prayer for himself for this to work as he stood the blade over the locket, and thrust it into the tainted jewelry.

A/N: I know it took a while for me to update this, but I had a lot happen within the last update. I had 4 very important tests to study for and I had to cut myself off from everything just to pass the tests which I did with good marks. I'm not really too happy with this chapter

that I wrote since I was drawing dead on the original plot for this chapter. I'm just putting it up for now since I'll go back through it and complete it the right way because I think I rushed through it. So just keep an eye out for new things. I found the spells used in "Spells & Creatures by Emperor Atrum, and asked to use them in the story."

Lately my inspiration on has gone down significantly at least on the HP stories since there is nothing but tons SLASH and Yaoi fics. I'm sorry but I'm straight and will never even look at a fic that has it listed. I understand that people like it but I'm not one of them. That's my opinion and I said my peace. I'm still on the hunt for a good story to read even for ideas, and before you even think of it I'm not giving up on this story. Take care and hopefully I'll have a revision done soon.

Chapter 23: Mortality and Moving out!

Recap: "That's the best option for now. There's a 50/50 chance that he might be taken over by the fragmented soul. The kid is strong, but is he strong enough? I don't want to take that chance." He said as he took Harry's hand and unsheathed his sword. He said a short prayer for himself for this to work as he stood the blade over the locket, and thrust it into the tainted jewelry.

Riddle was laughing mechanically as he gained the upper hand on his younger opponent. "You see Potter! You could never defeat me! When I take over I'll do you a favor and give your girlfriend a nice and slow painful death after all it's the least I could do. After all it has been a while since my loyal slaves have had the privilege of torturing and having some fun before her death."

Harry glared at the pseudo-dark lord and watched as the hand around his neck started to disintegrate. He was suddenly reminded of what happened to the previous Horcrux in his second year. "Well now that's interesting."

Voldemort's soul fragment was in complete shock because death was closing in as he watched as his arm soon followed his hand. "This is impossible!"

"Nothing is impossible, but I'm surprised that you've never heard of that muggle saying." He said as the remnant completely dissolved in a bright flash of light. His vision started to swirl into blackness before he saw Regulus holding his hand to his sword that was posed over his chest. "What are you doing?"

"Sorry kid, but it was a quick decision on my part to destroy the thing with your sword before we dealt with another possessed person. No hard feelings right?"

Harry tried to get up but everything below his neck was screaming in

pain and refused to move. "Riddle's mortal now...but I was too overconfident so my injuries are my own fault."

Perenelle sighed heavily and put her hand on his forehead. "I'll yell at you when you're fully recovered. Regulus, inform Nicholas of the situation immediately." She took out her wand and levitated her 'nephew' to the hospital ward.

"You got it." He said as he ran out of the room to head to his boss's office.

In Little Hangleton, Voldemort was going through another one of his plans when another deep pain struck him. 'Damn this pain...My Death Eaters have failed me again! Now my Horcruxes are in the open and unprotected!'

Lucius Malfoy bowed before his master along with the other Inner Circle. "Master, what seems to be the problem?"

"CRUCIO! ALL OF YOU HAVE FAILED ME! I WARNED ALL OF YOU THAT THERE WILL BE DIRE CONSEQUENCES IF MY HORCRUXES WERE STOLEN OR DESTROYED!" He roared at all of them as he dished out more Cruciatus curses in rapid succession. "Have your children been keeping up with my scheme of taking over the school yet?"

"Everything is proceeding as planned milord. The junior ranks are near completion with their assigned tasks. Dumbledore will fall soon." Avery bowed before his master.

The Dark Lord's serpent-like eyes narrowed at the man's cockiness. He quickly remedied that with another one of his favorite unforgivable curses. "I don't want to hear the sniveling dribble come from your mouth until I have spoken to you! Severus report!"

Snape removed his skeletal mask and knelt down before Potter's enemy. "Milord, the 'juniors' as stated are working on your plan to have your forces enter the castle, however they are working at a snail's pace because they cannot focus on their task. Most of them are still deciding on who will take leadership incase if it fails and whom will take the blame for failure."

The parents glared and scowled at the Potion Master for his brutal honesty, but they didn't say a word until Goyle opened his mouth. "How can you say that about my child!"

He was met with a bone shattering curse to his shoulder that Nott fired at him. "Unless you have something significant to share then keep your mouth shut."

Crabbe pulled out his wand to avenge his friend, but his arm was shattered by a spell that came from his master. "I grow very tired of listening to all of your constant bickering and complaining! We will continue to make the people of this pitiful nation wither in fear as we always have done. Kill the muggles our favorite ways, and I want that school under my control not excuses! All of you leave me and Severus you stay." Voldemort ordered before addressing his 'spy'. "Tell me, what is that old fool Dumbledore up to without his golden boy?"

"He is still trying to worm his way back into the Ministry of Magic to reclaim his place in the Wizengamot, but Alexander Zabini is doing a good job of shooting him down at every opportunity. The order is in disarray since Potter has disappeared, and since he kicked them out of the previous headquarters. Most of the former members have slowly but surely have been losing faith in the old man."

The Dark Lord put his index finger on his chin in thought. "Very interesting but I sense that you are lying to me about my plans about the school." He said as he started to flip his wand in his fingers.

"I assure you milord that the so called 'juniors' have turned their attention from your plan to more about their stature then anything else."

"Very well Severus. CRUCIO!" Riddle bellowed and held him under his favorite spell until his potion master's yelling echoed in his ears. "Now go back to the school and give them motivation to get things done!"

"Yes my lord." Snape said as he left the room with a limp. 'I don't care what those fools say. They're kids are morons like the parents.'

Blaise and Hermione were waiting in Snape's office for their Occlumency training. "I wonder what is keeping my head of house this long. It's nearly 9."

"I don't know but I wonder what Harry is up to right now."

The half-Veela sighed because she misses her boyfriend. "I'm sure he's getting himself into trouble like always, but that's not surprising with Harry Potter-Black out on the loose." She said with a smile.

Severus Snape decided now was the best time to walk into his office still wearing his Death Eater uniform. "Put your wand away Granger before I make this lesson as painful as possible for you." He said as he walked slowly into his quarters to change. After a few moments he returned to his office still supporting his limp and browsed his private storage shelves for a particular potion.

"Sir, are you alright? Do you need to go to the hospital wing?" Hermione asked out of concern.

He turned around and narrowed his eyes at her as he drank a potion to counteract the effects of the unforgivable curse he was struck with. "Must you always get involved with things that do not concern you?"

The flustered expression on the Gryffindor witch made Blaise mentally laugh. "Should we come back tomorrow Professor Snape until you've recovered?"

The potions master was actually grateful for his student being there. "I'll be fine after a few moments when the potion starts working, Miss Zabini. In the meantime I want you two to begin clearing your minds with the meditation techniques I have been instructing the both of you this past week."

Both students closed their eyes and began their meditation techniques. Severus walked over to his cabinet and took another potion to relieve the pain in his joints before pouring himself a goblet of muggle liquor.

"Sir, if you keep drinking that then people will start thinking you're an alcoholic." Blaise commented as she observed him walk back to his desk.

"Worry about yourself before I force myself into your mind." He said as he took a sip from his goblet.

Hermione glared at him. "Just like you did to Harry last year?"

Harry's girlfriend looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "What are you talking about?"

Snape glared at the Gryffindor witch for bringing that event back to the surface. "She is talking about how the headmaster forced me to break into your boyfriend's mind to widen the link between Potter and the Dark lord. This information is not to be spoken of again! Do you two understand me?" He took out his wand because he was feeling yet another headache coming on.

Blaise's mind was in shock over this news. "Dumbledore arranged for you to rape his mind just to enhance the connection? ARE YOU

MAD!?"

"Oh please don't bother taking offense since you never gave a damn about him until this year." Hermione scoffed.

The half-Veela glared at her. "And yet who gave up her own freedom just to be forgiven by the use of a blood oath? It must be wonderful to be a slave of your own accord."

Granger returned her glare and turned her wand to her. "Better that way then to worm my way into his Gringott's account."

Blaise's anger was starting to peak when a small whisp of flame started to form in her hand. "How dare you!"

Snape observed his student and let them continue arguing until he finally had enough. "SILENCE! I have had enough of your bickering for one hour! If you two would've been practicing more often then you insufferable arguing then you would've noticed that I succeeded in getting past your weak defenses! Go to your common rooms because I will not teach you anything for tonight. Be prepared for tomorrow now leave."

Blaise and Hermione walked out of Severus's office with their emotions running high. The Slytherin witch came up behind Granger, and spun her around to face her. "We have had this conversation many times and I am sick of it coming up every time. If I was more interested in getting into his bank account then why didn't my father just set us up for an arranged marriage? Evidently you're still too blind to know that I don't care about money or other material possessions like other people in this world. This is the last time that I am going to tell you to keep your jealous comments to yourself. Understand?"

"I am not jealous! I am merely looking out for my best friend's interests and I'm sorry that I still don't trust you." She said as she

pushed her away from her.

"That makes two of us, but unfortunately we are on the same side Granger. Do you really want to be on the losing side just because Harry isn't with you?"

Hermione sighed because the girl in front of her made a lot of sense. "Shall we call a truce then?" She held her hand out for her to shake her hand.

Blaise smirked and shook her hand. "We have an accord then, and as such I'll help you with your Occlumency when we have some free time."

"Thank you, but we better get to our rounds since it is close to midnight." She said as she looked at her watch.

"And I'll have to educate you on how the magical society works as well. Good night Granger." The Zabini heiress said before walking down the corridor with no intention of doing her prefect rounds tonight.

It took her only a few moments to reach the hallway that lead to the Slytherin common room, but something wasn't right when she walked inside after giving the password. The only person that she saw doing homework was Draco Malfoy. 'I guess I should get the rest of my assignments before I got to bed.' She placed her bag on the ground, took a seat across from him near the fireplace, and opened up her Occlumency book to get started.

"Having trouble with the resident Gryffindor mudblood?" He asked without even looking up from his essay.

"I would appreciate it if you would stop using that derogatory comment around me, and for future conversations no I am not having trouble with Granger."

He took out his wand and levitated three logs into the fireplace. "I'll keep that in mind. Have you heard anything from Potter lately?"

"Wow I didn't know that you cared about your rival like that. It's so unbecoming of you." She replied with every word dripping with sarcasm.

He chuckled lightly and sneered. "I would have to care about my mother's head of house. Besides he's the one keeping the brand from being placed on my forearm. So yeah I do think I would have to care since he was kidnapped by those people in gray cloaks."

Blaise hid her smile well because she knew the truth, but she couldn't say what it was because it didn't concern him. "How do you know that he was kidnapped? For all we know it could be a ploy to keep all of us in the dark."

"You maybe able to deceive your boyfriend with your words, but you won't deceive me Zabini. I know that someone else is working behind the scenes, but the question is who. I can also guess that you and Potter are also involved with this."

Her smile quickly faded into a frown. "It must've hurt trying to think of that. Hopefully your godfather can brew you a potion to remedy that pain in your unused muscle in your head."

He quickly rounded on her for blowing one of his hidden secrets. "How did you know that Severus is my godfather?"

"I never specified whom it was all I said was 'your godfather', but I'll thank you for that piece of information." She said with a coy smile on her lips.

It took a moment for her comment to register in his head, and he

mentally kicked himself for giving it away. "Since when did you become a true Slytherin, Miss Ice Queen?"

"Why I thought it was one of our rights inside of this house to be sneaky and deceiving? Didn't you pay attention to Professor Snape's speech back in first year? My have the mighty fallen."

"Touché Zabini. I've never fallen, but I have grown up since Potter royally handed my arse to me in the Chamber of Secrets. It wasn't easy to deal with the major wound to my pride, but I would have to admit that it's not the same with the Gryffindor idiot around. It's too boring." He commented as he finished his Potions essay.

She raised her eyebrow as she turned a page in her text book. "I see."

He looked over at her and saw the book she was reading. He looked around the room and didn't see anybody else present. "I'm curious to know why you're so interested in Occlumency. Didn't your father teach it to you when you were younger?"

"Yes he did, but I neglected my practice of it for nearly seven years. It's taking longer than I expected to remember everything." She admitted with a scowl.

"If you want I can help you with it when my godfather is too busy with other things." He said with a small scowl on his face.

"Thank you for the offer, but I believe that I can handle this on my own. Good night Malfoy." Blaise said as she closed her book and started heading for her dormitory to get some sleep.

'She knows more than she's letting on...probably sworn to secrecy or something.' He thought to himself as he began on his charms essay in the fire light.

Back at the Black ancestral family home Narcissa was really close to pulling her hair out from the recent meeting of the Wizengamot the following morning. 'Damn these fools! Who are they trying to kid about raising taxation on the people of this nation for no good reason other than to fill their vaults with gold!'

"Relax 'cissy or you'll be turning your hair gray quicker than you can snap your fingers. What is bothering you that much?" Her sister Andromeda asked as she entered the drawing room with her husband.

"Everything has been bothering me lately. Honestly I was too stupid at the time to accept doing this for Harry. Have you heard anything from Bellatrix lately? I haven't gotten a post from her or from Tonks in over a month."

Andy took a sip of tea that she got from Winky. "Tonks is doing fine. She came over to the house yesterday acting like nothing was going on, but I'm onto her. She's never been able to hide anything from me for too long."

"What do you mean 'acting like nothing was going on'? I've heard from the werewolf that she resigned from her Auror position just before she quit the Order of the Phoenix." Narcissa said as she took a sip from her glass of white wine.

Ted wasn't even thinking when he blurted out what was on his mind. "Not to change the subject or anything but I've noticed that you've been drinking a lot of alcohol throughout the day that we've started coming by here the past couple weeks."

The withering glare he received from his sister-in-law made his wife start laughing. "You do know that that look you give my husband doesn't affect him anymore. What I meant was that I could always read my daughter when she was trying to hide something from me, but this time I couldn't. Also to answer your question about our

'younger sister'...I got a post about a week ago and she wrote that she is suspecting that the dark idiot's slaves are trying to worm their way into the school. She's worried that her cover could be blown."

"Hopefully she won't do anything too rash if she spots someone that she used to associate with." She commented as she took another sip of her wine. "Speaking of which, I haven't seen Lupin around for the last month."

The fireplace roared to life and a very pale Remus Lupin walked out of the emerald flames. "Hello Andromeda and Ted I didn't know that you were here."

"You look terrible." Andromeda blurted out without thinking.

'Like mother like daughter...' The werewolf sighed heavily. "Well the full moon was yesterday so I don't mean to be rude, but I need some sleep."

Narcissa smirked behind her wine glass. "Don't worry your room hasn't changed. I trust you know how to get there."

He narrowed his eyes at her. 'I'll deal with her after I get some sleep.'

Andy glared at her sister. "Was that really necessary?"

"He's living here so why not keep myself entertained. Besides he's been gone for a while so he deserves it."

Ted decided to blurt out something yet again. "Sounds like that there are some sexual tension between you two. I'll be back after a trip to the toilet."

Narcissa choked on her wine and actually growled while taking out her wand. "I'm sorry sister, but he has to die!"

"Now I know why Bellatrix became the person who she used to be. You're a bad role model." She sighed as she went to stop the oncoming disaster as Dobby and Winky presented late afternoon snacks on the table.

Regulus was exhausted from running around all over the Department of Mysteries trying to find Nicholas. He pulled his sleeve up to look at his watch and saw that nothing was there except the wristband. He took out his wand to find out what time it was. '6:34 pm...I've been looking for him for nearly fourteen hours!' Angrily he put his wand back into his holster when he remembered that he had a two-way mirror for emergencies. He took the object out of his pocket and walked into his office. "Nicholas Flamel."

After a moment the old alchemist's face appeared in the mirror. "You do know that this mirror is used for emergencies Regulus."

"I know, but your wife wanted me to inform you that the last Horcrux was destroyed...however the kid is being tended to again for magical exhaustion and other injuries. Don't yell at me too much but I had to use his sword using his hand to destroy the thing."

"Leave him in her care until he is fully healed. He has done his part so far and now it is time for us to mobilize. Get everyone together after you've gotten some rest. You look dead on your feet."

"I would've gotten some sleep if I didn't have to run around this damned place to find you. Let me guess you're at your manor doing another weird experiment...wait is that your golf putter in your hand?"

"Never you mind! Just do what I told you and DO NOT TELL MY WIFE I TOOK A DAY OFF TO PLAY GOLF!"

Sirius's brother grinned big time because he now has blackmail on his boss. "I'd better go see how the kid is doing."

Just as he put his hand on the handle of his office door...someone opened it for him. "And where do you think your going?" Selene asked as she folded her arms under her chest.

"We're mobilizing. Get everyone together and meet up in the boss's office in four hours." He said as he stifled a yawn.

Her eyes went wide and then narrowed at him. "You're joking right? The old man wants us to meet in his office in four hours?"

"Yes in four hours because I need some sleep, but I'm heading down to check on Shadow to ease my conscious. Are you going with me?" He asked without his playful tone of voice.

She was actually intrigued about what was bothering him, but she walked along side him. "Just to contain my curiosity...what happened to him that you're so worried about him?"

"I stabbed him in his chest with his Basilisk poisoned sword to destroy the last remaining Horcrux." He remarked with guilt starting to eat away at him.

She was completely shocked to hear about that and was wondering why the kid was messing around with one of those dangerous items. "Why was he near one of those things in the first place?"

"Because we were to destroy them, but he put it on to destroy it himself. I did it to save his life from being taken over by that dark idiot." He commented but suddenly he felt an ice cold shiver run up his spine. "Would you stop doing that to me?"

Selene grinned at her boyfriend. "You never complained before."

"Troublesome woman..." Regulus muttered underneath his breath and got smacked upside his head for it.

As they both rounded the corridors down to the infirmary, Perenelle was outside rubbing her temples. "Have you heard from my husband?"

"Yes and he said for everyone to meet up in his office to start mobilization. How's Harry?" He asked out of concern.

"He's suffering from magical exhaustion and not healing properly from the mental trauma he suffered. Also I found tiny fragments from the golden locket got into his blood stream when you stabbed it and ripped open some of his veins to cause some internal bleeding, but I've fixed that."

"How long will he be lying in a bed? Did the Basilisk venom cause any effects?" She asked before Regulus could.

Mrs. Flamel raised her eyebrow with a questionable look on her face. "I honestly don't know but I've put up three layered wards around his bed to make sure he doesn't escape. Let's get everyone gathered right now. Knowing my husband he's trying to hide something from me."

Sirius's brother snickered which caused both women to look at him. "He's going to kill me for this but he brought it on himself. He took today off to go golfing." He inwardly flinched when he saw the vengeance in his boss's wife's eyes.

"Get...everyone...needed...in...his...office...immediately!" Perenelle commanded before vanishing into snowflakes.

"Oh man I pity him right now." He blurted out and grinned before taking off down the hall. "Race ya!"

"OI! CHEATER!" Selene bellowed at him and took off after him like a hyper five-year-old.

Nicholas appeared in his office an hour later to see all the heads and the co-leads he requested while still rubbing his ear and the big knot on his head that he received curiosity of his wife. "It's good to see all of you here, and I have some good news. Tom Riddle or better known as Voldemort is mortal. He had a clever note of cheating death by creating 7 Horcruxes. I will not go into details on how he created them, but the short version was that he split his soul into seven different parts and placed them into seven containers. Six of them have been destroyed by Shadow(Harry) and Cerberus(Regulus).

It has been too long that we have sat back and watched our lands be destroyed by bigoted purebloods and greedy politicians. Too long have we have had to watch our loved ones be killed and tortured at the hands of a mad sociopath bent on taking over the world. Too long have we suffered to stand by and live in the dark ages while we cower behind our own walls so we don't alert the muggles about our world. Ladies and Gentleman...it is time for us to launch our own campaign from the shadows."

Selene couldn't help herself after hearing that. "Gee old man did you think of that speech yourself or did your wife make it for you?"

Tonks mock glared at her. "You stole my line!"

The others started to laugh until both of them yelped in their seats when they had harmless spells hit them. "I'll have you know that I have had that little speech prepared for a while now. The first objective will be from the espionage department. We will sabotage any plans that he has developed with potential allies in different countries. I myself have concrete proof that no magical creature labeled light, dark, or gray will enter our civil war. The second objective will be to capture, interrogate, and eliminate them if they pose too great of threat."

"When do we begin?" One of the Department Heads asked.

"We will begin immediately when we receive our information." Nicholas informed the group in front of him. "The third and final objective will be to eliminate Tom Riddle. We'll let those politicians try to clean up the mess this time instead of the people having to do it."

Tidus decided to put in his two cents. "I heard that after Riddle is gone that we're taking on Dumbledore. Is this true?"

Mrs. Flamel shook her head. "No, that is something personal that only select few of us will be taking care of."

Viktor Doyle, the Head of the Espionage department was very happy at the moment. "I've been keeping tabs on old snake face for a while. It seems that he's been trying to recruit assassins from China and Japan. Lucius Malfoy and two more of his cronies are on their way over there as we speak."

"You know what to do Viktor." Nicholas said with a slight grin.

"You got it boss." He returned with his own grin and walked out of the room to direct his department to their next jobs.

"Selene, I want your department to patrol the hotspots of the most recent attacks within the last two years. You're bound to be fighting and I must express that you follow what I explained about before. Understood?" Mr. Flamel ordered.

"Yeah yeah I heard you."

He turned to his wife with glint in his eye. "What I would like you to do my darling wife is for you to work with Erika to setup the specialized detention areas, and use your research to turn the dangerous ones into muggles complete with altered minds."

Perenelle and Erika nodded as he addressed the Head of the

Medical Department. "Tidus, you know what to do for your department."

"I understand, but why is Shadow laying comatose in one of my hospital beds?" Tidus asked.

The Flamel's and Regulus cringed because that was not to be said out loud. "When he worked with Cerberus(Regulus) to destroy the Horcrux...he was forced to wear it and have a battle of wills against the soul fragment. He is suffering from magical and mental exhaustion."

Tonks looked ready to kill somebody and she was glaring at Sirius's brother. 'He is a dead man!'

"Everyone has something to do. Get to it!" Nicholas commanded.

All of the Agents present went to do their jobs, but Tonks grabbed Regulus and pushed him against the wall. "What did you do to him!?"

"Do I look like some punching bag to you? You heard it from Mrs. Flamel...the kid got impatient and put on Slytherin's necklace. I had to save his life by stabbing it with his sword." He said as he rubbed the back of his head.

She clenched her hand into a fist and thought about putting it in his stomach. "I would like to hit you, but I'm going to put that aside because I have a job to do." She said through clenched teeth and walked out of the room.

Dumbledore was not in the best of moods while holding an Order of the Phoenix meeting a week later after the last raid by Voldemort's Death Eaters. Without Remus or Tonks in the order anymore he no longer had any reliable information from the werewolves and from inside the Ministry. 'Kingsley is about as useless as Hagrid is. Although he failed me as well since he couldn't convince the Giants

to fight for the light side.'

"Do any of you have any useful information to share?" He said to everyone present.

Mad-eye grunted because he knew what was going on. "The only information that I have is that we're royally having our asses handed to us because of your inability to fight in this war! Then again this isn't a war...its more of a childish fight over a toy broom."

A few of the Order members agreed with that statement. Hestia Jones inwardly smirked because she knew the real reason why Dumbledore was having so many problems with his little band of 'weekend warriors'. 'Without Harry being here to be your little weapon...you have absolutely no idea on what to do act out your plans for the greater good.'

"Let me assure you Alastor that we are fighting a war here. Everyday that we do not get any valuable information Voldemort gains more followers to his cause."

Fred Weasley and his twin brother were bored out of their minds from listening to the babble going back and fourth. "We've been in here for two hours and we could've been in our shop thinking of new ideas for products. Is there a reason why we're here listening to this?"

Severus Snape silently agreed before Molly blew up on her two sons. "Headmaster, the Dark Lord has been setting his plans in motion for tactical strikes against multiple targets. The first target is against the muggleborns, then the Ministry, and finally where Potter has run off to."

This interested the manipulative old man. "Does he know where the boy is hiding at?"

"No, I was not informed where he is at. The Dark Lord could only

speculate about several places where he could be. If that is all I would like to return to my potions lab since it is about 8 am and I have a critical potion that needs my attention."

Dumbledore sighed heavily before pinching the bridge of his nose. "Very well we can consider this meeting closed for now."

Fred and George picked something up in the potion master's words that intrigued them. They silently followed the Head of the Slytherin house until he told them to get into his lab. "Might I inquire why you were following me?"

"We couldn't help but notice that you wanted to get out of there as quickly as we did. Also there were some things that you told Dumbledork that had spiked out curiosity." George said before his brother continued.

"You see sir; we've lost our faith in the Order since Harry disappeared. Also that the old man hasn't been telling us everything since long before his Phoenix flew the coop. We've been thinking that there's been an ulterior motive behind all of this. Kind of like that once the Dark Idiot is gone then you know that someone is going to be taking his place, and then we'll be back at war once again." Fred finished the thought.

'Who would've thought these two pranksters would actually have a shred of intellect in them.' Snape thought to himself. "I'm surprised you two have the ability to pay attention to details."

Both former Gryffindors grinned. "Well one has to pay attention to details when using the specialized skill of deception otherwise we would've set a better record of detentions we received in our time here. We were hoping that you could shine some light on what's really going on."

"Evidently...I don't have any information for you boys that you don't

already know. If you came here looking for news on Potter I cannot help you." Snape drawled on as he added another crucial ingredient to his newest test to the wolfsbane potion.

George looked at his brother with a smirk. "Professor Snape, you greatly underestimate us. This nifty little device we've created is basically a sneakoscope, but it we've modified it to a portable lie detector. As you can see it's going off."

Severus rolled his eyes as he started stirring. "Pointless trinkets do not frighten me, Messers Weasley."

"We kinda figured that, but all we're asking is to join in. Sitting here discussing what to do isn't our idea of doing things. All we're asking is for a little involvement, a better crash course in potions, and also we wanted to ask your opinion for some of the items we created that we were denied in using for this civil war." Fred followed up.

"I'll think about it, but what advantage would I get out of this?" He asked.

"Thirty percent off of any merchandise at the Weasley Wizard Wheezes!" They said together.

The Potion's Master rolled his eyes and continued to work on his potion. "Get out of my office."

"We were just joking, but just swing by the shop and we'll show you what we've developed so far."

"Fine now get out of here, and I expect you to keep this silent without being spoken about this again. Otherwise I will use your carcasses in my arcane potions. Having you two back here in this school is causing my eyebrow to twitch." Snape said as both pranksters walked out of his office with grins on their faces. 'How do I keep getting into these situations? I still blame you Potter. I really need

some sleep...'

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A/N: I would like to say that I'm sorry for taking so long to update. Due to the storms that ripped through the area and we had tornado's touchdown close to where I live, but luckily that bullet was dodged. The only thing that sucks was that my cable modem was fried yet again...and I just now got the replacement up and running. I'm not giving up on the story, but eventually this part of the story will close down soon. I'm thinking of doing a sequel to this year, but I'm still writing down ideas for it. This chapter was more of a filler then anything, but at least it's an update. The action will return in the next one as the Unspeakables will be out in full force. Hopefully it won't take me two months to get the next edition out there.

I would also like to say thanks to all of those who told me about other good fics out there. They were a really good help for inspiration. Everyday I check out when I have a chance, and still I see the worst ideas for fics out there. Some of them have promise, but I cannot stand how all of them are mostly SLASH fics! I'm sorry for those who like writing or reading those fics, but it's seriously making me think about hosting anymore stories on this website. - Sorry for the short rant.

Chapter 24: Blitzkrieg and unusual vampires.

Death Eaters were ravaging a town near Beauxbaton's. Fleur was panicking because they were getting too close to the school. She ran through the hallways until she found Belle and pulled her into an empty room. "Belle, you have to get out of here. Those people that Harry saved you from are terrorizing one of the towns just east of here."

Bellatrix (Belle) frowned greatly at this bad news, but she couldn't help it when she felt the duty to fight. "I guess I have no choice but to go after them before they come here."

"No you can't! If they come to this school then we're getting out of here immediately." Fleur said as her eyes started to narrow at her.

"Why should I run away when I can take care of myself? I'm not a child!"

The Veela hid a smile that formed on her face. "I have no doubt that you can handle yourself in a fight, but you don't want to give yourself away. Besides Harry would kill you if you did."

Before she could retort a pale green signal flared into the sky. Both of them ran over to the window to see the Dark Mark burning brightly into the cloudy night sky. "Wait there's something wrong with it...it's not supposed to be that bright or that big."

"That's what it always looks like Belle. Nothing has changed about it." She said.

Bellatrix (Belle) shook her head. "No it isn't Fleur. Someone sent that into the sky without knowing how to cast it. Kind of looks like sabotage...or an idiot to get themselves killed."

"We still have to worry about if they were planning this as a

distraction to do something else. Do you think that they would take over the school?" She asked as fires underneath the Dark Mark were slowly growing.

"If it was me I wouldn't take over this school. There's nothing really here that would be of value or strategic about this location. If anything I would rather take Hogwarts just for my own benefit...and that was one of the things that the Dark Lord was planning for this year. Damn I should've warned him about that."

Fleur turned to the former Death Eater with a questionable look on her face. "What do you mean that the school was on the things planned?"

"There's a room inside of Hogwarts that is called 'Room of Requirements'. Inside this room there is an object called a vanishing cabinet and another one inside of a shop in Knockturn Alley. If both of them are repaired then all they have to do is just simply walk in and walk out of the other one."

"That's terrible! What can be done to stop it?" She asked.

"The only way to prevent it is by completely destroying both cabinets. I never knew which shop housed the other cabinet, but I know that it's in working order." Bellatrix (Belle) said as her falcon flew in through the rafters and landed on her shoulder. She took the letter that was wrapped to its leg and recognized the handwriting from her niece.

'A. Bella,

I can't write for long since we're about to mobilize. I just wanted you to know that we're officially at war now. Harry has been having problems, but I can't get into that since it would violate the magical contract I signed. Don't be surprised if you see the Dark Mark being thrown into the air, but be wary when it does.

Toodles,

Tonks."

Fleur was wondering why the person next to her was smiling. "Good news I take it?"

"Ever since I reunited with my family, my niece can always put a smile on my face no matter what kind of foul mood I'm in. She said that they're going to war and be wary when the Dark Mark goes into the sky."

"Sounds like a riddle that makes no sense to me." She said as she crossed her arms underneath her chest.

Bellatrix (Belle) looked at the Veela. "We should find out what the Headmistress wants to do about this."

"I agree, but I still think that we should get you back to your home in Britain at least for now." She said as they walked out of the room and headed up to the office.

Meanwhile Madame Maxime was busy arguing with one of the French Ministry officials over the Floo. "IMBICILE! DO YOU NOT UNDERSTAND THAT DEATH EATERS ARE CLOSE TO THIS SCHOOL?! I HAVE STUDENTS LIVES AT STAKE HERE!"

"Madame, we are trying to do everything possible to contain this threat. For now remain inside the school and have your students take shelter."

"THIS IS PERPOSTERUS! Do you not know of the severity of these attacks or would you rather stay safe and sound behind your desk!"

"I'm sorry Headmistress, but I'm afraid that I will have to ask you to

be calm. The French Ministry of Magic is handling this situation accordingly and until we have word then I'm afraid that I will have to ask you leave it in our hands. Good bye."

Madame Maxime was so angry at this that she threw one of her crystal paperweights into the fireplace before the fire call ended. "And I hope you felt that!"

"I don't think I've seen this side of you Headmistress." Fleur joked as she and her traveling friend walked into her office.

"Miss Van Tassel and Miss Delacour...I take it that both of you overheard the conversation."

Belle (Bellatrix) decided not to beat around the bush. "I take it with you throwing objects at the fireplace that the French Ministry is as useless as the British Ministry of Magic. They would rather put more faith in their rookie Aurors then protecting anybody."

"That is exactly the problem. I need both of your help in order to fortify the school if those raggedy cloaked assassins breach the wards."

"Actually you might not need to. My niece sent me a secured letter saying that they are beginning to mobilize. Do you have an estimate value on a map of how the attacks are progressing?" The fake Dutch witch asked.

The Headmistress went into her cabinet and pulled out a map. "From what I've been able to discover only these lines have been attacked."

Fleur looked down and saw a pattern. "But these locations don't really serve any purpose."

Belle looked at the map a little further and let out a laugh. "The Death Eaters aren't coming to take over the school...it's a distraction. Look

at this letter from my niece. She said that they were beginning to mobilize and not to be surprised if the Dark Mark is in the air. Even though you didn't see it Fleur these places do have purpose. These are the dark supporter's mansions in the French Ministry of Magic!"

"Sabotage..." Madame Maxime said with a small grin.

"That actually is a terrific plan. If they make the supporters turn against that dark idiot and seek revenge." Fleur said as she gently squeezed her friend's shoulder.

"I should be out there fighting but I'm stuck here on the sidelines."

The Beauxbaton's headmistress put her hand on her shoulder. "I understand that you want to be on the frontline, but you have something that we don't. You've been there and you know how to plan on where the attacks can be."

"Thank you, but I'd still rather be fighting."

"Is this coming on to keep Pierre away from you?" Fleur teased her and received a swat on the arm for it.

The terrorist attacks continued on the Dark supporters for several more days in France. Outside one of the more famous supporter's homes around midnight...the once beautiful manor had exploded into flames and the once proud rose bushes surrounding the manor were destroyed but salvageable.

Harry had just thrown the Dark Mark into the sky over another dark supporter's house when he heard his name being called from his pocket. "I'm a little busy at the moment!" He hissed into the two way mirror as he dove behind some thick gardening to make sure nobody was pursuing him.

"You ok kid? Did you put up old snake face's insignia? Good thing I taught you how to do that now listen up whatever you get clear get your arse back to the safe house."

"I'll get there when I get there." He quickly cut off the conversation when people from inside the house came out screaming vengeance. 'I have to give the old man some credit about this mission. Hell I'm even surprised 'Aunt Perenelle' let me out of the manor to do this. Bloody hell they did arrive here! I can't escape using my special technique without setting off the alarms. When I get back there I'm going to enjoy cursing Regulus for not giving me an emergency portkey.'

Lucius Malfoy and his fellow Death Eaters walked onto the grounds to survey the damage. Quickly they were surrounded with wands pointed at their throats. He found his voice when a particular man walked through and was staring them down with cold fury in his eyes. "Jean-Pierre, we are allies..." The blonde aristocrat was quickly cut off.

"You betrayed me! You were the one who guaranteed that we would have the alliance but it was your people that attacked MY HOME! Give me one good reason why I shouldn't end your miserable life!"

"We weren't the ones who attacked you! I'm sure that we can work together to find out who did this to you." One of the rookie Death Eaters shouted.

One of the French guards pressed his wand harder against the neck of his target. "Then what do you call that above the burning manor! That is the same mark that is branded to your skin! Listening to you say to work together is making me want to end your life quicker then desert melts ice."

"We didn't attack you!" Another one of the Death Eaters yelled.

"SILENCE! Speak once more and I'll summon your vocal cords from your throat scum!" Another guard growled.

The Malfoy scion was sweating bullets as the other attacked dark supporters arrived. "So this is the wolf in sheep's clothing."

Jean-Pierre grinned at his allies. "Yes Lord Gaudin. Voldemort's little lackeys decided to go back on their treaty that we agreed on."

"I see...kill them!"

Lucius felt pure terror for the first time in his life. "My lords as I have explained before we were not the ones who attacked you. We were told to come here to discuss strategies!"

"Be thankful that we are offering you another chance to answer our question. Why did you attack us?" Curtis Bellemare snarled.

The former Quidditch captain of the Slytherin team Marcus Flint was wondering why his parents forced him into this slavery. All his life he was led to believe that the Dark Lord was the best thing to happen to the Wizarding world, but he questioned that after he was forced to kill a muggle man who begged for his life. 'What is Lucius thinking?! I'm not losing my life here because of these stupid people have the Dark Mark above their houses!'

'Damn...I didn't know that Flint had enough intelligence to get into snake face's ranks...but then again that doesn't surprise me what he let Goyle and Crabbe in there with their brain capacity as big as a pebble. Wait...who is the other blonde? She looks familiar...' Harry thought to himself.

Lucrecia DeRose thought she heard something in the bushes, but she would investigate it later. "Well? Do you have an answer for us maggot?"

"I have told you before and I will give my oath that we have not even been in this miserable nation since we were part of the initial meeting for the alliance!" Malfoy growled out for the third time.

"Miserable country you say? You think that this nation is miserable...then obviously Great Britain has it much worse with their 'pureblood' slave inbreeding. Not to mention you are branded cattle to your mudblood of a master and by this 'act' tonight...our alliance is terminated. I wouldn't bother going to any other nation begging for help in your civil war. But know this Malfoy should you or any other of the 'cattle' arrive on our doorstep...we will bury them where they stand!" Jean-Pierre yelled with Lucrecia and Lord Gaudin agreeing with him.

The Death Eaters were let go, but they couldn't apparate or use their portkeys since the wards wouldn't allow them to leave. Multiple cries of the killing curse were cast and mostly all the Death Eaters lost their lives except for Marcus Flint and Lucius Malfoy. "Only one of you will be leaving here alive. Lucrecia will decide your fates."

She walked over to both of them with a sadistic grin on her face. "Tell me Marcus...do you fear losing your life by making the wrong choice by serving the wrong master?"

Flint now knew that he was in trouble because if he says the wrong thing he would be dead. However his fellow Death Eater snarled at him. "Keep your mouth shut!"

She walked over to Lucius and backhanded him before she walked back over to her target and put her soft fingers underneath his chin. "I'm waiting for your answer."

"Yes milady."

"Very good my pet...now leave this place while I'm feeling generous. However, I will come to call in my favor from you so don't make me

chase you all over the world. Understood?" She said with a sickly sweet tone of voice.

"I understand and thank you for sparing my life." He said before he ran off before he could apparate away.

"You have ten seconds to get out of my sight Malfoy." She snarled at him and nodded to her fellow allies as he barely reached the gates. Lucius and Marcus's eyes went wide when several monsters of flame were hunting them down.

Jean-Pierre walked over to Lucrecia with his eyebrow raised at her. "Was that so unkind of you to do that to your brother?"

"He is not my brother and I suggest you drop this conversation!" She snarled as she stormed over to the bushes and spotted something on the ground. Quickly she grabbed the disillusioned person by their collar and put a blade against his throat. "You're coming with me and I will bleed you dry if you try to escape."

The unspeakable agent sighed heavily from being caught and put his hands up in the air. 'How did she know where I was?' Lucrecia took a portkey from her pocket and pressed it against his chest as it activated.

The now mortal Tom Riddle was pacing back and forth thinking of how to save his skin again from death when his thrown doors were thrown open. Without second warning he used his favorite unforgiveable curse on his slave that interrupted his plotting. "Why are you here Lucius?! Did I not send you to rally our forces?"

Lucius panted after receiving his master's curse. "My lord, we've been betrayed! When I went to Jean-Pierre's home it was destroyed with your mark floating above it. He and the alliance leaders claimed they were attacked in the same way and will bury us where we stand if we set foot onto their land from this point on."

"Interesting...very interesting...why are you the only one here?" The Dark Lord narrowed his eyes in a menacing way.

"They killed everyone quickly and they cast the 'Fiendfyre' on the two of us. I escaped but the young one didn't."

Voldemort put his slave back under Cruciatus curse for the next few minutes. "I don't appreciate it when you lie to me Lucius! I've seen the event in your head of how you sacrificed him to save your own skin." He stalked over, grabbed his arm, and pressed his wand against the Dark Mark. His yelling was like music to his ears in a sick and twisted way as the Inner circle started arriving.

Lucius limped into formation when everyone was present. The Dark Lord used the dark mark to probe the minds of his followers and his eyes narrowed at one person. "AVADA KEDVARA!" Taylor's body fell to the floor. "I will not put up with traitors! Because of this fool our former allies are out for our blood! From now on we will push forward and take over the school that Dumbledore loves so much."

"My Lord, what about Potter?" Crabbe asked.

"He is of no concern at the moment, however I have not forgotten about that annoyance. By taking Dumbledore out of the equation then I can personally end my equal's life." Voldemort smirked with a hidden agenda behind his voice.

"When do we begin?" Avery asked with every intention of using his axe on some muggles.

"We will begin the takeover of the school when the rest of our forces are freed from Azkaban."

"My Lord, how will we get into the prison?" One of the Inner Circle members asked.

Riddle's eyes narrowed dangerously at him. "Do I detect fear and doubt coming from you Goyle?"

"No...my lord..." He didn't get a chance to say anything else before he was subject to the Cruciatus curse.

"The next time you doubt me...it will be your last! We will infiltrate the prison tonight to free our brethren and should any of you fail in your task then you will be left there."

All of the Inner Circle agreed and bowed before their lord. "This is your final chance at redemption Lucius. I am growing tired of your failures and if you fail this time...you will not like what I have in store for you. Is that clear?"

"Crystal my lord." The blonde aristocrat bent down and kissed his master's robes.

"Leave!" Tom's malicious sneer came across his face as he kicked Malfoy in his face. 'None of these fools realize that I'm not only planning on breaking into the Prison, but I'm also causing the Ministry's collapse with my first distraction. The second one will be in the useless Diagon Alley, and soon the school I used to call home will collapse as well! Dumbledore has become useless but I will gladly end Potter's life on the Hogwarts grounds.'

Tonks and her team arrived back at the unspeakable safe house seven hours later after the most recent sabotage attack occurred. She immediately walked to the liquor cabinet and pulled out a bottle of firewhiskey. 'After today I need a drink...'

She didn't notice that Regulus was sitting at the table with an empty glass. "Since you're holding the bottle do you mind giving me a refill?"

"What has you down?" She asked as she filled his glass. "Are you in Selene withdrawal that much that you have to drink yourself stupid?"

"Yes I do miss her, but that's not the reason why I'm drinking. It's now ten a.m. and I haven't gotten any contact from shadow after he accomplished his mission. I have a feeling that he was captured..." He sighed heavily.

The glass that Tonks poured dropped from her hand and shattered on the floor. "Where was he assigned at?"

"He was assigned to take out Jean-Pierre Marceau's manor. When I contacted him he said that he'll get here when he gets here, but I could tell that he accomplished his mission with the flames in the background."

She cleaned up her mess and her hair was changing colors at a rapid pace. "Did you contact the bosses about this?"

"Yeah Perenelle is on her way. She said not to worry, but Marceau is one who doesn't hesitate to break people. I've dealt with him in the past and he always was around someone he called 'Gaudin'. I don't have much information about that person."

"We should go out and search for him..." She said with a worried tone in her voice and stood up to start pacing.

He got up from his chair and put his hand on her shoulder. "I know your worried about him like the overprotective sister role you've filled in for him, but you know that he can escape using his new magic technique."

She slammed her glass down rather hard on the table. "And what happens if he can't use it?"

"Either way we'll still have to wait for Perenelle to arrive. We were

under orders to finish our assignments and come back here. I want to go look for the kid to...even though Selene still wants to kill him."

A smile formed on her face when she remembered that day. "I still can't believe that you two were going at it on your desk."

"Yeah well how was I supposed to know that he was able to shadow his way through my wards." He hissed at her before pouring himself another glass of alcohol.

Before Tonks could say anything else the door to the safety house opened. She thought that it was Harry, but Perenelle and Selene walked inside. "Don't worry dear he'll be fine. Now can you put down the booze and tell me what happened?"

Seven hours prior...

Lucrecia arrived at her own safe house, pushed her hostage into a chair, and bound him to it. "I wouldn't try moving since you won't be breaking my blood runes on that chair or trying to escape from here. Even if you tried this house would enter into lockdown." She said as she secured the windows to prevent any sunlight from getting inside.

Harry knew that she was right about the lockdown, but he was hesitant to his shadow ability to escape. 'I wonder...no that's a bad idea. Don't want to give away my secret to anyone...'

She came back into the room with a glass of water and what looked like a glass of dark wine. "Since you are my hostage...why don't we begin with negotiations shall we?"

"That's funny...why bother negotiating if I'm locked in your prison cell of a flat?" His emerald eyes darkened from her words and his face became like stone.

She brushed her long golden locks behind her shoulder and took a

sip of her 'wine' while her eyes never left his. "Correct Harry Potter-Black. You are as intelligent as I've heard from my contacts."

He watched her lick her lips after taking another sip of her 'blood' red wine. "It's nice to know that my temporary warden found me in the bushes of that manor because she is a vampire."

She smiled at him as she crossed her legs. "And what makes you think that?"

"Lack of sunlight, the wine you're drinking is much darker and thicker than normal red wine, your pale complexion would mean that you lack the proteins that most people get from red meat. Do I need to continue on?" Harry said as his pupils started to become slits.

She got up from her seat and yanked down his hood. "I must commend you for figuring out what I am so quickly. I did pick up your scent at the manor only because you cut yourself in the rosebushes."

'That's it! I know who she is now!' He thought as she ran her finger down his neck and wiped away the last drop of blood before it dried then licked it off of her finger. "It must make your mouth water by tasting my blood doesn't it Lucrecia DeRose or should I say Lucrecia Malfoy?"

A predatory grin appeared on her face as she took her seat across from him and finished her drink. "There is something off about your blood, but I knew it wouldn't take you that long to figure my identity. I was once known by that last name when I was ten years old before I was bitten, and was cast out of the family by my dear older brother Lucius."

"How are you different from the other vampires?"

"I am unique because I've retained my ability to use my magic and I have most of the vampire's strengths and one weakness...the thirst. I

became immune to silver, garlic, and I'm able to survive in sunlight for a short period when I fed on a wizard who had drunk unicorn's blood not but a week prior. Normally any other magical blood would kill us, but fate was on my side when it gave me these gifts. Your blood tastes different...why is that?"

"Sorry mommy never told me to share secrets with strangers." He said with every word dripping with sarcasm.

She walked over and grabbed his face forcefully. "If the vampire nation didn't have a truce treaty with the Veela community then maybe I would turn you just for that comment, however your girlfriend ensured that I can't since the two of you bonded. I do have other ways of making you talk, Harry."

He raised his eyebrow at his captor. "Resorting to torture? Remind me to make a complaint to the parole board."

Lucrecia went into her pocket and threw a packet of powder into his eyes. Almost immediately it started working and the pain was getting intense quickly. "If you want the pain to go away then just say what I want."

Harry wished he had better pain tolerance because his eyes were very sensitive. He was squinting his eyes to hope that his tears would take the powder out. 'I wasn't prepared for this! Merlin this burns so bad!'

"Very clever to use your tears to flush out the irritant, but this special powder reacts the same when flour is added to water. Give it up before it turns into a paste and you only have about a minute before it happens."

His tears were not helping since it only intensified. "I have 1000 year old Basilisk venom and Phoenix tears in my bloodstream."

She grabbed the glass of water from the table and cleaned out his eyes. "Your vision should return to you in a couple moments and thank you for the information. As good faith I will release you from your bindings, but you won't be able to leave this place until after the sun has gone down."

"I thought you could stand the sunlight or was it a lie to just taste my blood?"

"Get over it and make yourself comfortable while I go to sleep. Don't try to look through my things because they've been secured in our branch of Gringotts in Paris." She said as she released him from her blood rune bond.

'Great not only am I stuck here with this weird vampire, but I can't escape. Hell I can't even do anything to keep myself amused until sundown.' He thought as he sat down on her couch and started meditating.

Lucrecia grinned from her window as she sealed the envelope and attached it to her owl's leg. She watched it take to the skies before she crawled underneath her blankets. 'I wonder how long it will be before he cracks from boredom...'

--Present Time--

Perenelle was not in the best of moods when she arrived at the French safe house to see two of her agents drinking heavily. "Drinking on the job are we?" She said with a sickly sweet voice and glared at Regulus for drinking out of the bottle.

Quickly Tonks and Sirius's brother tried to hide their drinks and look innocent as possible. "It's tea ma'am." He said even as he received an elbow to his ribs.

"Do I really look dumb to believe that is tea in your cup? I highly

doubt that especially when I can smell the alcohol on your breath. It seems that you're a team member light...was shadow compromised?"

"I think so ma'am. The last time I talked to the kid he bit my head off saying 'I'm a little busy at the moment' and that was nearly seven hours ago."

She smacked the glass out of his hand and the sound of shattering glass sobered him up. "And all you did was sit here getting drunk instead of piecing together clues to where he was captured? You're both very lucky that I just don't wipe your minds of ever being in our department!"

Tonks hung her head and quietly poured out her glass into the sink. "I'll start searching ma'am."

"You're not in any shape to begin searching so do yourself a favor and sit down." She went into her pocket, pulled out two vials of sobering potion, and put them on the table. "I'll handle this alone while you two clear your heads."

Regulus winced at her tone and downed one of the vials. "Perenelle wait! Someone just tripped the wards..."

All three of them took out their wands and waited for the intruders to walk in. When the door opened the male was shot down by three stunners and the female smirked. "Was that really necessary Mrs. Flamel?"

"Who are you and how did you know where this place was located!"

She raised her eyebrow at him. "Put your wand away before you'll have it sheathed up your arse."

Tonks kept her wand out and revived 'shadow'. "Kiddo?"

He rubbed his head where a lump was forming where his head hit the door jam. "Remind me when I get a place of my own to greet all of you the same way. You could've warned me that they were going to attack."

Lucrecia grinned. "And ruin the surprise?"

Harry glared at her and muttered 'bitch' underneath his breath and was rewarded with a slap to the back of his head. "Everyone this is my capturer Lucrecia DeRose formerly Malfoy."

Regulus's legs felt pretty sluggish and had to sit down after hearing her name. 'I'm so dead...why can't fate ever be on my side?'

Perenelle helped her charge into a chair and started examining his wound. "Good to see you Lucrecia it's been far too long since the last time we met."

"It has been too long, and don't worry about finding any bite marks on the kid. We have a lot to discuss about your terrorist acts..."

A/N: It's been a while since I've updated...since July actually. I'm not pleased with this chapter so I will be going back through this and making changes/additions when I get the chance. Also I'm still working with my beta readers on getting the last few chapters done and everything should be done with that so hopefully I can get back on track with what I originally had designed for this story.

Lately I haven't been able to find the time to write with my niece being born, personal issues, and the dreaded writer's block that I'm dealing with right now. The story will be ending soon with the final battle coming up with Voldemort and the fall of Dumbledore. More Harry and Fem Blaise will be making their appearance soon so hopefully I can get my muse going to close this out. Thanks again for

reading and I'll get started once again shortly...hopefully it won't take another three months to get another chapter done.

Chapter 25: Branded...

Lucrecia surveyed everyone inside the safe house and was not pleased. "Perenelle if these are your most respected agents then I'm not impressed. At least he put up a decent fight until he was caught." She said as she picked off some non-existent dust from her robes. "So far the tactics you've all been using are effective but Voldemort has spies everywhere. All I can hope is that the end of this civil war doesn't alert the muggles about our world. It will be a slaughter much worse than the American Salem witch trials."

Tonks looked very skeptical at this new woman with a raised eyebrow. "You honestly believe that we would be hunted down? We can blend into the local population without raising suspicion." She was interrupted when Harry snorted. "And just what is so damned funny?"

"Since when have you been able to blend in with you tripping over your own feet and turning your hair every color under the sun?" He quickly stopped laughing when he was slapped behind his head.

Perenelle smiled but quickly vanished when she turned her attention to the vampire. "I agree with you Lucrecia when the muggles find out about our world except for the select few that do...this would be an even bigger event than World War II. This could be just one outcome and the future is never written in stone."

"But that doesn't mean that we should ignore this threat either. I have seen it through my travels and through prophecies that another war will break out. The muggles have much more advanced weaponry that would exterminate us."

Regulus had to venture his opinion. "Alright that's only one possible outcome and that is a big if the muggles find out."

Harry grew very bored over the next hour listening to the pointless bickering. "Are you old people going to be complaining about 'what

ifs and contingency plans' about things that haven't happened yet? I thought the plan for now was taking one power infatuated figurehead at a time down?"

All three adults glared at the young lord while his surrogate sister coughed to hide her snickering. She gave him thumbs up and received a smack to the back of her head. "What was that for?! He said it not me!"

"You encouraged him, but he's right. Stopping Riddle is only the first and then Dumbledore is next. Now you young man have five minutes to get some rest before we use the portkey back to the Department of Mysteries." Perenelle said and smacked him upside his head. "That was for calling me old."

Lucrecia shared a small smirk and immediately scowled she caught Regulus looking at her. "I'm way out of your league Black."

He rolled his eyes at her comment. "More like I'm not into necrophilia." He muttered underneath his breath and earned himself a well deserved punch in the face.

Tonks yawned rather loudly. "So what's the next plan since we royally put a dent in the dark idiot plans? He's got no allies so he's all alone besides the Death Eaters."

"Knowing that moron he's going to try an all out offensive. The ministry is weak and it would royally piss off Dumbledore if he was beaten on his own ground. Must you yawn? It's contagious." Sirius's brother said while yawning.

Harry rolled his eyes and laid his head down on the table to get some sleep. 'I wonder what Blaise is up to? I haven't gotten a post from her in a while.'

The vampire raised her eyebrow when she looked over at him. She

walked over and pressed his head a little harder against the wooden furniture. "You had all that time when I held you captive to get some rest, but you were stubborn thinking that I would give your neck a new hickey."

"Damn...I guess I'll never find out what my blood type is. I thought you were the best guinea pig for the job and you let me down."

Regulus burst out laughing and quickly grabbed his head when Perenelle smacked him. "You two need to sober up immediately, and what did I tell you about being a smartass?"

"Better then being a dumbass." Harry said with a grin.

"On second thought Mrs. Flamel I will go with you to keep this one in line." Lucrecia said while extending her fangs at him.

He continued to grin and used his sister's technique to change his two canine teeth into fangs. "Is extending your fangs and hissing like a cat the best you can do? I guess being a vampire isn't as glamorous as people think."

Before he was beaten to a pulp by the angry woman they were separated by Tonks and Perenelle. "This is why Nicholas and I didn't have children..." She said as she felt a headache come on.

"I thought the Philosopher stone was the reason why you didn't have children but then again six hundred years ago they didn't have the muggle sport of golf since they were too busy trying to run away from the black plague..." Harry said before the wards went off.

Regulus swore under his breath and took a pair of omnioculars out of his pocket. "Is the portkey ready? Fenrir Grayback is coming with fifteen of his pack. He must be recruiting..."

"There isn't much that he can do since its mid afternoon and the

full-moon isn't for another week." Tonks informed them.

The vampire snatched the omnioculars from Sirius's brother and looked at the pack. "The people with him ...they're lycans. They don't need the full moonlight to transform and they are more dangerous than the common werewolf. We've been at blood war with these things for centuries, and if you don't leave then all of you will be turned."

Meanwhile outside of the safe house, Fenrir smelled something in the air and he broke out into a feral grin. "It seems that we have some fresh blood to spill."

Before he could take off to quench his blood lust, he was grabbed by the Lycan alpha male and thrown against a thick tree. "You do nothing without my approval!"

"We should satisfy the thirst that is driving us! Can you not feel the fear in the air? Can't you not feel the blood that is calling to us!?" Fenrir growled at the pack leader. "You deny us our birthright?!"

Damien Bourne's pack circled around the werewolf. The alpha grinned and backhanded his opponent to the ground. "Only the born purebloods like us have privileges to continue our clan by turning those who show the will to accept it. You on the other hand were turned and follow in the same ranks as common rabid dogs! The wizards and vampire that are in that shack will be leaving in the next few moments, and the next time you even think about challenging me again you will die. DO YOU UNDERSTAND!?" Damien roared with fury as his pure amber eyes bore holes into Grayback's head.

His pride took a major hit and bowed his head to the stronger alpha. 'I will kill you when you least expect it.' He thought as he assumed his role back in the pack.

"Capture the humans and do not touch the vampire. I will deal with

her by myself!" Damien roared as they ran to the safe house.

Perenelle saw them charge and she knew they had to get away very quickly. She tapped Harry on the shoulder and gave him a silent order to evacuate. She grabbed Lucrecia's shoulder and they disappeared in a swirl of white mist. Harry ran forward and grabbed Tonks and Regulus's shoulders as the Lycan's burst in through the doors and walls.

Damien burst in through the window and snarled when he saw three people in gray cloaks disappear into black smoke. 'A mage here? It seems like Grayback will pay for his master's betrayal after I have to inform the elders.' He walked out of the shack and knocked Fenrir out. "Diezen and Caplin send this dog back to his master in a box."

His two pack mates grinned while they dragged their captive away by his wrists. "So what do you think... rocks, mud, and asphalt before he's put into the box?" Adrian Diezen asked his friend.

"Nice choices the rocks will break the skin, while the asphalt will infect the wound, while the mud closes the wound when it dries. I think we need to add some debris like wood, sewage, glass, garbage, and salt."

"I like that and we should see if there is anything rusty on the ground too." He grinned.

Damien rolled his eyes at his two sadistic members of his pack. 'There's something wrong with those two but it will take too long to figure them out...even after fifty years. The scents in this room are 4 magical human and one vampire, but her scent seems familiar. Where have I gotten that scent from? Blonde hair strands on the floor...Lucrecia DeRose. This is not going to sit well if the vampires are siding with the humans to swarm their numbers.' He pinched the bridge of his nose before addressing the rest of his pack. "Burn the shack down and we'll begin our hunt."

Back at Hogwarts, things haven't been progressing as Dumbledore had hoped. Ever since his blunder with Harry's arrest he had been trying to sort out a new target to take his place, but Neville Longbottom was refusing any acceptance of power or knowledge. 'Damn his grandmother for giving him a backbone. Now who can I get to become my next pawn to take down Voldemort? Weasley is too much of a hot head to take this task seriously. The only thing on that boy's mind is fame and fortune, but I would only use him as a complete last resort. Tom's attacks are becoming much more random as of late, and I still haven't found any leads of where his Horcruxes are.' He thought during one of his pointless staff meeting.

The rest of the staff except for Severus kept going on about constant complaints that would never be corrected. The potion's master rolled his eyes and kept checking the time on his watch. 'Idiots the lot of them...nobody cares about broomsticks and book selections for the next year when this one isn't even close to being finished yet!'

"Do you have something that you wish to mention Professor Snape?" Professor Sinistra asked with a very small grin on her face.

He narrowed his eyes at his disguised enemy's former fiancée. "No I have nothing that I wish to discuss other than the fact that it is too quiet around here without Potter causing some sense of stupidity in this castle."

Minerva McGonagall couldn't hide the smirk on her face after hearing his statement. "Severus, you actually miss Potter being here? Has anybody else had that sudden feeling that the end of the world is about to commence?"

The other teachers laughed when he glared at the Head of Gryffindor. "Well I will conclude this meeting so we can all enjoy the Gryffindor vs. Slytherin Quidditch match." Dumbledore said with his usual twinkle in his eye. "Severus, would you stay behind for just a

moment?"

The Potion's master mentally rolled his eyes and addressed his boss. "Was there something you wanted Headmaster?"

"Have you heard anything regarding Potter? Longbottom has been refusing to take up leadership against Riddle." He asked.

"I am no longer in favor of being in the inner circle anymore and I've told you this many times already."

Dumbledore put his hand to his chin in thought before popping one of his tainted lemon drops into his mouth. "What is the status of Miss Zabini's relationship with Potter?"

"I keep my business out of my student's affairs. Is there anything else that you wanted to speak to me about? My students need a last minute coaching advice before the match." Snape lied through his teeth.

Albus raised his eyebrow at his employee before answering. "What have I told you and Minerva about gambling on these matches? I'm not putting up with these childish acts anymore. You may leave."

Meanwhile down at the Quidditch pitch the students gathered to watch the 2nd meeting of Gryffindor vs. Slytherin. Blaise wasn't in the best of moods when Daphne and Millicent dragged her to cheer on their house team. 'There really is no point of being here unless Harry is playing. He at least made it interesting...'

"How long are you going to be fantasizing about your loverboy in those hideous red and gold Quidditch robes?" Daphne teased her best friend.

A few of the other Slytherin girls who knew about their relationship laughed when she glared at all of them. "I certainly wouldn't mind if

they were silver and green." She admitted out loud.

Millicent shook her head. "You really fell for him hard...the fates must've cursed us to have a friend who later turned out to be a fangirl."

Sally-Anne Perkins grinned at the sarcasm. "I don't think that she's a fangirl Millie. More like a recently obsessed stalker who likes to prove that all the other fangirls don't stand a chance with her."

"I am a prefect does not make me a stalker."

"There's a difference?" Tracy Davis commented before choking on her butterbeer from the glare that could melt ice she received.

"Why is all of your attention on me? Shouldn't you be drooling over that puff you daydream about?" Blaise sneered at Davis.

On the other side of the stands the Death Eater juniors watched their fellow classmate with narrowed eyes. "So when are we going to act Nott?" Goyle grunted as the Ravenclaw chaser scored.

Theodore Nott looked over at Crabbe, Goyle, Parkinson, and Harper. "Don't worry much about my plan. I'll let you know when we will act."

Pansy scoffed at him. "And you don't think that we should know about this idea of yours?"

Darrin Harper sneered at the idiotic blonde. "Idiot. The less people that know about it then you have a much higher rate of success."

She scowled darkly at him and started looking around for her blonde aristocrat up in the air. 'Why didn't you join our side Draco? Have you not shamed your father enough, but you still have that cute bum that I like though.'

The resident Potion's Master was grinning mentally with the amount of galleons that would be lining his pockets when his Quidditch team was about to win. 'With the amount that I'm about to win I'll be able to restock some of the ingredients in my private storage. Flitwick still hasn't learned and that cup will return to my office. Those idiots don't know that the bronze inside acts as a stabilizer for the rarest potions. I can't believe that I have to thank Potter for giving me the chance to gain a new level of achievement in the Potion Master's Guild.'

Professor Flitwick was rocking back and fourth on his soap box hoping for his seeker to get the snitch to save his reputation. 'I never should have put in a second year as the seeker...so much for getting Severus to grade all my test papers for the year.'

The Slytherin crowd watched in anticipation as Malfoy elbowed the Ravenclaw seeker in the ribs and snagged the golden snitch. 'Playing this sport isn't even a challenge anymore. Sadly enough I have to admit to myself that I want Potter back here...at least things were interesting.'

The blonde seeker liked the attention he was receiving but he was not looking forward to being groped by his annoying fangirl when the party started. Unfortunately he felt a pair of arms wrap themselves around his midsection. "Get off me Pansy."

"You should be used to this Draggie. Our families already agree to the arranged marriage agreement so you're stuck with me." She said with a predatory grin.

'And that's another reason why I hate my father with a passion. Why Parkinson of all people?! I wouldn't care what girl it was as long as she was a witch...although I prefer brunettes compared to blondes. She sure as hell is no trophy wife. Not all the muggle plastic surgery could fix that.' He thought as he pried her hands off of him and slammed the locker room door shut behind him.

Blaise shook her head when she saw the rest of the Slytherin team head to the showers. "I almost pity Malfoy."

"Why would you feel sorry for him?" Sally-Anne asked as the group of Slytherin girls were walking down the long trek back to their common room.

"Because anybody who would be forced to marry her would end up needing their memories removed. Imagine what the kids would look like." Millicent shuddered at the thought.

"Thanks for the mental images Bulstrode." One of the Ravenclaw purebloods said as they passed them.

Throughout the next five hours the 3 school houses at Hogwarts had to endure the Slytherin's tormenting about their win during dinner that night. Blaise was practically getting sick and tired of her house boasting about the Quidditch match like rabid five-year-olds. "I'm going back to the common room. I'll see you guys there."

Her friends watched her go and returned their conversations. Draco put down his utensils and got up from the table until Pansy grabbed his forearm. "Would you let go of me!" He hissed at her.

"Where do you think you're going?"

"Since when are you keeping track of my moments? Merlin knows when you're going to start bottling my bodily fluids next." He said before walking out of the Great Hall.

Pansy glared at everybody who was laughing at her embarrassment. 'I'm going to kill him after the marriage contract has been signed...'

The Malfoy Heir silently fumed as he exited the secret passage to enter the Slytherin common room. He saw Blaise sitting in front of the

fireplace staring at the resonating flames. "I know you miss Potter but you shouldn't be so obvious to show it to everyone."

"What do you want? Shouldn't you be with Parkinson right now?" She said without even turning to acknowledge him.

He walked over and sat down next to her on the couch. "Don't remind me about that poor excuse of a witch. Listen I want you to be careful and watch your back. I have a feeling that you'll be used to draw Potter out of wherever he is right now."

"And how do I know that you're telling me this out of good faith Draco?"

He unbuttoned the cuffs on his shirt and showed her his unmarked forearms. "I wasn't initiated because I rejected my Father's way of being a slave to a mass murderer. He was going to sell my mother into prostitution just to continue funding the Dark Idiot's war."

Hearing this information actually was a shock to her. "If this is true then why didn't your father disown you?"

"I'm under the guardianship of my godfather so he cannot disown me without suffering someone's wrath. Although if he did disown me then that would certainly cause his aristocratic pureblood status to plummet in the rankings. I've known you since we were kids and I have a feeling that something might happen tonight. Like I said...watch your back from now on and keep a group with you just in case." He said as he buttoned his sleeves again.

"If I didn't know any better I would say that you've changed, but I know there's a hidden agenda."

He smirked at her. "Let's just say that I owe Potter a favor and consider this a repayment of that debt."

She raised her eyebrow before a smirk appeared on her face. "You do know that doesn't have anything to do with it. What did he do for me to get this charity?"

He sneered at her as he got up from the couch and levitated a few more logs into the fireplace. "Potter legally annulled my parent's marriage and he brought her back into the Black family where he can protect her as his charge. Who said that it was charity?"

"When Harry and I get married you are not calling me 'mum'."

Draco looked like he was about to choke on his own spit. "I'm not even going to dignify myself in coming up with a witty remark for that statement. I guess we should be ready for the party that will take place in less than five minutes."

Blaise looked at her watch and sighed. "Oh yes a good way to waste time and beliefs in other Quidditch matches. I'm going to just stay in my dorm while everybody else gets drunk enough to pass out."

Later on that night, Blaise was getting incredibly bored from doing all of her homework assignments while her friends were trying to drag her out of the dorm. She was worried since she hasn't heard from Harry in a long while. 'If he doesn't get back to me soon I will begin hunting him down and won't let him leave my sight!'

She walked out of her dorm and proceeded to leave the common room to begin her prefect duties. Instead of patrolling the first floor and the dungeons she decided to go up to the 7th floor to begin her rounds. As she was rounding one of the corridors she heard voices coming from the direction of the Room of Requirement. As she was approaching the doorway she heard a loud argument that didn't sound like students voices. Not wanting to go in blindly she took out her wand and sent out a small flare spell to attract the attention of the Head Boy and Girl. 'Something isn't right here...'

After a few minutes of waiting the prefect students approached the Slytherin prefect. "What's going on that you called us up here Blaise?" Head Girl Cho Chang asked.

"I've been hearing multiple voices inside the Room of Requirement and pardon me if I didn't want to go in blindly." She remarked. It was obvious that she didn't particularly like Chang for toying with Harry's emotions for the last two years.

"What kind of voices were you hearing?" One of the Hufflepuff prefects asked.

"While my house was continuing to celebrate in their Quidditch win I decided to start my rounds starting on the 7th floor and working my way down. I thought to investigate the voices and I called all of you here."

The Head Boy nodded and rubbed the non-growing stubble on his chin. "Good idea but keep your wands out. The Ravenclaw's and one Hufflepuff volunteer will come with us into the room. Meanwhile I want you three to get your head of house up here immediately."

When the three extra prefects went to do their jobs everybody but Blaise shared a glance before storming into the Room of Requirement. Blaise was very uncomfortable being stuck in front of the group, but she did her job anyway. "Wands down and turn around slowly!"

The four unknown people raised their hands and quickly turned their wands on the students. "Put your wand down little girl. You're poorly outnumbered." One of them said as he showed his bone white mask covering his face.

Shock and fear were the only emotions that made her eyes wide. 'HOW DID THEY GET IN HERE!?'

Alecto and Amycus Carrow removed their masks and flashed their rotting teeth at the half-Veela. "The Dark Lord will be very pleased at getting Potter's lover." Alecto sneered.

Blaise didn't like where this was going, but she felt a wand at the base of her neck. She turned her head and saw her fellow students sneered with their wands pointed at her as the polyjuice potion started wearing off. Her eyes narrowed as Cho Chang turned back into Pansy Parkinson and the other Death Eater children resumed their normal appearances. "What's the matter Zabini? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Of course you would since we have them in the school idiot." She snarled at her. Her emotions were getting the best of her and in her opposite hand she could feel intense heat building in the palm of her hand.

Theodore Nott felt his father take off his mask and put his hand on his son's shoulder. "Good work my son, and the Dark Lord is expecting us."

"Yes Father. Do us a favor Zabini and surrender because you're impossibly outnumbered. Without Potter here you're weak."

The heat from her hand grew into a fireball and she threw it at Amycus. The Death Eater was unprepared as her robes burst into flames. Blaise quickly fired off a spell to that painfully knocked out Goyle Jr. that was blocking the door. She heard several spells being shot at her and she was lucky that the Cruciatus curse just grazed by her hair. 'Damn that was close! I have to hide somewhere to stall.'

She dove behind some useless trash to avoid more spells and curses. "Come out Zabini! You can't hide forever!" Pansy barked out.

Crabbe really didn't have any real instinct when it came to firing spells in school, but his fellow Slytherin classmates were shocked to

see him casting the levitation spell on useless junk to hover over Zabini's location and cancelled the spell. "Since when did you ever have any talent for spell work?" Nott asked as he was thinking of a quick strategy to flush their target out.

Vincent Crabbe grunted in response as he continued his assault until Blaise shot a spell directly at his wand and exploded in his hand. He grunted louder as the splinters dug into his skin, but it didn't stop him from grabbing loose items and throwing them at the pile.

Nott Sr. was getting tired of this child play but he had to dodge an exploding spell. He quickly got back to his feet and heard creaking. The large pile of broken trunks fell down directly on top of him. Theodore saw red when he saw his father get buried. "Parkinson and Crabbe get around this shit and take her down!"

Amycus Carrow and her brother followed their own plan, but she wanted her revenge for her destroyed ceremonial black robe that her master gave her. 'That bitch will pay dearly! Nobody tries to set me on fire!'

Blaise knew that she was losing ground quickly when she threw another fireball only this one was made out of the hottest flames that appeared in her hand directly into the mask of Alecto Carrow. She banished the screaming Death Eater into the wall and fired off multiple stunners at Parkinson and at the other Carrow. Quickly she looked around and had to run as the pile of junk in front of her started toppling over. Without stopping to duck for cover she sprinted to the door.

Theodore smirked because he knew that would be her next objective. He and Pansy surprisingly worked together as a team. She fired off a tripping spell and a mild pain curse while he fired off an exploding curse that blocked her path to the doorway.

'Damn it! He knows I'm trying to get out of here!' Quickly she started

banishing some of the old junk in the way of the spells coming right at her as she was trying to find another way of getting out of this room.

Crabbe was pissed and very hungry. Without his wand he was nothing more than a common muggle, but he wanted to make his father proud by completing his objective by capturing Potter's girlfriend. He ran over to barely alive Alecko Carrow and took note that his mask had completely melted to his face. He grabbed his wand and started fired off pain curses that his Father taught him at his target.

The Zabini heiress was slightly relieved as she found a way around the broken garbage and was within reach of the door handle. Just as she gripped the door handle her vision started going dark and slumped to the floor completely unconscious.

The Death Eater children and Amicus Carrow sneered as they approached their unconscious target. "Wake that fool up and bring her to the cabinet. The Dark Lord grows impatient with you screwing around!"

Pansy rolled her eyes and revived the other gorilla. "Since you're so weak and slacking you can carry her."

He grunted in disgust and did as he was told. 'Merlin I hate that bitch.' He picked up Blaise and slung her over his shoulder like a ragdoll. 'I think Draco is going to go insane when the arranged marriage begins next year. I feel sorry that he has to produce an heir with her.' He thought as he followed his friend Crabbe and the annoying pug-faced girl through the vanishing cabinet.

Amicus walked over to her brother and she noticed that he was barely breathing. "Sorry dear brother of mine, but you have become dead weight. I'll see you in hell...AVADA KEDVARA!" The sickly green spell shot out of her wand and struck her brother in the chest. She held a deep grudge against him since he was the primary

reason why they were caught and thrown into Azkaban.

Theodore never really held any real love for his father since his mother's death, but even he deeply wanted his father to die by his hand. 'You deserved this old man. It was because of you that my mother died, and you don't deserve to be buried next to her.'

The last Carrow grabbed Nott's shoulder and directed him to the cabinet. "He died because he was weak. You will be rewarded with the Dark Lord's mark and carry out his orders."

Lord Voldemort was very frustrated when he received Fenrir Grayback's head in a box. 'Damned fool! He deserved a worse fate than a beheading!' His brooding was interrupted by Amycus Carrow and the children of his slaves except for Draco Malfoy. "You are traveling light Carrow..."

She dropped to her knees before her master. "I beg for your forgiveness my lord, but my brother and Nott fell behind. We have brought the girl here."

It had been a while since his brooding mood but he went inside of his robes and pulled out his wand. A dark grin full of malice appeared on his face and put the Death Eater in front of him under the Cruciatus curse. "You killed your brother and didn't lift a finger to save Nott Sr. You are lucky that your mission was successful. Take her downstairs into the dungeon."

She whimpered and did as she was ordered to do. "All of you have proven your worth to work as a team. Step fourth and bare your forearms in pride as you bestow my mark." The Dark Lord stated.

"We bind ourselves to your cause milord and forever will the mudbloods shudder in fear of your wrath." They all repeated in unison as they presented their unblemished forearms to their new

slave driver. All of them admired the dark mark before bowing their heads.

"Go back to that wretched school before you are discovered to be missing. No doubt that fool Dumbledore has been notified."

"Milord, what about Zabini? We're not going to witness her be tortured?" Pansy asked.

Lord Voldemort narrowed his eyes at the young Death Eater. "CRUCIO! YOU DARE QUESTION ME PARKINSON!" He released the unforgivable curse after a minute.

She struggled to get to her feet and her breathing correct. "I-i-i'm sorry milord."

"Get this weakling out of my sight." Riddle snarled as he sat back down in his throne like chair as his new recruits dragged her out. 'Now what shall I do with my prisoner...I'm not going to kill her but how and when can I draw Potter out of hiding...ahh yes that will do nicely. Killing two birds with one Avada Kedvara curse by drawing out Potter and Dumbledore at the same time.'

Meanwhile a very cold chill ran up Harry's spine...

A/N: Yes it's been a long time and a lot of things have been delaying me from finishing this chapter. The story will be ending within 2 or maybe 3 more chapters, and I cannot give any of you a definite answer when the next chapter will be coming out. Personal issues are big factors and not to mention jobs getting in the way. I'll go back through the last few chapters and figure out what corrections need to be made. Also thanks for the support and I'll start writing soon. (I think I might have rushed this one but at least it's up there...)

Chapter 26: Narrow escape...

Augustus Rookwood smirked with satisfaction at the accomplishment of the newly marked Death Eaters. He walked over and put his hand on the Nott heir's shoulder. "You have done well. The Dark Lord is very pleased with your success of capturing Potter's girlfriend to us. Now he will come to us begging us to spare her life and then we will dispose of him just like his parents."

Lord Voldemort glared at his servant and he slowly slid his wand out of his sleeve. "You will dispose of Potter?"

Underneath his mask he suddenly felt cold as he turned around. "No, I would never...AHHHH!"

Theodore Nott slowly shook his head as he watched the former unspeakable agent thrash around violently on the floor from the Dark Lord's favorite curse. 'Evidently the intelligence level has fallen if you say that in the open with him standing behind you...idiot.'

Riddle turned his ruby slitted eyes to his newest slave. "Go to the dungeons and make sure that our 'guest' is secured but not harmed."

"As you wish." He bowed and left the room to head down to the dungeons. He really didn't pay any attention to the other masked Death Eaters watching him as he walked by until he reached his destination. When he walked inside he saw Pansy Parkinson was already there screaming and taunting their unconscious prisoner. 'I think she can kill with that banshee yelling of hers. Maybe one of their kind had the unfortunate mishap of mating with a pug and she was the result...'

"Zabini, you chose the wrong side when you agreed to be Potter's girlfriend." She brought her hand back and slapped her across the face.

She was about to strike Blaise again when Nott grabbed her wrist. "The Dark Lord does not want her harmed so if you actually used that empty muscle inside of that skull of yours you would put your hand down and walk away."

"It's her fault that Draco won't even look in my direction anymore!"

'I can't blame him.' He rolled his eyes and walked into Zabini's cell and bound her wrists into the medieval iron cuffs and adjusted the length of chain accordingly so she would be able to move but not escape. "First off Parkinson she has done nothing to sabotage your relationship with Malfoy. The second reason is because you're nothing more than an obsessed fangirl who has the delight of having a signed marriage agreement with him. Everything else you've done on your own."

Pansy was ready to go off on her fellow Slytherin the door to the dungeons opened and three of the inner circle members entered. "The two of you are to report to the Dark Lord's chamber along with the two others. Do not stray from your path now move."

'Well well he does have a brain that make him talk in more than grunts.' Lucius raised an eyebrow from underneath his mask as Crabbe spoke without stuttering. "Well now Gentlemen I believe we have a prisoner to interrogate. It is such a pity that her pureblood has been tainted by a mere half-breed."

Meanwhile inside Riddle's chamber the four young Death Eaters knelt down and kissed the hems of the mortal half-blood. "You have done well in your assignment, but you were late to accomplishment." He stated as he tapped his wand on the arm of his chair. "However, I am willing to allow that to slide for the moment. Your next task is to bring the mudblood Granger to be interrogated and I want young Draco here as well."

"My lord, I heard that he does not share in you ideals. Are you sure

that it's wise to bring him here when his father would simply allow him to get away?" Goyle asked in a rare moment of intelligence.

'His father is a complete mindless idiot...must've gotten this change of intelligence from his mother.' Voldemort raised a non-existent eyebrow at the boy. "His father knows better and are you questioning my orders?"

"I am not questioning you I want to know more about the truth behind our objectives." He said while bowing.

"CRUCIO!" Riddle bellowed and narrowed his ruby eyes at the four of them. "Never doubt my orders or you will pay a significant price! Leave!"

Crabbe helped his friend to his feet as they left the room. Once they left the Riddle Manor they were stopped by two more Death Eaters who handed them a portkey. "This will take you four to Hogsmeade remember to take off the robes before using it. We won't break you out of Azkaban."

The four Slytherin Students grabbed the portkey and left the area a swirl of colors. Crabbe and Goyle landed hard on the ground with loud grunts escaping their mouths while Pansy and Nott landed lightly on their feet. "Gee what do we do now oh fearless leader?" She remarked sarcastically.

His eyebrow twitched as he clenched his teeth. "Obviously take off the robes that prove that we're Death Eaters, get back into the school undetected, and play ignorant of where we were. Did you understand that or did you want me to explain it to you again?"

Crabbe cracked a grin at the glare he was receiving. "Better hurry."

"I agree. Now follow me...keep silent and stay to the shadows. Got that Parkinson?" He sneered as they began their trek to one of the

hidden tunnels that lead inside the castle.

Professor Snape was not pleased as he stalked the hallways. 'Somehow I believe that this is karma coming back at me for something that Potter has cursed me with. I was enjoying my time brewing one of the rare potions inside the book he gave me and five of my students were not in their common room. When I find them and if they're excuse are not good enough I will make curse them into thinking their muggles!'

He turned down one of the corridors where he heard Parkinson's annoying voice. He smirked as he stalked up behind them and lit his wand. "Now tell me why you four are missing from the Slytherin common room?"

Theodore Nott cursed his luck. "Good evening Professor Snape. We decided to head down to the Hogs Head to get more drinks for everyone since we were running low."

"Do you take me for a fool?" He quickly snatched his student's forearm and pulled the sleeve back to see the branding mark staring back at him. Fury surged in his veins and he narrowed his eyes at them. "My office now!" He hissed at them as he took out his wand.

"But Professor...we're quite tired from our task..."

Snape was not in the mood for foolish antics. He took out his wand and cursed them without hesitation. "Topsy!"

A house elf appeared in front of the Slytherin head of house. "You called for Topsy?"

"Yes, would you take these fools down to my office and make sure they are secured by your magic." He ordered. Topsy bowed before him and vanished with the four students with a snap of her fingers.

He was going to vent his frustration out on somebody as he walked out of the corridor and was stopped by one of the prefects. 'God damn Gryffindors always find me! Something else I'm blaming on you Potter!'

"Professor Snape, I need you to come with me into the Room of Requirements." Hermione panted as she was catching her breath.

"Why would I be going up there with you Granger?"

"All of the Prefects have been called out to investigate a noise that Blaise said that she heard coming from one of the seventh floor corridors. She went ahead and we haven't found her. I went in and searched around when I found this." She handed him the enchanted notebook that she carried with her. "This was her notebook that she spoke to Harry with."

He raised his eyebrow and cast privacy spells around them. "What did you find in there?"

"I found two dead Death Eaters. One of them had their mask melted to his face, and the other was killed from what I saw. Professor, I think that Blaise was brought to Voldemort in order to draw Harry out."

He pinched the bridge of his nose and sighed. "Very well Granger, if this is a way that she kept in contact with him and see if he responds. Tell him not to do anything stupid, and meanwhile play ignorant while I do an investigation on my own. Is there any others in there?"

"Professor Flitwick, Sinistra, and McGonagall are the only ones allowed in the room. They gave us instructions to continue our rounds like normal while they handled this, but Professor Sinistra told me to come find you."

"Very well and remember to keep this quiet. Get in touch with Potter

and inform me what he says." He said before walking away. 'I don't care if they are my students they will suffer two fold once Potter hears about this.'

Meanwhile at the Flamel Manor...Harry was pacing back and fourth trying to figure out why he had that sold rush go up his spine. 'I have a bad feeling that something happened. Lucrecia is starting to get on my nerves ever since we escaped the Lycans.'

Tonks came into the room with a couple of butterbeers. She tossed one to him and plopped down onto the very comfortable leather couch. "What's wrong kiddo? You look paler than usual..."

"Besides having a certain vampire bothering me nonstop by trying to attack me at every chance, but I have a feeling that something happened to Blaise. I haven't been able to shake it." He said as he took a long swig of his drink.

She looked at him with a raised eyebrow. "Why do you think something happened to her?"

He put down his drink and rubbed his temples. "I don't know honestly and I hope nothing."

"You should learn to control the storm in your mind called emotions. Your blood pressure is rising and you should pay attention to your surroundings young blood." Lucrecia said from the doorway.

"Right and with you stalking me around everywhere I'm not surprised. I can't even take a shower without you around, pervert." He growled as he downed the rest of the drink and walked over to the window.

The resident vampire raised her eyebrow and walked up behind him to gain his attention...by slapping the back of his head. "That was from Perenelle for calling her home cooked food edible sheet rock."

He was about to start another verbal battle when Tonks got his attention. "Kiddo, your notebook is illuminating. Maybe that's your mistress calling you."

He rolled his eyes at her and opened his enchanted notebook to see some familiar handwriting. 'Why is Hermione writing me?'

"Harry, first of all how are you and where in the bloody hell are you?!"

"I'm fine...why are you writing in Blaise's notebook?" He wrote down and prevented the former Auror from peeking over his shoulder.

"I don't know how to say it right now but Professor Snape told me to contact you because he wants to speak to you in private. I think that Blaise is missing because McGonagall, Flitwick, and Snape are really tight-lipped about it. Before we were kicked out of the Room of Requirements we found two dead Death Eaters..."

Lucrecia's vampire senses turned her attention back to Harry. 'His blood pressure is rising and taking long shallow breaths. This is not a good sign...even he should know that emotions are factors for uncontrolled magic!'

Tonks watched as her surrogate brother's knuckles clenched until they turned white and were starting to shake. "Harry, what's going on?"

He got up without saying a word and stormed out of the room. She was about to run after him when the resident vampire stopped her. "He's already gone. Before we jump to any conclusions perhaps you should look at that..."

Both women walked over to the enchanted notebook and read the pages of conversation. "Well at least we know where he went off to..."

"Where who went off to?" Perenelle asked as she entered with Nicholas and Regulus.

Tonks handed her the enchanted notebook and ignored Hermione's handwriting that kept appearing on the page. "He's going to investigate or interrogate Snape for answers, and maybe torture the one's involved."

"Idiot! He's going straight into the lion's den with Dumbledore there...sorry no pun intended." Sirius's brother blurted out. Nicholas slapped him on the back of his head. "Sorry boss..." He commented as he rubbed the back of his head.

"I agree that he could be walking into a trap, but if he is going to meet Severus then there's a greater chance of him running after Riddle to get his girlfriend back. Lucrecia, take Regulus with you and scout for clues of where he is hiding. Interrogate by any means necessary, but do not give away your status. Perenelle, you need to head him off before he does something stupid. Tonks, you're with me." Nicholas said as everybody nodded.

Regulus mentally sighed about being teamed up with her, but his eyes drifted downwards. 'Even for being a dead chick she still has one fine arse.' He felt someone slap the back of his head again. "What in the bloody hell was that for?!"

"Stop checking out my arse Black." She said as she walked out of the Manor with her teammate following.

"How could I not when you're wearing leather pants?" He ducked under the fist she sent at his face. "So what's the plan?"

"Knockturn Alley would be a good place to start but we'll start somewhere else closer to home..."

"And that would be where?" He asked with a raised eyebrow, but he noticed the twitch in her eyebrow. "Oh...wait please tell me we're not breaking into your brother's mansion are you?"

She looked at him with a small smirk that formed on her ruby red lips. "Let's go."

The following morning at Hogwarts, Professor Snape was not in the best of moods when he heard one of his potion jars shatter inside his office. 'I will kill whoever is in my office!' Quickly he stormed into his office to see a gray robed figure with the hood up disguising the person's face. "Potter, must you break things in order to get my attention?!"

The person wearing the full length gray robe turned his attention to the Potion's master. "Well at first I was going to cause a bigger noise but then I didn't want to alert the 'goat humper' to my presence with the wards blaring. I figured that breaking one of your jars containing...what is this sea salt?"

Severus glared at him before withdrawing his wand and banished the ingredient back into its jar. "I would have you know that sea salt has use Potter!"

"The only use for that is because the muggles say it's healthier than regular salt. I got the message from Hermione and I decided to visit someone before I came here for some answers." He remarked while trying to mask his emotions.

Snape walked around his desk and sat down in his favorite chair. "After I ran into Granger she told me the same information late last night. McGonagall, Flitwick, Sinistra, and I went to investigate what happened earlier that night. Inside the Room of Requirement we found two bodies that were later identified as Alecto Carrow and Theodore Nott Sr. The way that the two Inner Circle members were killed was very strange."

"How so?" Harry asked as he sat down in a chair.

"Alecto's mask was melted to his face and plugged his airways causing him to suffocate, but there was also evidence that he was struck by the killing curse. Theodore was crushed under a heavy pile of trash that collapsed his ribs and punctured his lungs." He said after rubbing his forehead.

"Did you find out who was responsible for the kidnapping?"

Before Severus could answer there was a knock on his office door and Draco Malfoy walked inside. "I didn't know you had company godfather. I'm Draco Malfoy and you are?"

Underneath his hood he couldn't help but grin. "Do you think your name means anything to me boy? Tell me does your godfather wipe your arse for you?"

Snape's mouth grew into a small grin because he knew Potter was baiting him. 'Don't give away your identity you moron.'

"DO YOU KNOW WHO I AM!?" Draco exploded at the gray robed person.

"An idiot who no longer has the ability to call himself a Malfoy since by my accounts was severed when his godfather petitioned for adoption under the clause of 'child abuse, endangerment, a Death Eater, mass-murderer, and rape. Tell me Severus was he always this much of a pain in the arse?"

The former Malfoy heir was about to explode but his godfather put his hand on his shoulder. "Calm yourself. I will join you in a few moments when I am done speaking with my guest."

His godson looked at him with a raised eyebrow and glared at the

stranger. "I shall see you later then." He said before walking out of the room.

"You nearly gave yourself away Potter, but it was amusing to witness. Why else are you here?"

"Who was the mastermind behind this whole plot? Riddle hasn't been himself since he became mortal once again. I know that somebody from here came up with this plan to kidnap my girlfriend to draw me out and I want to deal with them myself." Harry growled.

Severus went inside his cabinet and pulled out his pensive along with four vials of silvery looking fluids. "After those imbeciles returned to the castle I had them sent down here as prisoners that the house elves locked them away in my office as I commanded. I used the mental arts to extract the memories of the events that took place last night." He said as he poured each pensive memory into his pensive. He watched as Harry put his head in first and fell into the memories. 'I wouldn't be surprised if he turned homicidal after viewing them.'

After ten minutes Harry emerged from the pensive and he was so angry that emerald smoke started emerging from his eyes. "Where is Voldemort's base of operations? After I get Blaise out of there I'm coming for them."

"As much as I am glad to see how devoted you are to her...you're being an idiot. Blindly going into the Dark Lord's lair to rescue your girlfriend is suicide!" He glared at him.

"I never said that I would be going in there like a blind Gryffindork. It would take a lot of Slytherin cunning, stealth, and explosives for my plan to work."

Snape started rubbing his temples to relieve the pain in his head. "You should know where his location is Potter since you two have a

mental link between you due to the Horcrux in your head."

"You're behind the times Professor, Voldemort is not as immortal as he thinks. All of his Horcruxes have been destroyed and that prophecy that Dumbledore talked about was a lie to kill the both of us so he can remain in the lime light during the aftermath."

This information stirred something inside the triple-agent. "So if he can be killed by anybody then what would happen to all the others tied down by his dark mark? How is Bellatrix these days?"

"I couldn't tell you what your options are when the dark psychopath dies. The only thing I'm going to say is that she's alive and well without the blemish on her arm." He said as he got up from the chair and extended his hand.

Snape shook his former annoying student's hand. "Are you returning next year? It's rather dull not to pick on you in class not to mention Madame Pomfrey is bored out of her mind without you to keep her busy."

He shuddered when he thought of the resident mediwitch. "We'll see."

"The Dark Lord's current location is in Little Hangleton at the former Riddle manor where the portkey took you back in your fourth year. He also resides in the Dungeons of the Malfoy Manor."

"I'd keep an eye on Draco over the next few days." Harry said before he disappeared into the shadows.

'The prophecy was a fake?! I got Lily killed on Dumbledore's lie!?' Severus mentally ranted as he walked out of his office to join his godson for breakfast. 'How did Bellatrix remove the dark mark?'

Nicholas returned to the Department of Mysteries and was killing time by playing his golf game again. He was right in the middle of setting up his shot when he felt someone standing behind him. "It's not what you think dear!"

The person behind him raised his eyebrow and sat down in one of the chairs. "I'm not your wife, but I do have the location of Voldemort."

The head Unspeakable turned around and glared at Harry. "You're not going after him. We have to plan this accordingly so we are not seen in the public."

His surrogate nephew was not in any mood to take no for an answer. "He had his little death eaters kidnap my girlfriend to bring me out of hiding to face him face-to-face while he will torture her everyday that I don't show up."

"How do you know of this? Have you been going through his mind again? I thought we told you not to do that again."

Harry raised his eyebrow at him. "I didn't go through his mind. I went to one of my contacts and he showed me of who was responsible for this when he extracted their memories of that night. Theodore Nott jr., Pansy Parkinson, Crabbe and Goyle were initiated that very night."

Nicholas scratched his chin with his putter and thought on this. "Where did you find out where he is located at?"

"In the same town that he was resurrected in during my fourth year in Little Hangleton in the old Riddle Manor and he also sets up shop in Malfoy Manor in the Dungeons. If you are wondering my contact is reliable and dependable. You better put the golf game because if you sent your wife after me then she should be arriving soon." He pulled back the sleeve of his hooded cloak and started making a mental countdown. He felt a slight chill in the air and a slight pain in his

shoulder when he felt 4 sharp fingernails digging into his shoulder.

"Nicholas...is that your golf putter in your hand again?" She asked in a sickly sweet voice that promised a world of hurt if he said the wrong answer.

The older man quickly banished his golf game under his desk a looked sheepish. "It wasn't what you think dear."

Her fingernails dug a little bit further into Harry's shoulder as she glared at her husband. "I warned you if I saw that again!" She wandlessly summoned his golf putting game and threw it into the fireplace to watch it burn.

Her husband looked horrified as his game slowly incinerated. "Now that you've ruined my fun would you take your claws out of his shoulder now?"

She looked down at her surrogate nephew and let him go. "Now would you be so kind to tell me why you were at Hogwarts?"

"I'm not going to explain it again since I knew you listened to everything before you showed yourself. I think you hit the bone." He hissed as he started moving his arm back and fourth.

Perenelle turned her stare to him. "And by your guess how do you propose to get into Voldemort's lair to not only rescue your girlfriend, but to kill off the snake-experiment gone wrong with his minions running around?"

"I know for a fact that he's in Little Hangleton right now. He's mortal now and he's going to be paranoid about everything. I can imagine that we wouldn't be able to get within 60 meters of the Riddle Manor before his wards would go off. Using Portkeys and Apparating would be useless." Harry thought out loud.

Nicholas nodded and scratched his chin in thought. "Yes he would have very tight defenses around his headquarters. What ideas do you have running around inside that mind of yours?"

"The easiest way through his defenses is by causing a distraction. As I said before he usually hangs around the Malfoy Manor or around the Riddle Manor. If we somehow sneak in the warded Malfoy Manor then Voldemort will leave the other location unguarded except for the wards. I'd say a good devastating explosion..."

Perenelle smacked him on the back of his head. "Although that would be a great idea we don't have the proper resources to do that right now, but I do agree with you."

"Gee then why don't we just steal some explosives from the Royal Navy? Let me guess you already planned something just in case I flew off the handle didn't you?" He asked with a raised eyebrow. "Let me also guess that Aunt Perenelle was to tail me while Regulus and the vampire to Malfoy Manor?"

Both Flamel's were happy to know that he was intelligent, but were also slightly disappointed that they were caught. "Yes Harry that is what I instructed them to do. Honestly I didn't expect you to catch on that quickly." Nicolas smiled to hide his embarrassment.

Harry narrowed his eyes at his surrogate uncle. "You just sent those two to Voldemort and to one of their deaths. The Malfoy Manor is heavily blood warded along with several other wards that we don't know about."

Perenelle's eyebrow rose after his statement. "What have I been telling you about going into Riddle's head?"

"Who said that I got it from his head? I did look at 4 people's memories and it's not my fault that the person who extracted them added that information." He got up from his chair and headed

towards the door.

"Where are you going?" She asked while gently touching his arm.

He looked at his 'aunt' and smirked. "Crazy, and next time go to a muggle driving range instead of getting caught all the time."

'Cheeky brat.' Nicholas sighed heavily as he watched him walk out of the office. "I've let him down, but he is right though."

"How did you come to that conclusion?"

He sat down in his chair behind his desk, and slammed his hand down on his desktop. "That this is completely Dumbledore's fault for not taking the opportunity to end the wizard civil war when he had the chance. That senile old fool decided that his ego was much more important than saving lives of the countless thousands that have died at the hands of the reptile hybrid."

She walked over to her husband and put her hand on his shoulder. "We all know what the truth was, and he will pay for his transgressions. As much as I don't like it with Harry's attitude right now...what are you thinking?"

He reached up and gently squeezed his wife's hand. "Forgive the muggle expression but give the green light to Selene to take down any resistance they face. There is no doubt that he will retaliate, but the question is where."

Lucrecia and Regulus arrived 250 yards away from the Malfoy Manor. She snatched his pair of Omnioculars and used one of the features to zoom in. 'No lights to indicate that nobody is in there, and I can't use my vampire sight to detect any blood signatures.'

"You know that's kinda creepy when your eyes change color like that." He winced at her glare. "So what's the plan?"

"You are staying here and there will be no arguing the point Black. I'm the only one who can pass through the blood wards since I still have Malfoy blood running through my veins." She turned her attention when she heard him mumble something underneath his breath. "Vampires don't get blood parasites or your sexually transmitted diseases."

He scowled at her. "I do not have any STD's!"

"Keep telling yourself that Black." She said as she disappeared to the front gate of the Malfoy Manor. A memory played through her mind the last time she saw these gates. Calmly she walked up to them and placed her palm onto the gates. "I, Lucrecia Alexis Malfoy command these gates to open and the wards to allow me to pass." She felt a tiny prick on her finger and the gates opened without hesitation. 'Foolish brother...your pitiful wards will not stop me from entering my family home. Vampire or not I'm still part of the same blood as you no matter how dirty it is and if you think that France was bad...you are sadly mistaken.'

Lucius was in the middle of another listening to his master babble onto his next plan of exterminating Potter and using his wounded girlfriend against him during the Inner Circle meeting when he felt his wards at his manor go off. 'Who could've breached the wards?!'

Voldemort looked at him with anger in his ruby colored eyes. "Have I been boring you Malfoy?"

Quickly he dropped to a knee and bowed to the Dark Lord. "No milord I am not bored. Someone has broken through my wards at my manor."

"CRUCIO!" Riddle cursed the blonde aristocrat with a twisted smirk on his face. "Get back to your manor and secure it or you will be

joining Wormtail in the underworld!"

"Yes milord." He said as he staggered to his feet and used his portkey back to the Malfoy Manor.

"We will send a message to Dumbledore by destroying two main targets: The Ministry of Magic and Hogsmeade before storming the castle." Voldemort mused to his Inner Circle.

"My lord that is perfectly acceptable but knowing Potter...he could be trying to storm into Malfoy's Manor to discover our second band of operations from running in there. How can we be sure that he will be drawn out to duel you to the death?" Amycus asked.

"His love interest will be his downfall. Severus, go down to the dungeon and cure her wounds with your potions. Her interrogation was rather extensive due to her stubbornness."

"Yes milord." Severus replied with no emotion to his voice while he maintained his Occlumency shields as he swept from the room and made his way down to the dungeons to help his student as much as he could without rising suspicion.

Down in the dungeons Blaise was hurting from her 'interrogation' by Voldemort. She winced when she heard the dungeon door open and soon her cell was opened as well. A black robed man wearing the traditional death eater mask walked up to her and gently touched her shoulder. "I don't have a lot of time Miss Zabini, but I need you to swallow these potions."

She looked at him confused as he poured one of the foul smelling potions into her mouth. "Why are you helping me? Come to curse me again for your master?"

"Keep your voice down." He hissed at her and took off his mask. "You

need to trust me right now Miss Zabini. I was ordered to heal your wounds by the Dark Lord; however I'm going to help you try to get out of here."

"How are you going to do that Professor?" She whispered to him while he placed some healing salve on her raw wrists from the medieval era cuffs. "There are multiple wards around my cell not to mention I'm at the lowest part of this structure."

"If you keep staring into the shadows eventually it will stare back at you." He told her as another Death Eater entered to cause a distraction.

"Hurry up Snape!" The guard yelled from the doorway.

Severus glared at his former student and waved him off. "Potter is coming for you and that's all I can tell you."

She nodded to him while she thought about the cryptic message he said to her. 'If you keep staring into the shadows eventually it will stare back at you...what the bloody hell does that mean? Harry better get here soon because I don't know how much more I can take of this.'

Lucius arrived inside his family's mansion and started storming room to room searching for the intruder. 'When I find you I will make you suffer!' He stormed down to the Dungeons when he saw her and a gasp escaped his mouth. "Lucrecia, how nice to see that you're still alive and still grating my nerves."

His sister took her feet off of the table and stood to face him. "I see that you're still limping around. Perhaps you should get that looked at...I don't think getting on your knees for your master is going to make your leg feel any better."

Her brother scowled at her and whipped his wand at her. "AVADA KEDVARA!"

She smirked when the sickly green curse struck her full in the chest. She purposely put on the act of being killed to make him come over to inspect his handiwork. 'What an idiot...you can't kill a vampire with the killing curse.'

Lucius came over and kicked her foot. He sneered when he got no reaction from her. "Some people should know when they're superiors always win."

She kicked his wand out of his hand and landed a solid blow to his kneecap. "You should know better than that moron. Dear Brother you are certainly more foolish than I thought."

The Malfoy scion glanced ahead of him as he tried to get back on his wounded leg and watched as his sister punched him in the face. 'Resorting to muggle violence is below us!' He grabbed the family crested sword from the wall his face met and stabbed her through the heart.

She backed away and pulled the sword out of her body. "Nice try...my turn!" She quickly came back up to him and backhanded him across the face. Her brother's face smashed against the wall, and smirked when she saw his nose bleeding.

He picked up the sword and started using his fencing skills to fight back. "You should have died a long time ago Lucrecia! You were always the bane of the Malfoy line!"

"Do you honestly think I care Lucius? You may have gotten me kicked out of the family, but it was I who handed your arse to you in France." She sneered at him as she snatched the other Malfoy crested sword from the coat of arms on the wall.

Her brother snarled and started attacking wildly when he remembered that day of his wounded retreat. He attacked left, right, head, and heart only to have them blocked or parried. 'She has gotten better since the last time we dueled.' He thought as she began her attacks which were much faster and harder because of her vampire strength.

"Dear brother your breathing is getting heavier. Are you sure that you've been exercising?" She taunted him as she attacked again.

He dove out of the way of her attack and slid on the oak hard floor to his wand. He quickly cast a spell that illuminated the same UV light that the sun gives off and looked shocked when she was still standing. "HOW!? You're supposed to be ashes!"

"I'm not a normal vampire Lucius. I am one of the rare day walkers who has all of their strengths and none of their weaknesses except for the thirst. I have never bitten another human but in your case I'm willing to change that." She said as she rubbed her fingernails on her shirt.

'That's impossible!' He thought rashly before he quickly searched for a way to immobilize her, but his search ended when he was banished against one of the marble pillars. He slumped into unconsciousness when his head hit the pillar as he fell onto the ground.

"You have no idea how long I've been waiting to do that." She sneered as she magically bound him to his holding post. 'Let's see what intel my idiot of a brother was stashing.' She walked out of the room and made her way down to the dungeons.

"Took you long enough to get down here." Regulus grinned as he leaned against the wall.

"I thought I told you to remain outside Black." She hissed at him.

He sighed and rubbed his ear. "Sue me...I was bored out there waiting for you to show up. Besides it was pretty easy to slip by while you were handing his arse to him. He was always for taking the easier way out and was never one for physical combat except for fencing. Let's hurry up and get out of here."

She scoffed and walked by him and proceeded to go down into the dungeons to look for what she needed. 'I can smell the blood down here...I wonder what they we're experimenting on.'

Regulus walked through behind her and started searching through the cells taking evidence and photographs. "Probably should split up to find out some evidence or blackmail."

She nodded to him and went through some of the files that were left out. 'What do we have here...Potter Blood analysis...magical breakdown...' Inside the drawer she found blood phials labeled with his name on them. She popped one of them open and tasted it. "Black! Get over here!"

He stopped taking pictures and ran back over to her. "What did you find?"

"Incriminating evidence...they were researching Potter's blood to use it as a weapon."

He scratched his head and looked confused. "How could he use his blood as a weapon...it doesn't seem possible unless they're creating a virus of some sort."

"From these notes they were trying to break down everything in his blood to find out how they could use it to their advantage, like blood shields that could nullify Potter's spells against them."

He rubbed his eyes before pinching the bridge of his nose. "So you're

saying that if they could find out how his blood and magic worked and crystallized it into an amulet then he is pretty much useless against them...until it becomes physical combat?"

"Exactly. We should get out of here before someone is alerted."

"Alright I'll go back there and destroy anything I see." He said as he ran back down the hallway and started lighting things on fire.

She took out her wand and shrunk every book, every open letter, and everything else into her hand. She stashed it into her pocket and drank one of Harry's blood phials. 'It tastes good so I'll keep these with me. If anyone got their hands on these and sold them to the vampire clans then that would be disastrous his blood is like drinking pure sugar and addictive.' She put the rest into her other pocket and started to destroy everything down there after Regulus got to the entrance.

Both of them walked past the unconscious Malfoy scion and walked out of the Manor. "You were right we overstayed our welcome. They're at the gates."

"Let's go." She grabbed his shoulder and started running due east of the Manor. "We have to be out of range of the wards before we can use the emergency portkeys to get out of here."

"Too late we're surrounded." He said as he saw another set of Death Eaters blocking their path.

"Nice try on escaping but you won't be leaving here alive." Yaxley sneered behind his mask. "Kill the cloaked one. We'll have some fun with the female."

Lucrecia sneered right back when her fingernails grew into claws and her canines grew into fangs. "I dare you."

A loud volley of the killing curses started heading their way. Many of the Death Eaters sneered about the appreciation that their Dark Lord would give them for getting rid of any spies or blood traitors, but soon their sneers turned into panic and fear when they quickly sank into the ground and the green beams of magic struck the casters into their chests.

Yaxley and a few Inner Circle members dove for the ground to save their skins. They all had one thought going through their heads when they saw how many members they lost. 'The Dark Lord is going to kill us.'

When Harry arrived in Little Hangleton he passed by one building that looked like it was ready to crumble at any minute. 'Kinda reminds me of Durskaban.' He thought as he continued his trek to find out where the wards stretched out at. He passed by another building when someone snuck up behind him and jabbed a wand in his back. "Walk until I tell you to stop Potter, and keep you mouth shut." His capturer hissed at him.

'So my capturer is a female...wait I've heard that voice before.' He waited until they walked into an abandoned building before he turned around pushed his capturer against the wall and knocked her wand from her hand. "Aren't you supposed to be in France, Bellatrix?"

A/N: I knew that this took way too long to get out there but yet again i hit a wall. I'm going to be ending the story in the next chapter so hopefully it won't take another 4 months. If it sounded rushed but edits will be performed as I proof read it tomorrow so bare with me on this. Again sorry about the 4 month wait...

Chapter 27: Fall of a Traitor

Previously on Fueled Anger: "Aren't you supposed to be in France Bellatrix?"

Bellatrix continued to hold her wand against his throat, but failed to notice that he had a smaller knife pointed right at her heart. "Don't ask me stupid questions. Why are you here?"

"I could ask the same question." He remarked with his cold emerald eyes boring into her violet ones. "Remove your wand before your heart stops."

She narrowed her eyes at him but then felt the tip of the blade just above her heart. "At least now you're paying attention to what I taught you."

"Do you still have that crush of yours on Lupin, Trixie?" He asked.

Bellatrix narrowed her eyes even further and pushed her wand closer on his neck. "If you tell anyone you heard that I will kill you right now! I told you never to call me that Potter!"

He took his knife away from her heart and pushed her wand away from his neck. "Good now to know to that I didn't have to hurt you. Now why are you here instead of France Bellatrix?"

"Madame Maxime had Fleur and I evacuate as she initiated the school on lock-down since the lycans and vampire blood feud started to spill near Beauxbaton's. She didn't want to risk anyone being bitten, and instructed us to go to the Order to get help. So instead I decided to take a gamble and try to see if you were going to do anything stupid by coming here and I was right. Now why are you here in the snake pit?" She asked but didn't put her wand away just in case they were discovered.

He walked away from the wall and looked out the window. "4 Junior Death Eaters were initiated into the Dark Idiot's ranks by performing a task to lure me out by capturing my girlfriend."

She grabbed his arm and pulled him down to the other side of the window with her wand at the ready. "If you knew that they were going to lure you out then why were you this stupid to fall for it? I thought Andy, Tonks, and I taught you better than that!"

"I haven't been caught yet now have I? If I knew how far the wards extended and which ones are active then I would've used my shadow powers to get her out of there that way it would piss off snake face that she was rescued without him knowing. Do you remember any weaknesses with his wards when you were bound to him?" He asked as he looked out the window to see some Death Eaters patrol's coming their way. "We got company."

"Way to go Potter now we'll both be discovered!" She hissed at him.

He rolled his eyes at her and looked out the window again. "Must you be a pessimist all the time? You never answered me about the wards."

She sighed and pinched the bridge of her nose. "As far as I remember the wards were triple layered extending from the manor to about 60 kilometers with anti-apparition extending out to 65 kilometers if one of the wards were tripped. Not to mention all the traps would spring and you would be surrounded by all of his minions before he made his appearance to kill you."

"Well that's nothing new since he's been trying to since I was a year old and failed everytime without Dumbledore trying to help. From here on out absolute silence unless we're discovered then we unleash hell." He frowned when he saw her deranged/insane smile on her face. "Knock that off."

Her insane smile turned into a grin. "So what's your plan to get your girlfriend out of there?"

"I don't know I'm still making it up as I go." He commented dryly as he took out his wand and put his hood on as the footsteps got louder.

Bellatrix and Harry moved away from the window and took defensive positions around the door. Two Death Eaters walked inside to survey the noises they heard coming from inside. "Search around Parkinson and I want no foul ups this time!"

'That sounds like Rookwood and with Parkinson?' Bellatrix thought as she saw Harry give her handsigns. 'Whichever target you want take them down with as little magic as possible then I'll let you interrogate them.'

He saw her nod and he gave a three count before they attacked. Bellatrix went after the taller Death Eater with vengeance running through her veins and punched him hard in the stomach. "You will pay for what you did to me!" She hissed as she knocked his wand from his hand and followed up with a solid right hook to the side of his head.

Pansy Parkinson saw her patrol partner's wand go by her and childishly ran after it. She stopped when the wand was snapped in half by someone wearing a long gray hooded cloak. She quickly got her wand out only to have her hand nearly taken off by her attacker's sword strike. "You will pay for nearly taking my hand off! CRUCIO!"

Harry laughed when her face went into open shock the moment her spell didn't work. "Didn't anybody tell you that a broken wand serves no one?" He pushed her against the wall and put the blade of his sword at her throat. "You twitch and you will bleed understood?"

Pansy didn't show it but she was scared stiff as she put her hands up in surrender. "Just don't rape me."

"Bestiality is not permitted in the Wizarding or the Muggle world. Aren't you done yet?"

Bellatrix heard him but she was having too much fun taking her aggression out on Rookwood. She sent him a 'nutcracker' that made Harry wince in pain before she knocked him out with a blunt object to the back of his head. 'You are taking all the fun out of this.' She thought as she dropped the item on the floor and ripped the mask off of his head.

Harry knew that she was forcibly searching through his memories to find out what the plan that Voldemort was up to. "What were your orders Parkinson? I would advise you not to lie to me."

"Rot in Hell!" Pansy spat at him.

He looked down at his cloak and grabbed the pressure point on the left side of her collarbone. "Tell me your orders and the pain will stop."

Her left side was paralyzed from the pain that she was feeling and gave in immediately. "We were to patrol the area just in case Potter showed up to rescue his blood traitor girlfriend and capture him by any means necessary. If we were successful then the Dark Lord will kill him and we would take over this country under the Dark Lord's rule."

"Pitiful. Where are his next targets?" He asked without letting up on her pressure point.

"I...I...I DON'T KNOW!"

He reached with his other hand and pressed down on the right side of her collarbone that made her crumple down to her knees. "You do know and the pain will stop after you tell me what I want."

"The Dark Lord never tells us what our tasks are! We're only informed by those he personally assigns to take leadership over the missions he tells us to do!" She cried out and felt relief when he let up on the pressure points.

"Was that so hard?" He asked with a sneer that would make Malfoy green with envy before he stunned her. "Is her story verified?"

Bellatrix grabbed the wall to steady herself after looking through Rookwood's memories. "I'm not proficient at this compared to Severus or the Dark Lord but yes her story is verified and the Dark Lord is planning on moving his forces out in three waves against: The Ministry, Hogwarts, and Buckingham Palace. They're planning on attacking in less than 3 hours tonight, and the only thing he knew about your girlfriend was that she is in a locked cell in the dungeons."

'Too bad you didn't have a Pensive with you so we could possibly view the layout.' He thought as he went into his pocket and pulled out his two way mirror and winced for the tongue lashing he would be receiving. "Cerberus, this is Shadow."

Regulus's face appeared on the mirror with a grin. "Shadow, it's about time you called in. Where the hell are you?" Meanwhile Bellatrix's eyes widened at the sound of his voice then cursed him underneath her breath.

"Listen up we have a situation here and pass this to the others. The next targets are Hogwarts, Buckingham Palace, and the Ministry and they plan on attacking in less than 3 hours. Also do me a favor and tell her that I'll take my tongue lashing later."

"Hey there's no way that I'm taking the fall for you..." He started to rant before Harry cut off the communication to the other mirror. Suddenly he felt a very cold chill go up his spine when he saw Bellatrix glaring daggers at him. "What?"

"If that mutt is alive then I will murder him myself!"

He grinned underneath his hood and looked at their captives. "So what should we do about them? I'll let you make the decision this time."

"I'd say to permanently transfigure him into an inanimate object and sell it off. As for her since she is legally engaged to Draco so let her be with him just wipe her mind of what happened here and leave her in his bed."

Harry walked over and put his hand to her forehead. "Are you sure that you're feeling alright? I could've sworn that you just made a funny."

She swatted his hand away and punched him in the shoulder. "Let's get moving before more start showing up besides we have to get your girlfriend." She commented as she obliterated Parkinson and used a bone breaking curse on Rookwood's limbs including his jaw. A devious smile went through her head and she made sure that they were in a very compromising position when someone found them.

"First thing, that is something that I'll have to get therapy just for witnessing. Second thing, I thought you taught me not to be childish and stupid. Isn't that pot calling the kettle black?" He asked with another smirk that earned him another punch to the arm.

'Damn that kid to the 7th circle of hell! That little shit will owe me for leaving me to clean up his mess while I get my arse reamed!' Regulus was very frustrated because he couldn't get back in contact with Harry and he had no choice but to fill in the Flamel's about what he told him. He knocked on Nicholas's office door and entered. "Boss, I have an update for our combat teams."

"What do you have?" Nicholas Flamel asked his subordinate.

"Shadow has contacted me and he was successful in finding out Voldemort's next plots to attack. However we have less than 3 hours to prepare for it. His attacks will be here at the Ministry, Hogwarts, and Buckingham Palace. I'm taking a wild guess that Shadow will end up battling the Dark Idiot at the school."

Nicholas nodded and put his traveling cloak on. "I'll send word out to our teams to change the mission parameters meanwhile I'm going with a team to Buckingham Palace to speak with the Queen face to face since we're the only ones keeping the Ministry running. Also I believe that the final stand between Shadow and Voldemort will be in Hogsmeade instead of the Hogwarts grounds."

"Got it Boss, but what should we do in the meantime while you're gone?" He asked.

His superior slapped him on the back of his head. "Perenelle already knows of the situation since she was in the same room as you during his transmission. What I want you to do is to help her coordinate worthy teams to defend the other two destination...I fear that Shadow is capable of handling himself but at a certain price. There's no telling what might happen if Miss Zabini loses her life."

Regulus shuddered at the thought of Harry exploding into a magical berserker. "Boss, I've been wondering...is it possible because that he is a shadow mage that his attitude has changed? I mean do you think that his powers are controlling him instead of the other way around?"

"In my opinion I would say that his attitude changed once his girlfriend was taken from him and brought much more stress than normal. Also there hasn't been a shadow mage in a long time Regulus and we can't assume that he is not in control of his powers. My wife is a mage as well but are you going to assume that she is not in control of her powers?" He asked with an amused grin on his face.

A bead of sweat fell down from his brow and felt a cold breeze brush against his back. "I'm not going to answer if she's standing behind me."

Nicholas laughed. "Don't worry she's not. Time is of the essence right now."

Regulus grinned and walked out of the office only to come face to face with Perenelle. "Um...hi Boss 2."

"I heard everything and you were smart not to answer my husband's question. Come on we have short time to prepare. Damn I wish that Shadow hadn't taken off like that, but at the same time I'm glad that he did in order to tell us this information." She muttered the last sentence under her breath. "I want you to inform Tonks and Lucrecia that they will be going with you to Hogwarts to back him up."

"Yes ma'am." He said before taking off for the research department.

'He better come out of this alive.' She thought as she walked into her office and sent out the updated targets to the department heads. 'There's no doubt that Dumbledore will show up to 'save the day' with his band of blind followers and try to take credit for our hard work. I wonder what the queen will say when he meets with her on such short notice.'

At Buckingham Palace the Queen was rather bored of listening to her Prime Minister babble on about something useless that one of the greedy politicians brought up in the last meeting of the Parliament. "Thank you for the report Prime Minister. However I am negating this newly created law because this will not serve my people by increasing taxes for budget cuts. We have been through this time after time that I will not have my people's wages being cut once again to turn in for profit for a greedy politician who does not need it and that is my final word."

"Yes Milady. There are still the Parliament officials that would still bring this up in the next gathering." The Prime Minister said.

The Queen's assistant Crystal Mayes knocked on the door and entered. "Excuse me your majesty, but I have Nicholas Flamel outside the door and he brings urgent news to tell you privately."

"Prime Minister we are done for the day. Please send Lord Flamel in Crystal."

"Yes Milady." She bowed then walked out of the room to greet her guest. "Lord Flamel, the Queen is finishing up with the Prime Minister and she will see you now."

"Thank you Miss Mayes." He said before walking into room where the Queen smiled at him. "It is always a pleasure to meet you again your majesty."

The Queen stopped him from bowing to her. "How many times have I told you Nicholas not to bow to me? We are friends and colleagues for a reason. Can I offer you some tea?"

"That would be lovely, but I didn't come here to discuss the old days. As you know we're going through a civil war in the magical community and I've received troubling news that they are planning on attacking your palace in less than three hours." He explained before taking a sip of his tea. "I believe that this is a diversion in order to go after his main target which is Hogwarts."

The Queen didn't anticipate such a bad omen like this. "So this Voldemort character is planning on destroying my royal palace just to take over a magical school in Scotland?"

"Hogwarts as you know was founded by four of the best magical users at the time nearly 1000 years ago and it was proven that

Voldemort is a descendant of Salazar Slytherin. So he feels that taking over the school would prove that he is better than Albus Dumbledore and nobody would be able to stand against him. I'm personally sending my well trained people to combat these threats so we may finally end the civil war. With your permission milady I would like to assign a team to end any threat to you or to your family."

She looked at him with a suspicious look on her face. "How can you be sure that this information is accurate? According to the Ministry of Magic everything is being handled accordingly."

"You'll have to forgive me but your personal contacts within the Ministry are blind drones that refuse to believe the truth. Don't get me wrong but I do not fault Minister Bones at all and it still has some weeds in the garden that were not pulled. Can I see the latest documents that you've received?" He asked and started searching through the document folder for any inconsistencies. "Milady, who was the person reporting to you?"

"My contact was Nicole Simmons." She responded with a slowly growing frown.

"I'm afraid that these documents were falsified your highness. This is Albus Dumbledore's forging Miss Simmon's handwriting to keep you in the dark. If you look here you can see the flaws in her cursive letters and in her signature." He showed her the comparisons between both documents.

Queen Elizabeth was not happy at all about being deceived. "Nicholas, you have my authorization to do what must be done under the statue of secrecy. Also I would appreciate it if you kept me up to date and provide extra security tonight."

"Of course I will your majesty and they will be disguised as your regular security detail." He got up from his chair and bowed to her.

"Thank you for bringing this to my attention and I expect you to show up at the next formal dinner with your wife this time. It has been a couple of years since we last caught up."

"I'll be sure to let my chatterbox know about your invitation, but I must take my leave now to prepare the team I brought with me to prepare the wards around your palace." He said with one more bow before leaving the room.

'Sometimes I do envy the magical community for using magic to solve most of their problems, but I fear that if this attack is made out in the open then we may have the Salem Witch trials or possibly a war that will result in extinction...' The Queen thought as she added alcohol to her tea.

Back near Riddle's Manor...Harry and Bellatrix continued moving until they narrowly got caught by another Death Eater patrol. "And just how do you plan on getting by all these patrols again?" She asked before ducking down a pile of garbage.

"We're going to slip through as much as we can then I'm going off to the graveyard where we first dueled, and you're going to set off a great distraction."

She grabbed his arm and pulled him back down. "Just what did you have in mind?"

"Be creative." He said with a grin before taking off into the shadows.

'Sometimes I really hate him...' She thought before a good idea came to mind.

Inside the Riddle Manor Blaise was trying to find a way out of her cell without having luck. 'How could I have been so stupid to get caught like this? Their torture sessions are bearable when Severus comes in to patch me up with potions, but how much longer can I actually

survive on nutrition potions. I wish I had powers like Harry...that way I could've gotten out of here the first night they put me here.'

Her thoughts were interrupted when a Death Eater walked in and opened up her cell. "Good evening Miss Zabini." Snape said as he unlocked her handcuffs.

"There's nothing good about it being put into a cell and chained to the wall like a rabid animal. It almost sounds that the Dark Idiot loves bondage behind closed doors." She sarcastically remarked.

Snape smirked slightly from under his mask from her sarcasm. "Disturbing...how are you feeling?"

"Other than becoming addicted to these wonderful potions everyday I'm just peachy. Am I done being a beacon to lure Harry out yet or is he going to kill me?" She asked while still trying to figure out a way of getting her hands out of the cuffs.

"I know what you are thinking about Miss Zabini, but it won't work since those have been modified by the Dark Lord." He opened up a small container of healing balm when the ground violently shook underneath them. "Your boyfriend is an idiot to attack the wards directly."

Blaise didn't get to comment before Voldemort stormed in flanked with two more of his inner circle stormed in. "Severus, take these two and find out who is a fool to attack my wards!"

"Yes milord." Snape said with a scowl behind his mask as the ground began to shake violently once again. 'Your life ends tonight and my freedom begins.'

The Dark Lord sneered at Potter's girlfriend. "You may think that Potter will be able to break into my manor to rescue you, but you are sadly mistaken little girl. Soon your little boyfriend will meet his

demise and I being the merciful lord will promise to give you a painless death after I've seen the light leave his eyes."

Blaise glared at him while he was overestimating Harry's survival skills. "And what are you trying to accomplish? Killing off the muggleborn's and the muggles? They would kill you because they're sadly much more advanced than us thanks to you and Dumbledore."

Riddle backhanded her across her face and pointed his wand at her. "CRUICIO! Do not question my motives young Zabini! I will lead this world into greatness! CRUICIO!"

Blaise tried her best not to scream under this intensity of the curse but after 45 seconds she started yelling at the top of her lungs until the spell was cancelled. "I hope you die mudblood."

Riddle's eyes narrowed at her and used a stunner on her. "Crabbe, polyjuice the muggle next to her into Miss Zabini then bring the real one to Hogsmeade."

"Yes Milord." He said with a bow as he left to get the potion.

'Deceit will be your undoing Potter and you will bow before me to save your love.' Riddle smirked from his scheme as he walked out of the room, but he felt something within the wards. 'He's here and waiting in the graveyard where we once dueled...this will work out nicely.'

Outside in the graveyard...Harry stood where the rebirth ritual took place exactly two years ago. He took off his unspeakable cloak and returned to his normal appearance. 'Can't let anybody know about what I've been doing just yet. Hopefully she won't be getting caught there.'

FLASHBACK

Bellatrix stood from her position and started casting spells against the wards to give Harry enough time to think of something. "If he makes it through this I'm going to kill him...why should I be on the sidelines while he's playing the idiot!"

"I believe you were the one who told me that speaking yourself only leads to insanity...unless of course you're slapping your chest while trying to bite your right ear." He said nearly scaring her to death which made him smile.

She narrowed her eyes at him before casting another spell. "Aren't you supposed to be doing something by the graveyard by now?"

"Don't worry I've already scouted the area and nobody is there. Listen I want you to get away now and don't argue with me on this. We've already got his attention by now and since you're so stubborn you can head off to one of the places that are going to be attacked, but I would suggest Hogsmeade since the other two choices would send you right back to Azkaban."

"Fine, but answer me this...you know for a fact that a trap has been set what are you going to do?" She asked as he placed his emergency portkey in her hand.

He grinned at her before activating the 10 second delay on the portkey. "Spring the trap."

END FLASHBACK

He leaned up against the headstone of Riddle's father and sighed when he saw the dark mark appear above his head and 20 Death Eaters began to apparate in with their wands at the ready. "I wouldn't do that without your master's approval."

Theodore Nott raised his eyebrow from behind his mask and felt like pinching the bridge of his nose when the other Death Eaters started

casting curses at him. 'He's too calm when he's already in deep of the Dark Lord's territory...something is wrong here...he's dodging the spells too easily.'

The spells stopped when Lord Voldemort had arrived. A sneer was on his face when he looked right at his enemy that he's been trying to kill for so long. "You must be very brave or very foolish for coming onto my domain." He said as he took out his wand out of his robes.

"You know I would've thought that all of you would've figured how to make a 'flashier' appearance, but coming out of the Dark Mark is just a major lack of vision and I'm greatly disappointed. Don't worry though I'll leave once I've picked up something that I've lost here."

Riddle's sneer became a scowl. "And what do you plan on accomplishing here Potter? Allow me to guess...coming here to save your girlfriend, protecting the Wizarding world from my reign, and live for the next 150 years?"

"Maybe not in that sequence but I would prefer that it happens like that." He remarked as he watched three Death Eaters bring out three people wearing black hoods and forced them to their knees.

"I'm sure. For years I have planned and plotted my revenge on you and everybody who has not joined my side. This could've been forgotten if you had given me the Philosopher stone when you were in your first year. I would've kept my word by bringing your parents back to life, but instead you went against that offer because of your Headmaster's manipulations of your pitiful Gryffindor courage and bravery." Riddle said as he

"Yeah and we've all heard the same story over and over again. You try to kill me then I manage to stay alive even if it was luck half the time, and you become an angry emo. So are we going to start dueling for real this time or are you going to tear off your follower's masks so that I can see how badly their teeth have become rotten

over the years?" Harry said with a yawn.

"Very well Harry, but before you die...I would like to show you something." He snapped his fingers and the hoods of his captives were removed.

Harry's eyes widened when he saw Blaise in-between Neville Longbottom's insane parents. 'You son of a bitch!'

Voldemort's sneer formed back on his face as he began to circle Harry like a predator. "From the look in your eyes I can see that you want to kill me in the worst fashion, but since I am a merciful lord I will be giving you the choice of who will live. You're girlfriend or the now sane parents of your best friend?" He said as he transfigured the black hoods into a large silver hourglass and turned it over. "If you choose to attack you will forfeit their lives. You have until the final grain of sand falls to tell me who lives, and if you remain silent by being stubborn then they will die."

"And what I simply say who is more important while the other one is sacrificed and then you will kill them anyway?!" Harry snapped at him as his emerald eyes slowly became darker.

Riddle continued to sneer at the young shadow mage. "You don't, but rest assured that you will feel the guilt for being in the chooser's hell. Tick tock Potter..."

'Wait a minute something isn't right here...why is it that Blaise seems different? Her eyes show panic with pale skin instead of being calm and collective as usual.' He thought as half of the grain fell from the hourglass.

"Time is wasting Potter." Riddle sneered as his followers laughed.

'Knowing him those prisoners have been under polyjuice because Blaise is missing her grandmother's necklace, but if I make the wrong

choice then I'm dead no matter what because of our bond. There's also something else that is strange about Neville's parents...I remember what they looked like that day and they do not look insane right now.'

"I have a question for you Riddle...did you know that the prophecy that Snape overheard was a fake?" Harry asked while trying to stall for more time as the sand started falling faster.

Snape's eyes widened behind his mask and Voldemort narrowed his eyes at his enemy. "How would you know that the prophecy was fake Potter?"

"Because Dumbledore made it up and implanted them into Trelawney's head. You're not the only one with that talent." Harry answered and saw the final grains of sand about to fall.

"Very interesting to know Potter, and how do I know that your word is genuine?" Riddle asked with a raised eyebrow.

"How do I know that you won't kill your hostages even if my word is genuine?" He responded as the shadows behind the prisoners began to grow in size.

Tom had to give his enemy credit for a perfect counter. "Touché Potter...AVADA KEDVARA!" The Dark Lord sneered as the killing curse struck his girlfriend in the chest. He walked over and turned her face with his foot. "You could've saved her, but you made the wrong choice." With the snap of his fingers two Death Eaters cast the killing curse at Neville's parents but their killing curses missed the mark when their targets disappeared.

Harry's continued to darken as he fell to his knees when a phantom pain hit him in the chest. 'Where did that come from?'

"Now my loyal followers let us proceed to have some excitement

before taking over this nation and rid ourselves of those who do not deserve to wield magic." Voldemort said before apparating away to Hogsmeade with his followers.

Harry brought the two survivors out from the shadow world and quickly unbound them. "Ok I know that you two are not the parents of someone that I know. Who are you and who are you working with?"

"My name is Marian Kozlov one of officials of the International Confederation of Wizards, and this is my partner Natasha Kruetz. We were deployed here to ascertain the threat level of this Dark Lord when we were ambushed at the Ministry of Magic. When we finally came to being awakened we were forced to drink the polyjuice potion before being dragged out here. We both owe you a life debt for saving our lives, but we don't know what your name is."

"My name is Harry Potter and you don't owe me a debt but I would advise that both of you two leave here before more of them show up." He walked over to his girlfriend's dead body as the two ICW agents left the area and when he lifted her head up he felt something wet on her back. When he looked at his hand it was covered in blood and he thought he felt a very slow but faint pulse. "There is no way that you're still alive." He opened her mouth and he saw abnormal canines shaped like fangs. "Hey open your eyes if you can hear me!"

Slowly she opened her eyes and she looked very weak from the blood loss. "Blood..."

Harry cursed himself because a vampire was dying in his arms and he was lucky that night had recently fallen. "If I willingly give you my blood am I going to be turned?" He saw her move her eyes in a 'no' fashion and he went into his field kit to pull out his blood replenishing potions. He cut his finger on his sword and added a few drops to each phial only for her to stop him.

"R...eal bl...ood." She wheezed out.

He re-corked the phials, cut his wrist with his sword, and put it up to her lips. "Promise me that you won't drain me dry...I have a work to do."

She nodded and began drinking his lifeblood with earnest. As the blood flowed down her throat she began to see the memories that his blood retained. 'There is something strange about his blood...is that Phoenix tears and Basilisk Venom?! How is it possible that he survived after getting this in his bloodstream?'

Harry was starting to grow lightheaded as she continued to feed on him. He uncorked one of the blood restorative potions, but she closed her hand over the phial. 'Come on hurry up!'

The blood memory that she was viewing finally ended and she removed his wrist from her lips to seal his wound with her saliva. "You can take your potions, but you must remain still for a few moments for them to start working. My name is Anya and I am one of the Vampire elders who is in your debt Lord Potter-Black." She said as the polyjuice potion wore off.

Harry nearly spit out the potion when he looked at her since she appeared to be so young. "How did Voldemort get you Anya?"

"A foolish action on my part, but the short part of this story was that I was on my way to awaken the next elder to reign over this century. We were attacked by the Lycans and I was the only survivor having being only attacked and not bled dry. One of those Death Eaters found me while I was weakened and took me into his lord as a prize to get the Vampire Nation to fight his war. They gave me enough blood to feed on to stay awake enough for him to pledge my people to join his cause and when I refused his follower polyjuiced me into your Veela girlfriend then stabbed me multiple times in my back before casting the killing curse."

"Right he can't kill you because technically you're not alive." He said as he took another dose of potion and didn't notice the glare he received. "Wait...isn't it true that the Vampires natural shape shifters?"

She rolled her eyes at the stupid question. "Partially but we don't become bats. We only transform to our looks when our blood lust is at its peak. However, when one of us drinks the polyjuice potion it becomes a paralyzing poison until it wears off. Be warned Harry Potter that the vampire nation will know about what you have done for me tonight."

Harry looked at her strangely because he didn't give her his name. "Just so you know Anya, I'm not going to get involved with your blood feud with the Lycans."

She smirked at him as she slowly got to her feet. "Believe me young mage that is the last thing that either side of us wants. I must take my leave now before any of our furry friends smells the blood here. Just so you know your Veela girlfriend is in Hogsmeade still being used as bait to be used against you."

"Thank you Anya and be safe." He said in an angry monotone voice while staring down at the two dead American Wizards. 'Riddle this time you won't be returning back to life!'

Anya looked at the spot where he once stood. 'Boris better not do anything stupid after I reveal this during his awakening. Perhaps I will send a few Death Dealers to keep an eye on the young shadow mage.' She thought as she took off out of the graveyard.

Meanwhile in Hogsmeade an hour later...

Voldemort and his Death Eaters were wreaking havoc for the Wizarding village. "BURN THIS PLACE DOWN! Do not kill the Order

of the Phoenix! I want them to watch as I kill the old man!"

The Death Eaters understood their master's orders and began to set buildings on fire. Meanwhile Voldemort snapped his fingers and Lucius brought the captive to his lord. Riddle put his fingers underneath her chin with a sneer on his face. "You're love interest is late and I expected better than this."

"Harry will kill you." She said with confidence in her boyfriend.

"I very much doubt that foolish child. I already know what his weakness is and I intend to exploit it!" He laughed as two buildings exploded and he personally cast the Dark Mark above the village.

Regulus has his team just in the outskirts of the wizard village and watched as the buildings across the street burst into flames as Death Eaters passed by to torture the villagers. 'Damn it kid where are you?'

Tonks stood next to him and poked him in his head. "When are we going to fight? The village won't exist much longer if we keep waiting here!"

"We're not moving in until..." He stopped when a dark curse struck one of his teammates. "Screw it! We're taking them down without him!"

"Are you sure that you're not going to get in trouble for breaking orders?" His cousin asked with a smirk

"It wouldn't be the first time that's happened before." He hissed at her as they immediately ran down the main road to the village to start their assault against the Death Eaters.

Tonks grin widened before running after him with her wands in each hand. 'Hurry up kiddo!'

Meanwhile inside the castle Minerva sighed and rubbed the bridge of her nose from grading papers when she reached for her cup of tea and suddenly it shattered on the floor when she saw the Dark Mark hovering above Hogsmeade. Quickly she ran over to her fireplace and threw in Floo powder. "Kingsley!"

"What is Minerva?"

"Hogsmeade is under attack with the Dark Mark hovering above it! I'm going to gather the other professors and lend a hand."

"Alright I'll gather the Aurors and meet you there!"

She watched as the Auror's face left her fireplace, and left her office to gather the other professors. When she rounded the corner she bumped into Professor Trelawney who didn't appear as her normal batty self. "Sybil, please mind where you're walking."

Professor Trelawney suddenly grabbed her arm and looked at her with glassed over eyes before sucking air into her lungs. "Tonight the end is near...the dark lord and his equal shall battle for dominance while the false savior watches on...a parasite will spread across the land of ancient kings and the world will fall into war once again..." She suddenly went into a coughing spell and looked up at her fellow professor. "Are you alright Minerva? You look pale."

Minerva's eyes widened at hearing a new prophecy. "I'm fine Sybil, but we have bigger problems right now. Go gather the professors right now while I go talk to the Headmaster."

"I can do that." She said before walking off.

'I can't believe it...and all these years I thought she was a batty lunatic.' The Gryffindor Head of House thought as she approached the gargoyle that lead to Dumbledore's office and spoke the

password. She climbed the tower and walked into his office un-announced. "Albus, Hogsmeade is under attack by Death Eaters and we must give support to the villagers!"

'Yes I know Minerva, but this is what I wanted. Riddle and Potter will duel each other to the death while I remain on top.' He mentally smirked at the thought of checkmate on his chess board of pawns. "I'm afraid that we cannot lend support because the village is not under our jurisdiction according to the territorial decree of the Ministry."

"So you're going to sit here and do absolutely nothing while the village burns to the ground along with everyone in it?! That is unacceptable and you know it!"

"I'm afraid that is out of our hands Minerva." He said using his grandfatherly act to her. 'Not to mention that my Order of the Phoenix no longer exists.'

"So this is the true face of Albus Dumbledore...perhaps I was delusional when your brother told me the truth about you. You drove your sister into taking her own life, obsessed with power, and you nothing more than a coward." She hissed at him before storming out of his office.

He glared at his office door. 'She still does not realize how much this will reflect in the greater good. The village can be rebuilt.'

Voldemort laughed as he killed another wizard and was about to kill another when a loud crack distracted him. He turned around and saw someone standing amongst the inferno with a sword in hand. 'Who does this fool think he is doing with that muggle weapon? It doesn't matter because he will be dead soon enough.'

Blaise looked at the same person that apparated into the roaring

inferno turn around to reveal her boyfriend hatefully glaring at his enemy with his ice cold blue/green eyes. 'I told you that you were going to die Voldemort!'

Several dark curses were fired at Harry by several Death Eaters that hadn't joined in the fighting. The curses were seconds from striking their target when a wall of flame blocked them all. He walked through the intense inferno while using the fire as a shield from other curses that were sent his way. He used the focus of his transfigured staff ring to send a 'wandless' banishing spell at the Death Eaters. A smirk grew on his face when he saw them go flying back into solid objects and falling to the ground unconscious. "Tonight you will die mudblood." He said with his ice cold blue/green eyes boring into the Dark Lord.

Voldemort narrowed his eyes for his comment. "You honestly believe that you stand a chance against the greatest sorcerer in the world? AVADA KEDVARA!"

Harry dodged the killing curse with ease. "Becoming mortal once again must've damaged your hand to eye coordination." He said as he followed up with an exploding spell by the Dark Lord's feet. "By the way you are really lacking vision if you polyjuiced a vampire elder as my girlfriend."

Riddle quickly cast a shield but it didn't save him from having the mud from the road splash on his robes. "CRUCIO!"

He dove to the ground to avoid the torture curse and smirked slightly when he hit his own follower with it. "You look weak old man." He said following up with three curses sent at his enemy.

Voldemort dodged and countered Potter's curses. "We will see who is weak soon enough! AVADA KEDVARA!"

'Too predictable.' He thought as he summoned a boulder to block the

killing curse, and transformed his wooden ring back into his staff. Quickly he combined both his wand and staff together and fired off a powerful spell at his foe. "BEIL DE MAELSTROM!"

Voldemort didn't know what was happening when a black fog had appeared at his feet and swirled fiercely around him. No matter what he tried he couldn't break free of this spell and suddenly he felt unimaginable pain worse than when he created his final Horcrux. The Death Eaters that were still fighting the unknown gray cloaked forces stopped when their Dark Lord dropped down to one knee yelling his lungs out. "HOW CAN YOU PERFORM THIS MAGIC!?!"

"Does it really drive you mad that I know much more magic than you in a short amount of time without going through rituals?" He remarked as he summoned a Death Eater to take block the killing curse. "Its sad to see that Salazar Slytherin's former heir couldn't even learn the magic that he stored in the chamber of secrets."

'There was nothing in the chamber because I searched myself after releasing the Basilisk the first time!' Voldemort angrily thought as he fired several more dark curses at his enemy. "Dumbledore has taught you well...but I will still be victorious when the light leaves your eyes!"

"Dumbledore hasn't taught me anything other than stealing my finances!" He yelled before casting the silver bullet spell several times to get a hit.

The Death Eaters who had Potter's girlfriend restrained fell down yelling in pain as each of them grabbed their knees. Blaise looked at her boyfriend and saw him wink at her. 'You're lucky that you didn't miss!'

Quickly she snatched his wand and stunned him before he could make any noise. 'Now I have to get the hell out of here, but I'm not backing down and I blame you for this Gryffindor stupidity I'm having.' She thought as she ran into a dead sprint to get away.

"AFTER HER YOU FOOLS!" Voldemort roared. "CRUCIO!"

Harry dodged the unforgivable spell. "BAIL DE MAELSTROM! You're battle is with me Riddle."

Blaise didn't care too much about who she was going to be running into while she tried to make more ground between her and the death eaters that were on her trail. 'I have at least five or six on my tail who should've gotten their eyes checked a long time ago.' She returned fire and their numbers dwindled down to four. She smirked but didn't see the person she bowled over.

Bellatrix grunted as she hit the ground with Blaise next to her and noticed the Death Eaters quickly approaching. She shook the stars from the girl's eyes and put her wand back into her hand. "Listen to me quickly...fire off a powerful banishing spell at your targets. Don't look at me like a mindless first year and do it!"

The Zabini Heiress felt a fireball growing in her hand and launched it at the four Death Eaters. "I don't take orders from you." She hissed at the person next to her as the four pursuers fell to the ground clutching their faces as the masks burned onto their skin.

Bellatrix sneered at her before pushing her against the wall as two killing curses sailed by as her hood fell down and exposed her face. "Listen to me and listen well if you want to live then you will have to follow and pay attention...or would you like to know that your boyfriend will surrender himself to the shadows if you were killed because of your recklessness?"

"How do you know about his shadow powers?"

"How could I not when he is my head of house?" She responded with

a roll of her eyes before sending another curse at a Death Eater on the run.

"You're Bellatrix Lestrange aren't you?" She asked as she fired off several more spells.

"It's Black not Lestrange. Have you made your decision yet?"

Blaise felt an explosion not too far away from her and knew that the battle was getting fiercer. "Going back to the castle is a mistake so what's your plan?"

"Just before you ran into me I saw people in gray cloaks battling against the Death Eaters and I saw my niece with them."

Meanwhile the battle between Harry and Tom Riddle was escalating to new heights. Most of the buildings were destroyed or in the process of being destroyed from the magical backlash. Voldemort was furious that Potter was actually worthy of a challenge. 'How did Potter get this strong in such a short amount of time? He was pathetically weak before!' "You should've joined me Potter because when I kill you I'll make sure that your girlfriend will suffer before joining you in oblivion."

"And I'm sure that you would convince the Muggle plastic surgeons to make a nose for you." He remarked as he summoned a nearby boulder to block the killing curse and returned fire. "Ahh no wonder you're so emo and angry...you've never been laid."

Riddle snarled as he dodged and blocked Harry's spells. "You dare mock me Potter! I've had enough of this child's play!"

"You were trying? You gave Dumbledore a much better run and you've only showing me the killing curse."

Riddle began to wave several wand movements and unleashed something that even he couldn't control. A large Basilisk Fiendfyre escaped from his wand and it locked eyes with the young Shadow Mage before charging at him. "YOU WON'T SURVIVE THIS POTTER!"

'You would think that he would come up with better one-liners by now.' He thought as the Fire Elemental started destroying everything in sight as started chasing after him. 'Great...now the fun begins...'

Meanwhile back at Hogwarts...

Dumbledore paced around his office angrily because of his staff abandoning his orders to go fight against Voldemort's forces that were destroying the Wizarding village. 'Why couldn't those fools just do what they were told? With Harry and Tom killing each other out there I will arrive when the devastation is done to be the victor.'

He walked out of his office and didn't stop until he reached Filch's office. He knocked on the squib's office door before barging in. "Argus, I'm heading down to Hogsmeade and I want this castle under lockdown until the staff or I return to the castle."

"I understand and what if the students decide to riot before any of you return?" The caretaker asked with anticipation.

"Only if they get out of line and physical altercations will not be permitted this time Argus." He said before he made his way out of the office.

Argus sneered as he brought out some of his old toys out of his storage. He went down and petted his cat, Mrs. Norris. "Don't worry my dear we will return to the old ways of hanging students up by their thumbs once again."

Tonks and her fellow Unspeakables were having a slight difficulty with the remaining Inner Circle members. She ducked from a killing curse that sailed close to her leg and retaliated with a few borderline dark curses. 'Damn about time he fell now I have to get out of here and regroup with the others. I wonder how Harry is doing out there.'

She didn't get very far before she was blown off of her feet by an explosion not too far from her. 'Damn that kid must be going all out!' She thought as she got to her feet and felt a wand pointed at her back.

"You shouldn't show you're back to anybody dear niece...it would've been your death." Bellatrix said before taking her wand away from her niece's back.

Tonks's eyes widened when she saw Bellatrix and Blaise standing behind her. "What are you two doing out here!? Aren't you supposed to be in France?"

She narrowed her eyes at her before casting an acid spell at the closest Death Eater. "It's a long story and I won't tell you about it unless we get her out of here."

Blaise narrowed her eyes at Bellatrix. "I can handle myself thank you very much."

Tonks smirked from the oncoming fight between them when she spotted a Basilisk Fiendfyre further down the village. "Ok knock it off you two. We have more problems than both of you fighting right now." She said before Regulus called out to her on the mirror. "What?"

"Tonks, listen I've been ordered by the big boss for anyone who finds the girlfriend to get her out of the area immediately. He was given information from a spy that the order was given to kill her."

"Don't worry I have her and a civilian with me and I'm portkey them out of here." She said against their wishes to remain.

"You can't because they put up the anti-portkey and apparition wards. You'll have to find another way and so far the castle through one of the tunnels."

"Alright I'll take care of it and be careful." She said before cutting off the link and put it back into her pocket. "Come on we have to go to the Honeydukes cellar and Aunt Bella don't argue with me on this."

Bellatrix narrowed her eyes at her niece. "I'm not leaving you here alone on the battlefield. After all how would your mother take it that you died out here? I'm pretty sure that she would be more heartbroken over the loss of her daughter than her sister."

Blaise smirked at Tonks with her wand at the ready. "If she's not going then I'm not going."

The former Auror looked like she was ready to pull her hair out. "Fine let's go then but I'm not taking responsibility for this." She sighed as they began walking but she stopped her Aunt before stunning Blaise in the back, and caught her in her arms. "Sorry Blaise but I don't want my little brother to find you dead in the street after this is done with because I don't we would be able to stop him if he went on a rampage."

"I would quite agree with you on that one Tonksie and Trixie." Professor Sinistra smirked as she dismounted off of her broomstick and removed her hood. "Calm down you two because I'm on your side but we have to get her out of here and I'll take her back up to the castle. I'll join up with you later."

"How do I really know that you are on our side?" Bellatrix asked with her wand poised to strike.

"Because I was a fellow Slytherin that helped you prank your cousin to get revenge on the Marauders by attaching their beds to the rafters in the great hall. They nearly had heart attacks from it and called a truce." Professor Sinistra said with a grin as the wand pointed at her lowered. "Oh and just so you know the other professors rebelled against Dumbledore to protect the village before it's completely destroyed. There's no doubt that he'll be coming here to claim all the glory. Now get going."

Tonks handed Blaise off to her hesitantly then watched as they took to the skies towards the castle. "She better not do anything stupid."

"Don't worry you can trust her."

Meanwhile Harry was getting really annoyed with the Fiendfyre that has been chasing after him while destroying everything in its path. 'Smug bastard... guess I'll have no choice.' He thought as the Fiery Basilisk closed in on him.

Voldemort sneered in victory because Potter had nowhere to run as the spell destroyed the spot where his most hated enemy was. "It's a shame that your peers will die because of your foolishness at trying to stop me." He looked at the burned land to find no body.

"Is that a fact?" Harry asked as he lunged forward with his sword.

Riddle turned around and stopped the attack with a blade of his own. "How did you survive that?!" He hissed in anger.

"Didn't anybody tell you that the prophecy meant that I'm like a bad penny...I always turn up." He said with a grin as he engaged the Dark Lord in weapon combat.

The Dark Lord snarled as he blocked his opponent's strike half-heartily. "What's this? You cannot use the fabled Gryffindor

sword any longer?"

Harry scoffed as he continued his assault and blocked a few good opportunities. "I would've done it to fulfill the cliché but you've already done that. You do know that your attacks on the Ministry and Buckingham Palace have failed right?"

Voldemort sneered as he tried to stab his opponent in the kidney only to have it blocked. "They were merely distractions nothing more just like your parents. They were nothing more than sheep to the slaughter lead to their deaths by your precious Dumbledore."

The young shadow mage's emerald eyes started growing darker and lashed out at him with his sword and staff. "Inaudax cura et ludicium!" He roared in Parseltongue as he slammed his staff on the ground.

Riddle didn't decipher the familiar language before a dark green light surrounded him. "What is this magic?!" He tried several spells to break free of this light until he used his famous unforgivable curse. His eyes widened when the light grew brighter before it exploded.

"Something you never read up on in Salazar Slytherin's private library." He snarled when he felt the painful backlash from using too much magic. 'Damn I'm running low and the last of it has to count as my trump card.'

The Dark Lord was in tremendous pain as he tried to get to his feet much to the shock of any of his followers that were not engaged in battle. "This isn't over yet Potter! AVADA KEDVARA!" He yelled as he pointed his wand at his 16 year old enemy.

Harry watched as the killing curse was coming his way and quickly chanted as he pointed his staff at the curse. "Vividerium et Viator et Omega Vigil et Aldarioucian de KEDVARA!" He roared as his vision started to become blurry and he felt fatigue from using so much of his core magic to fight the dark lord.

A jet of gray light shot off from the staff like a gunshot and cancelled out the infamous killing curse. Voldemort's eyes widened when he no longer saw his enemy but instead saw himself standing in the ruins of Helga Hufflepuff's famous garden at Hogwarts with a winged demon on top of one of the castle spires staring at him while speaking, "Inaudax cura et Iudicium!"

The illusion dispelled a second later when Harry's spell struck him in the chest. Pain like no other was running through his veins as his body started turning into stone. "You may have defeated me Potter, but my will won't be just a memory." He snarled before unleashing a final spell against Potter.

The Shadow mage watched as the Dark Lord's body turned completely into stone before a yellow colored spell struck him in the chest before Voldemort shattered into dust and was blown into the wind. 'At least that's over with...' He thought before the darkness took him as he fell to the ground face first as Dumbledore suddenly appeared on the scene.

The manipulative old man smirked as his former two pawns had finally killed each other. "At last the prophecy has come true. Now to sell this sad tale to the Ministry and regain the power I once had before it was stripped from me." He chuckled to himself as the Death Eaters started yelling their lungs out from the backlash of their Dark Lord permanently vanished from the Earth. He took a piece of rope from his pocket and turned it into a portkey. "Time for us to go Mr. Potter."

Lucrecia Malfoy took her wand out when she noticed two shadows quickly take form of two adult shadow wolves and stood guard with teeth bared, 'That is a very strange combination for those two to be surrounding him like that...I wonder if they are his familiars.'

Dumbledore backed off for a minute before smirking beneath his long

gray beard. "You two dark creatures will not stand in my way." He said as he cast the killing curse at Harry's familiars.

Lyan and Eli quickly clamped onto their master's arm and the three of them quickly disappeared into the shadows. Lucrecia smirked when she saw the old man lash out at everything before he caught the attention of the Aurors. She took her wand out and pointed it at the old man. "And here I thought that casting the unforgivable curses would be a one way ticket to Azkaban."

Dumbledore turned around and narrowed his eyes at the blonde vampire. "Normally it is but I know my ways around the system to not spend one night in there Miss Malfoy." He said before he activated his personal portkey.

'No doubt that he's gone back to Hogwarts to hide.' She thought as the Aurors came up to her with their wands drawn. "Get those sticks out of my face before I show you my bad side."

"Yeah right since let's just kill the vampire and be done with it." One of them said before they heard a few cracks of apparition behind them.

"Aurors stand down immediately." Kingsley Shacklebolt ordered with Alastor Moody standing next to him with their wands out.

"But sir! We have a Vampire here at the scene of the crime where she was attacking Dumbledore!" Auror Dawlish snapped at his commanding officer while Lucrecia laughed at their stupidity.

The tall black Auror narrowed his eyes at the arrogant Auror. "You will stand down not or you will be put down! Do I make myself in anyway unclear?!"

"Yes sir." Dawlish growled out as he sheathed his wand back into his wand holder.

"Good...now get your asses back to cleaning up the Death Eaters and get them processed." Moody growled at them and they quickly went back to their original positions. "What are you doing here Lucrecia Malfoy?"

"That's for me to know and you to find out Moody." She said with the traditional Malfoy sneer before walking away. "Put your wand away before you lose your eyesight completely."

The old Auror smirked as he put his wand away. "Is the rumor true about the war ending?"

She stopped walking as Tonks and Bellatrix made their way over to her. "Yes Moody the Dark Idiot is finally dead. However I will let my contacts know the truth about Dumbledore's assassination attempt on Potter who collapsed from magical exhaustion and other injuries."

Kingsley looked over at his fellow Auror and knew that the old man was going down in flames. "Do you know where Potter went to or how he escaped?"

"He survived because of his shadow wolf familiars and disappeared before the killing curse could strike him. Now if you kindly excuse me I must take my leave." She turned the members of the Black family and dragged them away.

Mad-Eye moody smirked when his magical eye saw Tonks's face underneath the gray cloak. 'Cleaver girl to join the front lines, but we better get back to the ministry so we can act on the manipulative bastard.'

"What's on your mind?"

"We're leaving and we'll leave this for the rookies to handle the Death Munchers to the rookies. If my hunch is correct we're going to be

needed when we apprehend the big fish. Send a patronus to our group out there to head back to the castle and lock down the student dorms." He said before apparating away.

'Figures that he always makes me do all the dirty work.' Kingsley thought as he conjured his barracuda patronus and made sure his message was implemented before it took off for Minerva McGonagall.

Meanwhile inside the Ministry of Magic three hours later after the Death of Voldemort...the Death Eaters that attempted the takeover were immediately defeated by the remaining Aurors and the Unspeakables lead by Perenelle Flamel. The alchemist's wife nearly started laughing when most of the roundups were claiming the same old excuse during the first part of the war. 'Idiots never learn. I wonder how Harry is doing...'

Minister Bones stepped off of the lift and stormed over to Perenelle Flamel and saw the after effects from the battle. "What happened here?"

"Madame Bones what you see here is a failed attempt to take over the ministry of magic on Voldemort's order. The Department of Mysteries was forced out of its department to stop the attempt because of your incompetent Aurors who would rather hide behind a wall then defend it. There has also been an attack on the Queen which has also been foiled by our teams of agents that were dispatched."

She took her glasses off and pinched the bridge of her nose to stem off an upcoming headache as Moody and Kingsley arrived at the apparition point. "What news do you two have?"

"Hogsmeade is completely destroyed but it can be rebuilt. From what most of our people have told us the actual patrons of the village were

taking refuge on the grounds of the castle since the Headmaster denied them access inside the school. Also there have been reports that Potter was successful in vanquishing Voldemort but he collapsed afterwards." Moody informed her and noticed that his magical eye couldn't see the person's face in the gray cloak.

"However there was an eyewitness that Dumbledore arrived on the scene and tried to assassinate him with a killing curse. His life was spared when a pair of shadow wolves disappeared with him before the curse made contact." Kingsley followed up. "We've also notified the professors that joined the fray to return to the castle immediately."

'Dumbledore will pay!' Perenelle's hands clenched until her knuckles turned white. "Director Bones for years that man has manipulated us into being pawns of his little chess game and this latest stunt is the last straw."

"I agree with you Madame Director. We will meet in my office in a few hours and I want Mr. Potter there as well if he can be found. For now I want this mess cleaned up while I make a few firecalls." Minister Bones said before heading back to her office.

Perenelle was needless to say incredibly peeved at the lack of action as she made her way down to her department. 'Good job Bones because now you're giving that manipulative bastard more time to escape instead of serving justice!' She fumed as the slow lift started to engage but a sudden burst of flames behind her stopped her angry thoughts. "Why are you here Fawkes? Aren't you supposed to be with your capturer?"

Dumbledore's former bonded thought about pecking her head for the insult but he landed on her shoulder and squeezed her shoulder a tad bit too tight with his talons. She winced and hoped that she wasn't bleeding before the disappeared in a flash of fire.

Inside the chamber of secrets Eli and Lyan brought Harry out of the shadows in front of Slytherin's portrait. The founder looked at the unconscious mage before him with pride in his eyes as Basil slithered up to her master. "Is the boy alive?"

"Yes my master is still alive but his pulse is getting weaker." She remarked as she saw his body heat starting to decline even as Hedwig cried her tears into Harry's serious wounds.

"The phoenix tears and Basilisk venom that run in his bloodstream should replenish some magic to his core unless he's drained it too far." Slytherin thought out loud. "There isn't a potion that can restore a magical core without stealing it from someone else."

"One of the other birds took off to get a human healer to help for my master." Basil said as she tasted the air with her forked tongue.

With a flash of fire Fawkes had returned with Perenelle Flamel and softly landed next to Hedwig who was crying healing tears into her master's open wounds. Immediately Perenelle took her wand out and began scanning him for injuries only to find out that he had a few stress fractures in his left leg and arm. 'His magical core is in critical condition which can't be cured by medical techniques and there is damage to his lungs just like the pneumonic plague and I've never seen a curse like this before.'

"How is my heir?" Slytherin practically ordered.

She tucked a few strands of her red hair behind her ear as she began mending the fractures. "Your heir is dead but Harry needs immediate medical attention with his incredibly low magical core and it appears that he's been hit with a spell that appears to be similar to the pneumonic plague. Harry's heritage has already proven that he is not your heir."

"Yes that is true however since Harry destroyed the mutant that was

Voldemort he become my heir upon his death. If you heard the false prophecy created by Dumbledore had some meddle to it...when Riddle tried to kill him to create another Horcrux he did mark him but now as his equal but his heir. That is why he has been able to be gifted with Parseltongue and a rare gift of Parseltongue spell casting, but he also has the same shade of eyes as my own which is only a heritage trait of my family line."

Perenelle looked up at the portrait with a raised eyebrow. "That does not make any sense Lord Slytherin. It sounds to me that Riddle only meant to mark him for death not as his successor."

"In the old days Mrs. Flamel when the Dark Wizards or Mistresses were defeated they would usually pass on their powers to their killers before they died as way of declaring them as their successors. Voldemort did the same in his unusual way without knowing he did on that night."

She thought about it as she performed another diagnostic spell on Harry. "If what you say is true then how did he inherit the same color eye as yourself? After all you did say that it was only a heritage trait. Salazar, we're getting off topic. You should also know that manipulative bastard known as Dumbledore tried to murder Harry tonight in Hogsmeade after he successfully destroyed Tom Marvolo Riddle."

Salazar Slytherin's portrait looked furious. "You're telling me that Dumbledore tried to attempt murder yet again? This time he will not get away with this! Lady Hogwarts hear my call as one of your founders seal Dumbledore inside of his office and strip him of all privileges of being Headmaster!"

She noticed that the frame of his portrait glowed for just a moment before disappearing as she forced a brown colored potion down Harry's throat. "Do you really think by doing that it will keep him at bay? Once he finds out that everything has been stripped from him

he will retaliate."

Salazar furious look turned into a grin. "Lady Hogwarts is much older and magically sound then Dumbledore is my dear and unfortunately she would only listen to me because I'm the only founding portrait not placed on stasis by the 'manipulative bastard' as you called him. I'm going to check on him but meanwhile take the brat out of here."

Meanwhile in Dumbledore's office he was busy pacing around to think of every contingency plan he could use should anything happen to him after his actions. He noticed that a low glow surrounded the office walls before disappearing. 'What the bloody hell just happened?'

He quickly stormed to his window when he heard people speaking outside and noticed Hogsmeade villagers being escorted onto the school grounds by the other professors that defied his orders to remain in the castle. "Damn them for defying me! It does not matter because they will each be fired for their actions." He said to himself as he tried to open his office door to no avail. "Lady Hogwarts I demand you to open this door immediately!"

"She won't answer you Dumbledore because you are no longer in charge of this school." Phineas Nigellus Black spoke with pure contempt in his voice.

"I am the headmaster of this school Phineas!"

The former hated Slytherin Headmaster sneered at Dumbledore. "Let's just say that the muggle phrase is 'Karma is a bitch' works well in your situation. You stand for everything that is wrong in the world and have no place here. We portraits will not help you."

"I'm afraid that you have no choice but to assist the current headmaster of this school."

All of the portraits of the former headmasters laughed before Phineas spoke up once again. "I was not the most liked of my fellow colleagues but I never abused my power like you have done by creating a martyr against a Dark Lord that you've created because of your incompetence and thirst for power. You are no longer fit to be called Headmaster of Hogwarts and therefore you have been stripped of your status."

Albus didn't believe the portraits until he tried to use several of his trinkets as portkeys only to remain in his office. 'Damn it...I am locked in here like a cage.' He ranted mentally as he continued to search for new ways of escaping his office as his staff was helping the resident healer to the wounded.

When the sun came over the horizon the students of Hogwarts came down for breakfast but they were shocked to notice some of the villagers joined them. The professors gathered around the head table and Professor McGonagall let off a bang with her wand to get their attention. "May I have your attention please? As you could tell from last night the school was placed under lockdown to keep all of you safe from harm. For those who haven't been informed of the event last night Hogsmeade was attacked by Lord Voldemort and his forces. We professors personally went down to the village and joined the battle with the Ministry Aurors. I am pleased to announce unofficially that Lord Voldemort has been destroyed by Harry Potter."

The Great Hall burst into applause and cheering even with some of the Slytherin students joining the celebration until another bang was sounded when the doors were opened with authority by the Minister of Magic with her fellow Aurors and three unspeakable agents flanking her. "I apologize for interrupting you Minerva, but I have here a warrant out for Albus Dumbledore's arrest under the charge of attempted assassination, several counts of theft, and high treason against the crown of the Queen of England."

The Hogwarts students were shocked to hear about this news and Hermione looked over at Luna who looked back at her without her normal dreamy look in her eye. "The false savior has finally reaped the rewards he has stolen of his misdeeds."

"What do you mean Luna?"

"It basically means that Dumbledore is literally screwed in more ways than one if the Queen of England is involved." Neville commented out loud. "You know her word is the law."

She thought about it for a few minutes before her logic started to kick in. "Do you think that Harry survived?"

"I don't know but you should have more faith in him."

"I do have faith in him, but I don't see Blaise anywhere. I wonder if she's alright." She sighed heavily as Madame Bones talked with Professor McGonagall.

Professor Sinistra had just walked by and overheard the conversation. "Miss Zabini has been taken to St. Mungo's for treatment for her injuries she sustained when she was taken to the Dark Lord. As for your friend Mr. Potter his whereabouts are unknown."

"But professor somebody has to know what happened to Harry."

"As I said Miss Granger his whereabouts are unknown and I would not bring it up again." She warned her before she headed off to join her fellow professors.

"May I have your attention please? The Head Boy and Girl will be in charge while we professors will be assisting the Aurors in Former Headmaster Dumbledore's arrest. All of you will remain in here until

we come back." Headmistress McGonagall informed her students before walking with Minister Bones out of the Great Hall.

Meanwhile Dumbledore sat down behind his desk and sighed with frustration because he's tried everything to get out of his office to no avail. He was sick and tired of listening to the former Slytherin Headmaster belittle him at every moment during the night. 'If he makes one more sarcastic comment I will not hesitate to set him on fire!'

His office door had a sudden glow to it before the door was opened with authority and watched as Minister Bones. "Minister Bones, what brings you here to Hogwarts this lovely morning?"

"Cut the grandfatherly act Dumbledore and surrender your wand immediately because you are under arrest." She declared as her fellow Aurors pointed their wands at the Headmaster.

"On what grounds do you have the accusation of arresting me Minister Bones?"

"I have all the evidence I need along with the official documents that have already been submitted for a full proceeding before the Wizengamot." She said as she placed her monocle back into her pocket.

Albus's eyebrows started to crease as he fingered the Elder wand. "And should I refuse to cooperate?"

The Aurors and the team of Unspeakables immediately pointed their wands at the former headmaster. Mad-Eye Moody glared at the former headmaster. "Albus Dumbledore...You do not have the right to remain silent, everything you say can and will be used against you in the court of the Wizengamot. You are not permitted to have legal representation nor will one be assigned to you at the expense of the Ministry of Magic. Should you choose to attempt to flee or attack you

will not be treated with medical attention. Do you understand these rights I have read to you?"

Dumbledore glared over his half-moon glasses at the paranoid retired Auror. "I will not sit by and allow this to happen!"

'The thief never earned the right to wield the Elder wand in a duel.' He saw that the old fool was about to start throwing curses and watched as he cast a shield spell to deflect the stunners that the Aurors fired at him. The Head Unspeakable gave the sign to take him down and quickly fired off a silent paralysis spell to his wand arm.

Dumbledore glared at the Unspeakable when the spell struck his shield and was absorbed. "I will not be removed from my school!" He spat out before he was soundlessly banished into the wall.

"It was never your school to begin with." The sorting hat commented from its shelf.

Nicholas walked over and picked up the fallen wand. "This wand has a tradition that the winner of the duel would be able to wield it, however you only stole it from your former lover Gellert Grindelwald. This is also an heirloom of the Peverell brothers and will be returned to the current descendent." He said as he pocketed the item and walked out of the office with his team.

Shacklebolt and Dawlish secured the Headmaster in magical ropes and magical binding handcuffs. Moody limped behind the group to make sure of no possible escape. "Bet you didn't see this coming in your grand scheme in the 'greater good' didn't you?" He growled out as they left the office.

Professor McGonagall walked back into the Great Hall after a few minutes of clearing her head from the turn of events that just took place. Once she walked inside and issued another bang from her wand to get the student's attention. "May I have your attention

please? As you well know Albus Dumbledore has been arrested and is no longer the Headmaster of this institution." She paused as the detainee was yelling in the hallways as he was being removed from the school. "As first duty as the Headmistress I hereby appoint Professor Flitwick and as my Deputy Headmaster. You will probably be receiving news later today about the Dark Lord's demise but pay it no mind until an official statement has been released from Minister Bones. As a school treat the classes for today are cancelled."

The most of the students were happy to have a day off to celebrate the day while those who supported Dumbledore were panicking. Ginny walked out of the Great Hall to find her brother in the hallway. "What are we going to do?"

"I don't know but there's nothing more we can really do." He said with a clenched fist. "We'll have to talk with Mum to find out what to do now since we can't interfere with Dumbledore out of the picture."

"How is mum going to help us when she was already too dependent on the headmaster to begin with? Not to mention that Percy is probably getting drunk in the muggle world because he no longer works for the Ministry! Merlin, why couldn't we just follow through with the plan of forging our way into Potter's accounts?" She hissed under her breath.

Ron didn't comment because he knew that someone overheard them. "Dumbledore will get off because nobody is stupid enough to try to put him away in prison."

Neville walked around the corner with his girlfriend Luna to confront his classmates and rolled his eyes at their stupidity. "That is where you're wrong Weasley. If you weren't so delusional you would've heard that he was arrested not too long ago if you weren't gorging on the food like a wild animal."

"You have no idea what you're talking about Longbottom!" He spat

out at him.

"That's where you're wrong." The Longbottom heir spoke out as more students started to take notice of the slightly elevated voices. "I do know what I'm talking about because you and your sister have been trying to do since your mother purposely had you get you to become Harry's friend because Dumbledore ordered her to. Not to mention that you two can't keep your mouths shut about his finances and how you're so angry that you have to find more ways of worming your way into them, and also the love potions that your sister has been trying to spike him with but failing everytime. Don't think that I'm the only one who knew this."

Ginny glared at him. "You're speaking nothing but lies!"

The look in Luna's eyes became ice cold. "Do not call my boyfriend you red headed ignorant slut!"

"WHAT DID YOU JUST CALL ME!?" She roared as she pointed her wand in her former friend and her brother followed his sister

The doors of the Great Hall banged open and the Professors stormed out. McGonagall quickly summoned their wands out of their hands. "Explain yourselves immediately!"

"Professor these two have been conspiring with the headmaster to worm their way into Potter's bank accounts by stealing from Professor Snape's private stores to have their mother brew highly illegal Amortentia potion to give to him and Granger. When Longbottom and Lovegood confronted them they were about to attack before you intervened." Draco spoke before he went into his pocket and pulled out a shrunk pouch of empty potion phials and sneered at Ron and Ginny's wide eyes.

Severus took the pouch and confirmed his godson's findings. "It's verified Minerva and I want retribution for what these thieves have

done!"

The headmistress looked rather angry at the two red heads. "Mister and Miss Weasley you will accompany me to my office where you will remain until your parents will come to pick you up from this institution."

"WHAT DO YOU MEAN PICK US UP FROM HERE!?" They bellowed at her until Professor Flitwick silenced him.

"I thought that I would save yourselves the embarrassment but you have pushed yourselves beyond that. Both of you thought that you get away with greed which I turned a blind eye to when Albus was in charge, however he is no longer here. Ronald and Ginerva Weasley you are hereby expelled from Hogwarts for your misdeeds. This will be noted at the Ministry of Magic and your only option for continuing your education is self taught or personally be tested for your OWL and NEWTS at the same location. You have twenty minutes to pack your things and vacate the school grounds. Professor Snape and Flitwick will accompany you while I contact your parents." Professor McGonagall stated. "You will also not be getting your wands back. They will be mailed to you."

"Way to prove yourself lowest of the low Weasel." Malfoy sneered as his godfather smacked Ron behind his head to get them moving.

Most of the Slytherin's were quite shocked to see the self proclaimed prince of their house stand up with Longbottom. Sally-Anne Perkins decided to be the one brave enough to ask. "Malfoy, why did you help him out to incriminate Weasley?"

"I'm defending my head of house nothing more." He said before walking back down to the dungeons.

In the deepest isolated cell in Azkaban one day later after his

arrest...Albus Dumbledore sat against the cold floor glaring at the door as he brooded at where everything went wrong. 'Everything I worked so hard to plan for in my design for the Greater Good is gone. I should've killed Riddle when I had the chance then all I would have to do is plan for someone else to be the next dark lord who was easier to control. But now I'm left here to rot...'

FLASHBACK

He was immediately escorted to courtroom 10 where Harry Potter had his appearance just before his sixth year started. Quickly his two escorts bound him into the prisoner's chair with chains exactly like the old days. His eyes slightly widened when he saw the entire panel of the Wizengamot in front of him along with the Queen of England with the Prime Minister sitting beside her. 'A show trial...'

"Albus Dumbledore, you stand here before us today on this emergency meeting of the Wizengamot." Alexander Zabini started speaking but the former headmaster tuned him out while he brooded in his own thoughts. "...and on the last count of treason. Dare I ask you how you plea?"

"Not guilty."

The rest of the Wizengamot was in uproar over his declaration of being innocent. They quickly became quiet when the Queen stood up. "You dare declare yourself innocent? We have crucial evidence in both of these two governments to automatically declare you guilty beyond reason."

"I assure you that I am innocent beyond all reason." He sneered behind his beard.

Four hours into the show trial the lies that spilled out from his mouth didn't help him in their decision in his punishment from all of those that testified against him. Alexander Zabini handed the document to

the Queen and allowed her to read it to the prisoner. "As the Queen of England and in our rights you Albus Dumbledore are hereby declared guilty as charged. Furthermore you are also convicted for High Treason against the Crown and of her people of England. You should be grateful that the order of Death for this crime of the highest order was abolished in 1965. As such you will be sentenced to life in prison until your body expires in Azkaban prison. Take the prisoner away."

FLASHBACK END

He heard three different pairs of footsteps walk down the hallway in silence. About a minute later his cell door was opened and the warden walked in.

"Dumbledore, normally I wouldn't do this but I've decided to grant a prisoner's request from the prison of Nurmengard to this one." The warden sneered as he walked outside of the cell and pushed in the new guest. "Enjoy your new cellmate. Let's go."

Albus looked as a very dirty man glared at him through the fading light. "Good to see you after all these years Dumbledore. I find it fitting that you would end up in the same spot that you put me in when you supposedly killed me during the Second World War?"

"Gellert Grindelwald?"

A dark devilish grin appeared on the former Dark Lord's face. "Good to see you again my dear friend."

Meanwhile the Warden smirked when he heard Dumbledore cry out in pain. 'Serves you right traitor and nobody will hear you scream.'

Inside St. Mungo's Blaise had woken up a few days after the final battle to see four white walls surrounding her. 'Where the hell am i?' She thought before she noticed a Healer walk into her room.

"Ahh Miss Zabini my name is Healer Janice Jansen and you've been in my care. It is very heartwarming to know that you've finally woken up after several days of unconsciousness."

Blaise rubbed her temples to ease the headache that was growing when she heard the high pitch of her healer's voice. "I don't remember getting injured and how did I get here anyway?"

"You came into our care when Professor Sinistra brought you here. You were suffering from magical exhaustion, stress fracture in your tibia bone, and over exposure to the Cruciatus curse. Also I could tell that someone has been treating you with the potion to counter this however you were being overdosed with it. This potion can only be administered once per day." She commented as she began scanning her patient and frowned slightly.

"Have my parent's been here?"

Healer Jansen smiled at her. "Yes they have and they refused to leave your side until I forced them to leave your bedside so they could get some rest. My last magical scan appears that you are nearly healed, but you're still showing signs of potion withdraw. I would still like to keep you here for observation for just one more night then I will release you."

"Thank you Miss Jansen." She said as she looked to the nightstand and saw a copy of the Daily Prophet and her eyes widened at the title. "Is this true?"

"Yes, Voldemort is dead and Albus Dumbledore has been convicted of multiple charges. Right now he is currently serving out his sentence in the deepest isolation cell in Azkaban. Serves the bloody fool right, but I'll be right back with some light food for you." The Healer said before walking out of her room.

So many things were going through her head as she read the article. She went back over to the nightstand and saw that the glass of water had just frozen completely. "Glad to see that you're finally awake."

Blaise didn't have to look over to know who was speaking to her. "How is Harry Mrs. Flamel? Please give me the straight story."

"I see that there's no beating around the bush is there Blaise?" She grinned as she sat down on the edge of her bed. "Right now Harry is still unconscious from nearly depleting his entire magical core and he is also suffering from the effects of the spell that Voldemort struck him with that is slowly depriving him of breathing. "

She asked with her voice full of worry. "Is he going to be alright?"

"He'll probably stay unconscious for a long while until his core re-establishes itself but he's no longer contagious, Has your healer given you permission to be discharged?"

Blaise sighed and stared at the ceiling. "She wants to keep me here for observation because I was showing signs of potion withdrawal when Professor Snape gave me a partial cure for exposure to the Cruciatus curse."

Mrs. Flamel took out her wand and did a medical scan. "Well I don't know where they came up with that, because you're showing no signs of it. Maybe your parents didn't want you to leave the room just yet."

"I wouldn't put it past them."

Perenelle got up from her bedside and tossed her a robe. "Put it on and I'll borrow you for a while."

Blaise got out of bed, put the robe on, and tied the sash before feeling the intense cold that wrapped around her as she disappeared

with Mrs. Flamel using her mage powers. Her vision stopped spinning a few moments later. "Please don't ever do that to me again."

Mrs. Flamel laughed and guided her to Harry's bedside. "I thought that you would've enjoyed that besides we don't have a lot of time before your healer notices that you're not in your bed."

Blaise walked over to Harry's bedside but his familiars stopped her. She bent down and held out her hands to his two shadow wolves for them to smell. Perenelle grinned when Lyan and Eli tackled her to the ground and started licking her face until she pushed them away from her. She scratched them behind their ears and finally made it up to his bed where the albino Basilisk allowed her to sit next to her boyfriend and ran her fingers through his black hair. 'You better recover Potter.' She thought before bending down to kiss his forehead. "How long will it be before his core recovers?"

"Well normally it would only take a few hours to a few days for a normal witch or wizard, but those who are very powerful like Harry could take a few weeks to a few months to fully recover. But there are those who nearly depleted their magical core that never recover and they end up being a squib." She commented.

"The idiot won't be a squib, and even if he did...he would be my squib." Blaise smirked as Harry's hand twitched.

A/N: This took nearly 27 pages inside of word and long time in writing this throughout the long time of writers block. To be honest I haven't had a lot of time to write since the last update, and hopefully this will be a big closer to this story. It seems rushed but I wanted to get this done while I continue to study for the exams and certifications I have scheduled. I would also would like to apologize if this doesn't meet some critics expectations then deal with it. I know that I've said that there will be a sequel...but I don't have the time to get it out much less even an idea of where to go with it. So I want to try issuing a

challenge to anybody who wants to give a try to write the 7th year.
Send me a PM if your interested. Otherwise enjoy this while i go back
and try to fix the errors that are still out there...especially with the
court chapter.